

Chatelaine

FEBRUARY, 1937

TEN CENTS



Beginning a Sensational New Novel "Marriage Made on Earth" by Velia Ercole

Perhaps you don't perspire in winter

*-but
don't let that
mislead you*



Underarm odor can occur without a trace of warning moisture

ARE you one of those who say, "I'm lucky. I don't have to worry about perspiration in winter. I never perspire in cold weather."

Perhaps you don't worry, but—you should!

It's true, most of us do not perspire noticeably in winter as we do in summer. But what a mistake it is to conclude that because we cannot see or feel any perspiration moisture, we do not need to worry!

For whether we have any warning moisture or not, we still may be victims of perspiration—victims of its hateful odor under the arms.

The underarm, you know, is always likely to be the lurking place of perspiration odor because air cannot easily reach it. But in winter heavier clothing, closer fitting sleeves shut away the air still more. And indoor life, with too little exercise and too much nervous tension, often results in this disagreeable odor.

It's something your daily bath cannot control. All a bath can do is to cleanse for the moment.

Wise women have found one unfailing way to make perspiration odor *impossible*, and they use it the year 'round, winter as well as summer. The daily Mum habit!

Takes just half a minute. There's no problem about using Mum. It takes no time; no fuss and bother

of waiting for it to dry. Smooth it on and you're through!

All-day protection. Start the day or evening with Mum and you'll come home with underarms as fresh as when you started.

Harmless to clothing. Use Mum any time, even after you're dressed. For it does not injure fabrics. And how women love it for this!

Soothing to skin. Mum is as safe and soothing to a sensitive skin as a healing hand cream. Use it right after shaving your underarms and see.

Does not hinder perspiration. Remember, Mum doesn't stop natural perspiration. It does just what you want it to do—*takes the odor out of perspiration.*

Don't be deceived because you are not troubled with perspiration moisture in winter. Protect yourself and your pretty winter frocks from the disaster of underarm perspiration odor. Use Mum! Bristol-Myers Company of Canada, Ltd., 1239 Bencit St., Montreal, P.Q.

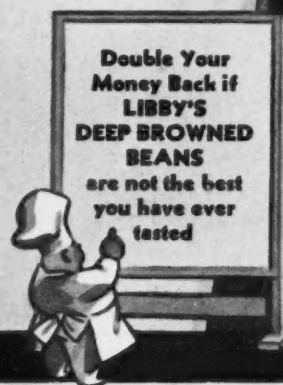
Use Mum for this, too,

Mum is a woman's best friend in another way—for its protective deodorant service on sanitary napkins.



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Melodies Played with a master's touch Captivate the Ear



Double Your
Money Back if
LIBBY'S
DEEP BROWNED
BEANS
are not the best
you have ever
tasted



Libby's "Gentle Press" Tomato Products CAPTIVATE THE TASTE

How instinctively your ear instantly responds to sweet harmonies skilfully played! Just as quickly your taste tells you that in Libby's "Gentle Press" Tomato Products, here is *natural* tomato flavour that is a genuine contribution to good eating. Libby's patented "Gentle Press" method carefully, gently, extracts only the sun-saturated wholesomeness of luscious, red-ripe tomatoes... only the pure tingling juice in all its August glory.

You'll find a grand adventure in good taste in the zestful flavour of Libby's Tomato Products — "Gentle Pressed" for

real tomato flavour. Thousands of Canadian housewives consider their pantry shelves incomplete without a supply of Libby's famed trio of "Gentle Pressed" Tomato Products.

Libby's "Gentle Press" Tomato Catchup! — the favourite on thousands of Canadian tables—makes good food taste better.

Libby's "Gentle Press" Tomato Juice!—the 'round-the-clock appetizer of people whose taste tells them what's good.

Libby's "Gentle Press" Tomato Soup!—here is tomato soup with fresh-from-the-garden flavour.

Double Your
Money Back
Offer!

Should you not agree that Libby's three "Gentle Press" Tomato Products are the best you have ever tasted, Libby's will pay you DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK. Just print our name and address, the purchase price, your name, on the back of any one or all three labels and mail to Libby, McNeill & Libby, Ltd., Dept. C2, Chatham, Ont.



LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY OF CANADA, LTD.
Dept. C2, Chatham, Ont.
Please send me without charge the new booklet "Safer Feeding for Your Baby."
Name
Address

- and so to sleep...



*... as the magic touch of
Mother's fingers brings this*

QUICKER RELIEF FROM THAT WRETCHED COLD

Mother smiles. Now she, too, can sleep—and soundly. She knows how swiftly Vicks VapoRub begins to make her little patient *feel* better, how much it helps to *end* a cold more quickly.

It takes so little time, she finds—it does so much—this 3-Minute VapoRub Massage! Almost before she gets the VapoRub well rubbed on, it starts to bring relief two ways at once—two *direct* ways:

Relieves Colds These Two Ways

- 1. Through the Skin.** VapoRub acts *direct* through the skin like a poultice or plaster.
- 2. Medicated Vapors.** At the same time, its medicated vapors, released by body heat, are breathed in for hours—about 18 times a minute—*direct* to the irritated air-passages of the nose, throat, and chest.

This combined poultice-and-vapor action loosens phlegm—relieves irritation—eases the cough—helps break congestion. (It is to strengthen and lengthen this double action during the night that VapoRub is spread *thick* on the chest.)

As this two-way treatment eases



THE 3-MINUTE VAPORUB MASSAGE

Massage Vicks VapoRub briskly on the throat, chest, and back (between and below the shoulder blades). Then spread it thick over the chest and cover with a warmed cloth.

distress, the youngster feels more comfortable, relaxes, usually drops off to restful sleep. And long *after* sleep comes, VapoRub keeps right on working. Often, by morning the worst of the cold is over.

Avoids Risk of Stomach Upsets

Two generations of mothers have chosen Vicks VapoRub as their favorite remedy for the frequent colds of childhood. As every mother knows, constant "dosing" with internal medicine may upset digestion, interfere with appetite, and thus lower body resistance just when it is needed most to fight a cold. VapoRub can be used freely, as often as needed, even on the youngest child.

For grown-ups, too. You never get too big to appreciate the comforting relief of a VapoRub Massage—and VapoRub's long-continued action.

Now White—Stainless

You will like VapoRub better than ever now. Thanks to a new process, it comes to you in white *stainless* form. Only the color is removed; it is the same VapoRub—the same formula and the same effective double action.

WINTER'S TALE

Janitor's Ears

"In walking down the halls last winter," says quick-eared Jim Shore, public school janitor of Kernersville, N. C., "I could tell the classes *not* on Vicks Plan by the way they sniffled and sneezed."

As he walked down those halls, Jim Shore was right between two rival groups. Both groups were taking part in the biggest cold-clinic of its kind ever held—testing Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds.

Fewer Colds—And Shorter!

This clinic began in 1932. The final test was concluded in the bitter winter of 1936. A total of 17,353 people took part in these clinical tests.

Look at the remarkable results averaged by Vicks Plan followers (as compared with the groups who were *not* on the Plan):

They escaped one out of every four colds. The colds they did have were shorter by more than one-fourth.

Just think what that meant in reducing total sickness due to colds—a saving of more than half (50.88%, to be exact)!

Even greater was the saving in school absences due to colds (57.86%), a fact demonstrated in tests among 7,031 school children.

Sheep from Goats

This clinic consisted of a series of tests. In each test, those taking part were divided into two groups, each equal, as nearly as possible, as to number, age, sex, and living conditions. One group followed Vicks Plan. Those in the other group simply followed their usual practices regarding colds.

"Too Good to be True?"

Results of the first two clinical tests had seemed almost too good to be true. To verify them, additional tests were made. These later tests were supervised by independent, practicing physicians. Records were kept under their direction, then sent direct by them to a firm of nationally-known public accountants, who tabulated and certified the results. And—in these independently checked tests—results averaged better than ever!

What Is Vicks Plan?

Vicks Plan is a practical, easy-to-follow guide, designed especially to help mothers in dealing with the family's colds. It represents the 30 years' experience of Vicks Chemists and Medical Consultants in dealing with the problem of colds.

Vicks Plan recognizes the importance of healthful living, to help Nature build and maintain body resistance to colds—and, at the same time, the Plan provides proper medication for different types and stages of the common cold.

What Can Vicks Plan Do for YOUR Family?

Naturally, results vary among followers of the Plan. And what it can do for *your* family may be less—or more—than it averaged in the clinic. But doesn't its fine record in these clinical tests make it well worth trying in your own home?

You will find complete directions for following the Plan with each bottle of Vicks Va-tro-nol, your handy aid in *preventing* many colds; and each jar of Vicks VapoRub, your family standby for *relieving* colds.

Mail Coupon Today For Free Trial Packages

Vicks, Dept. C-2
Windsor, Ont.

Please send me—free—trial packages of Vicks Va-tro-nol and Vicks VapoRub, together with complete details of Vicks Plan—the practical home guide to greater freedom from colds.

NAME

ADDRESS

.....
(Postoffice and Province)



FOLLOW VICKS PLAN FOR BETTER CONTROL OF COLDS

Full Details in Each Vicks Package

Chatelaine



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A MAGAZINE FOR CANADIAN WOMEN

YOU'LL FIND a great deal of excitement in this issue. Events start out with a charming threat on the front cover. They include the completion of one extremely popular novel and the beginning of another. The announcement of the prize-winners in our famous Kitchen Contest idea is made. We present our first story on the new royal family. And adding to the general exhilaration is one of the funniest stories we have published—and one of the most unusual. And there's a great deal more of very special interest as you'll discover.

Worthy a special fanfare is the new Velia Ercole novel, "Marriage Made on Earth," for here is a sincere and honest handling of an all-too-common situation—that of an eager youngster who marries impulsively, and then finds, too late, possibilities for rich happiness. Velia Ercole is known round the globe for her intimate knowledge of people. She has published her stories in practically every noted magazine and is a popular contributor to *Chatelaine*.

The author of "The King's Wife" went to school with Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon not so many years ago, so that she has a special interest in our charming Queen. More than that, Joan Woolcombe says she has written more features about the English royal family than any other journalist. She has made these glamorous figures her especial study, and has written before for *Chatelaine*. Her portrait of King George VI, his gracious little wife and enchanting daughters, is unusual and very vivid. Here are glimpses that make the royal family very real people. We know so little, comparatively about them, that *Chatelaine* plans to bring you more in



Velia Ercole, author of "Marriage Made on Earth," has many novels and short stories to her credit. She has often appeared in *Chatelaine*.

the coming issues. Kathleen Bowker, for instance, the Canadian woman who is doing such interesting things in England and is so well known throughout the Dominion, has an unusual story scheduled for next month. Mrs. Bowker has met the Queen, three times. Each one of the episodes is of rare interest, and as those who know Mrs. Bowker will agree—this Canadian journalist has a vivid way of describing what she has seen. Remember her cabled story of the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Kent?

THERE WERE days and weeks of unending work and debate over the hundreds of well-planned kitchens that came to Chatelaine Institute in response to our Kitchen Idea Contest. On page twenty-two the prize kitchen by Mrs. Hendry, of Bala, Ont., is described. Would you have believed it possible to work such a magical change with so reasonable an outlay? More kitchen ideas that will give you many suggestions for your own busy centre will be featured from time to time. The judges were so enthusiastic about some of them, that *Chatelaine* is going to share them with you all.

Want to laugh? Then step out with Cecily Ann in "Tummy Ache," the hilarious adventures of two little girls. Agnes Christine Johnston is a new *Chatelaine* writer. Like her? Then tell us so—and we'll bring her to you again. Editors love to have comments on the fiction they publish. Otherwise how difficult it is to know if we're on the right track or not! In the past, I have found light-hearted stories of children are always popular.

There's plenty to remember in "A Two-Letter Word Meaning No," by Gertrude Hitz—another new *Chatelaine* writer. I like Elsa's eulogy on the power of the word, "No."

She says, "It's next to the shortest word in the English language, very simple to pronounce, and you'd be surprised how beautifully it works. Particularly for

women. All girl children should be taught to memorize it from babyhood. Of all the words ever invented to make men jump through hoops, plain simple little 'No' takes the prize."

Some of you are going to be utterly bewildered by "Escape from Bondage," the haunting and exquisite fantasy by Margaret Lee Runbeck. The rest of you are going to revel in its freshness, its imagery. Mrs. Runbeck has captured the delicate nuances of the subconscious mind in an unforgettable story. I'd like to get your reaction to this one especially.

One of the distinguished names in Canada's educational field is that of Dr. Donald Dickie, of Edmonton. She's a most charming woman, too. And probably one of the best-loved teachers in the Dominion. She has specialized in working with little children—and you'll glimpse her understanding of them in her article, "Teach Them Success." There's a page for every man and woman to read and remember.

HAVE YOU noticed that people are getting more and more interested in parties that mean games? For one thing there's a Dickens-like hilarity and joviality to a group of people rollicking through some bit of nonsense. And for another you can be absolutely sure that everyone present is having a good time. The Institute this month brings some excellent suggestions for the party-minded. Here's an article to keep for reference in the gay winter evenings that lie ahead. People do get tired of "just talking." And unless you're all of an average



Margaret Lee Runbeck, another popular *Chatelaine* writer, has an unusual experiment in short story writing in this issue in her "Escape from Bondage."

ability—it's pretty hard on the good players, when you ask a motley crowd in for bridge.

Next month brings a melodrama of the south seas in "The Missionary's Wife." It should make perfect movie material—and it's worth watching for. Louis Arthur Cunningham, of Saint John, N.B., one of Canada's best-known writers, will bring a charming story of French-Canadian life—his particular forte. Mr. Cunningham writes all his novels and stories in laborious longhand. His wife types them all for him. I think she must have enjoyed especially typing this particular story.

Byrne Hope Sanders.

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Complete List of Contents
on the last page

And now to bed...so sweet and clean!



DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE SAYS: "At the time of the birth of the Dionne Quintuplets, and for some time afterward, they were bathed in Olive Oil . . . When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we selected Palmolive Soap exclusively for daily use in bathing these world-famous babies."

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Guarded so carefully...the Dionne Quins use only PALMOLIVE the soap made with Olive Oil!

FIVE little sleepy-heads . . . rosy-cheeked, so sweet and clean . . . fresh from their bath with gentle Palmolive Soap!

And if you could see the smooth, satiny skin of those lovely Dionne Quins . . . then you would realize how *wise* Dr. Dafoe was when he decided that Palmolive Soap, made with Olive Oil, should be used exclusively for bathing them.

WHY PALMOLIVE WAS CHOSEN

Because the Quins were born prematurely, they have always had unusually sensitive skin. That is why, for sometime after their birth, they were bathed only with Olive Oil. Dr. Dafoe knew that there is nothing so soothing for delicate skin as gentle Olive Oil.

Then, when the time came for soap and water baths, how important it was to choose a soap

made from the gentlest, most soothing ingredients! And that is why Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, to be used exclusively for bathing the Quins' tender skin!

WHAT A LESSON FOR EVERY WOMAN!

So why should you risk bathing *your* precious baby, or any of your children, with any soap less gentle, less soothing than the one chosen for the little Dionnes?

And you too, Lovely Lady . . . you who want to keep your complexion soft, smooth, alluring! Why not give *your* skin the matchless beauty care that only Palmolive's secret blend of Olive and Palm Oils can give?

Why not use safe, gentle, pure Palmolive Soap for your own face and bath!



TO KEEP YOUR OWN COMPLEXION ALWAYS LOVELY, USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS

Teach Them Success.



Don't try to teach your children to read. It will only handicap them.



Let them learn to do things themselves.

It's in the precious years before school, you must give your children confidence in themselves . . .

by Dr. Donald J. Dickie

THE MOST valuable single asset with which a child can enter the great world is confidence. Many of your own unhappinesses and most of your failures have resulted from the lack of it; try to give it to your child.

From the hour in which he steps into the schoolroom his success and happiness will depend very largely upon his ability to stand upon his own feet. Before that hour arrives, therefore, he should have experience in doing this successfully. He should have met difficulties and overcome them, grasped problems and solved them. The wise parent will so guide his child's pre-school life that he will leave the home for the school with a long series of successful achievements behind him. He has been successful in the past; he expects to succeed in the future; he has the habit of success.

In order to secure this much-to-be-desired result the parent must continually be finding for the child new worlds to conquer. During the last pre-school year particularly, he should think out a series of little problems for his child, presenting a new one as soon as the last one has been solved. He should put the problem in the child's way, interest himself in the solution, advise, help, encourage, but never work out the problem.

You will find few pleasures in life greater than watching

your boy, or your girl, develop initiative in grasping a problem, ingenuity in attack, and persistence in effort. I watched, recently, a group of children in their first month at school *seven* times set up an airplane hangar which they were building. Their sighs of satisfaction and pride were light indeed compared with those of their teacher and myself on the proud day when it finally "stood up." Praise for successful achievement should be warm, but not overwarm. Enter into your child's triumph, but do not harp upon it and never flaunt it before other people in the child's presence. Success is not something to be amazed at; it is something to be taken for granted.

The problems with which the child wrestles, developing his moral muscles, should for the most part involve things which it is practically useful for him to know; things which will be of use to him when he enters school. They should be problems the solution of which will develop abilities and knowledge which will place him in a position of mastery over the school environment.

TEACHING THE child his letters, or the sounds of the letters; teaching him to read, or to add, are *not*, however, among the things which the parent should attempt. Even parents who have been teachers ought not to do this. Teaching has been, during the past half century, as much as other arts and sciences, the subject of research. The reading process has been studied intensively and the methods used in the up-to-date school are very different

from those practiced when parents were pupils. Teaching him old-fashioned methods in reading, in writing, and in arithmetic will seriously handicap your child; do not do it. Instead, devote all the time and thought you can spare to the infinitely valuable training which only you can give him. Begin now, keep it up faithfully till next September, and your child will, all his life long, have additional cause to bless you.

The first thing that happens each day, in the up-to-date schoolroom is "Morning Inspection." The teachers walk up and down the rows inspecting faces, teeth, hair, hands, fingernails, and handkerchiefs. It is a source of pride to a child to be commended in these matters, to win the ribbon, to be health captain for the day. It is humiliating to him to be sent to the washroom to remedy defects.

Prepare your child for mastery of this situation. Train him to go to bed at seven o'clock in the evening and to rise at seven in the morning. Teach him to wash his own face and hands (all schoolchildren should be bathed before going to bed); to wash his mouth, to gargle, and to brush his own teeth. Give him lessons in cleaning his teeth, in combing his hair, and in cleaning his own fingernails, and have him practice these rites till he can perform them properly.

Next, teach him to dress himself completely; his clothes should be so constructed that he can do this. He should know when all his clothes are present, be able to tell the back from the front of each article, and to recognize the right and left shoe and glove. [Continued on page 83]



Chatelaine
FOR FEBRUARY

Tod was glad for the silence.
It gave him time to decide how
he would break it to her.



A
New Novel
by VELIA ERCOLE

Marriage made on *Earth*

THERE had been rain during the night and a day of unclouded sun followed; midsummer, rain and sun distilling perfume from the grasses and the flowers. Now it was evening and a little wind had sprung up to scatter the day's yield of fragrance and Beverly felt her happiness to be more exquisite in this minute of realizing it against the scented background, felt it sharpened and isolated in the beauty of the garden and the green sweep of hills which she saw as she leaned from the window.

But her mother, sitting far back in the room, said in her cold, remote voice:

"I asked you to draw the curtains, Beverly."

Then the girl, reluctantly, drew the faded, heavy hangings together and in the half-darkness only the pale, delicate outline of her slim figure was visible. For an instant she stood undecidedly, but her feeling was too

ample to contain. It spilled over in pity and love for the silent, dark figure, sitting erect in the corner of the room and hesitant, a little nervous, she moved toward her mother's chair.

"Mother . . ."

"What is it?"

The girl laughed tremulously.

"It—it's something very important, mother."

A new quality seemed to enter into the stillness of Charlotte Raine, something almost palpable which became hard, like granite.

"Is anything important?" she said.

"Yes, lots of things," Beverly said quickly, "if you'd let them be." In the new, bright armor of her happiness she felt able for onslaught as she never had been before and in a hot little rush of courage she went on:

"But the only thing you'll let be important is what father did. And because of that you've missed everything, all these years and made me miss things, too. Mother . . ."

Cold, unmoved, Mrs. Raine's voice seemed to come from some remote distance:

"Beverly, if you want to make a scene I'll have to ask you to choose some other time for it. My head is bad this evening."

"Mother . . ."

But the yellowish-pale blur of her mother's face was slowly turned sideways like a door shutting and after a frenzied, impotent little gesture Beverly turned, too, and left the room. In the hot, narrow hallway she paused, wondering if she should go back. The thing would have to be told. She could go back in there and say calmly, coldly:

» BUCKINGHAM «
» CIGARETTES «
BUCKINGHAM

Distinctive

"THIS YEAR IT'S BUCKINGHAM"



said cheerfully. "But don't let's think about the afterwards. Never meet trouble till it comes." He bent his head and kissed her quickly, a fleeting kiss. "Happy, darling?" "Yes, oh yes! But you. You're sure, Tod? It seems to me I'm getting everything. I'm not giving much, Tod." "You're giving me what I want. I'm sure don't you worry about me. I'm always sure of what I want."

She leaned against his arm, let her head fall back; the car was open and all the sky was silver. Looking up like that she seemed to be rushing through a blue-silver space, and the present minute was all eternity; the years behind dropped like dust into nothingness and the day to come had no reality. The long road took them nearer to the city, hamlets winked into being and were lost.

and afraid she thrust away all thought of exploration and prayed a little childishly, a little desperately: "Please, God, make it all right. Let all the things I don't know about him be lovely things; because it's got to be. Without him, there's nobody, and I can't go on any longer without somebody, dear God." A small prayer sent winging to the fading stars. The night was [Continued on page 24]

"Tired, darling?" Tod asked after a long silence.

She came out of the illimitable sky. She let her hand fall caressingly on his which was tightened round the wheel of the car. They were two people again, not one, as she had felt in that fleeting eternity.

"No. Not tired."

"We've hours to go yet. We won't be in town until morning. Do you like it, driving like this? I've often done it. All night."

"It's heaven. Just to be quiet beside you, yet I feel we shouldn't take it so calmly, as if it were any of our lovely night drives. There is so much we should be saying to each other . . ."

"What is there to say? You love me, I love you. We're going to be married. After tomorrow I'll have all of you. That's all there is to it." He spoke unevenly, shaken suddenly by passion and he kissed her, a quick hot pressure of her mouth and the car swayed and he returned to its guidance with hands which shook slightly.

"That's all it is, darling. And I think for the sake of my driving you'd better go to sleep."

But it was so much more than that. Vague vows and terrific loyalties were a chaotic force in her being. This was tremendous, the whole of life, a gift of her past and all her future which should be concentrated in this present, in the flaming phrase or the perfect gesture and given to him now irrevocably in all humility.

"Oh, it's more than that. Help me, darling, to tell you what's in my mind. There is so much we should say. I want . . ."

He was lighting a cigarette, awkwardly, with one hand.

"Strike the match for me, sweet,"

A quick descent. Suddenly she felt a little tired.

"You don't want us to swap pasts, do you, darling?" Tod said lightly. "It wouldn't be a fair exchange. I wouldn't get much from you, would I?"

She considered this, and when she spoke it was with faint surprise.

"I don't know anything at all about you really, do I?"

"All the best bits."

"Are there bad bits?"

"Ummm . . . Boys will be boys, you know."

She sighed. "I don't know, really. That's what must be difficult for you to understand. The kind of life I've had."

"I know all about it. That's what first interested me. But things will be different now. You'll be in with the crowd, and very much someone or my judgment's gone astray. Just wait until we dress you up."

HE LOOKED DOWN at the pale, lovely oval of her face framed by her cloud of hair; she was pale and beautiful and the desire to possess her had tormented him for days.

"I'm mad about you," he said. Soon, she ceased to think about herself. It was the man beside her who engaged all her thoughts; this man became familiar with the intense, dear familiarity which physical contact brings, was a perplexing stranger suddenly; a personality she could only guess at inhabited that intimately known form; ideas and purposes and attitudes she knew nothing of lay hidden in the mind to which she was entrusting all her life's direction. And because she was abruptly doubting

Can a young, romantic girl find happiness when she elopes with a shiftless ne'er-do-well who brings her cruel disillusionment as a wedding gift?

"Mother, Tod Firth has asked me to marry him." She would not say, "Mother, I'm in love. This is the end of my loneliness, of my dreadful loneliness, the end of my being an outsider, knowing nobody, having no friends because of your obstinate shame, no work because of your obstinate pride, no joys because of your obstinate grief. This is the end. Be glad for me, mother!"

No, she would not say that.

In a rush of self-pity tears started to her eyes, but she brushed them away childishly with the back of her hand. After all, she had known it would be like this. Mother couldn't help herself . . .

HASTILY SHE turned and hurried out of the house and as she ran through the garden and took the path which led from the isolated little cottage to the woods bordering the Firth estate the flame of her delight sprang up once more in its vitalizing strength. Radiance lit her lovely eyes again, and her mouth softened. She was almost unaware of the path she took; certainly unaware of the two men who loitered under the trees to watch the evening die in the hills.

"A pretty lady in a hurry," said one, who was young, and admiring. "Keeping some fellow waiting, by the look of her."

The elder one knocked his pipe on the tree trunk. "I doubt it," he said. "That poor little devil has rather a thin time. Do you remember the Raine smash? One of those spectacular swindlers. He went dodging about for months looking for a spot where there was no extradition and blew his brains out when the police caught up with him. That's his daughter. They were the big noise in these parts . . . and after the smash the wife stayed on here with about tuppence a year. I don't know why she stayed here because she cut everybody dead. People were willing enough to continue being friendly, but she froze them off and no one keeps on making overtures forever. The daughter is out of everything, hardly knows a soul to speak to. It's a pity. She looks a decent kid. If I were twenty years younger . . ." He grinned amiably and the conversation died while Beverly, unknowing, went to meet her lover, her sweet lips parted, her thin, fledgling arms swinging, tumbling about like a child's, as she ran. There was no need to run, because it was early enough; half-past nine, Tod had said, was the earliest he could meet her because of a family dinner party.

Almost incredible was the thought that before a year passed she would be present at those dinner parties as Beverly Firth. Of course there would be difficulties, she told herself as she hurried along. But she scarcely believed herself; loving brought such security and confidence, reduced the business of living to such simplicity. As Tod's wife she would come in contact again with all the people who had forgotten her existence because of her mother's way of life. It would be simple, smooth enough. Tod had told his parents today. Tomorrow probably he would bring her to meet them.

It would be so wonderful to have friendships, to meet people, to be wanted, perhaps admired, to have the lonely days companioned, to share thoughts and dreams and speech. All these things would be given to her because Tod, so splendidly able to choose any girl he wanted, had chosen to love her. Weeks ago, a lifetime ago, he had stopped his car beside her as she tramped along on one of her solitary walks, and bareheaded, smiling, casual, he had said:

"Wouldn't you rather ride?"

As easily as that he had bridged the gap of the years which separated them from their childhood intimacy, and their loving seemed to have come about as easily as that, too.

LOVELY DAYS, those of their falling in love. The green wood, which she had entered now was rustling and stirring and bright with her memories, all entertained to make the background for this perfect present which was upon her. So soon now she would be safe forever from the dark shadows of the violent, unhappy past.

Tod was taking her out of prison. She need no longer fear the future. Tod. She said the little name over and over, like a prayer for protection and when Tod came at last, walking quickly, seeking her in the now gathering dusk, it was not the thrill of ecstasy she got from his dear striding figure, but safety; a blessed safety. She lay against his heart, and with her one free hand, because he held the other close to his breast, she caressed his face, his young untouched face which held no darkness, no strong, violent things to make one afraid.

"I hurried, darling."

"Don't talk," she said. "Not for a minute. I just want

to feel you like this, so close. Hold everything away. Hold me tightly."

Then she sighed and drew away from him and smiled at him tenderly.

"Odd behavior," she said, but he had not noticed. He had trouble of his own, and seeking words which were difficult to find had been grateful for the silent ease of loving.

"And now tell me everything. What did they say? Today has been weeks long."

Tod hesitated a moment before replying, then said abruptly, "I didn't tell them. Darling, don't look like that! Come here." He drew her again into his embrace, but he spoke without looking at her.

"It's all rather the devil. Parents—well—parents get ideas into their heads, and after a certain age heads seem made of concrete. It takes a long while for an idea to get in, and longer for it to get out."

"Yes, but . . ." she was perplexed, a little nervous.

"Well, dad's thought for years that Annette and I would marry. Sort of . . ."

"I know, you told me. But . . ."

"Well, it's going to mean endless talking, rows, infernal conferences. My family's like that. They'll talk round a thing forever if you let them. And I loathe it. The thought of it makes me simply wilt. But if a thing is actually done, well then they'll accept it. If you and I were to turn up married, there'd be a shock. But nagging wouldn't undo it, it would be too late to try to get me to see their point of view so they'd accept the thing gracefully—and there we'd be. No fuss beforehand to spoil everything."

Beverly lay in his arms thoughtfully. She knew so little about parents. Perhaps they were like that. It was difficult to judge from her mother. She smiled bleakly.

"I don't know," she said. "I suppose it will be all right if they like me as much as Annette," she added wistfully. "Liking me would make them feel you are happy, and that's what parents really want for their children. Ordinary parents, I mean. I don't know much about parents. Mother . . ." she fell silent, pondering on this business of parents. Perhaps they were never really friends with their children after all. Perhaps one didn't tell them things like falling in love. But Tod was talking, more vehemently now. A phrase drew her from her reflection. She looked at him blankly:

"You mean tonight?"

"Why not? What's to stop us? We'll drive up tonight, Beverly," he hesitated, while she regarded him with serious candid eyes.

"I got the license when I was in town last week. We can drive up tonight and be married tomorrow."

"You've had all this planned," she spoke musingly.

"More or less. I meant to tell the old man, but when I hinted round the affair, he started off—and it's no use. I couldn't get a word in. Are you angry?"

"No, no. But I'd rather it had been the other way."

"You mean you will?"

"I love you, and I want to marry you. I want to be with you all the time. I'd rather, but if you hate it so much, fighting with them, and—spoiling it, if it's right what you say that they won't mind really, once the thing's done. You know your parents. My—I—mother doesn't." A sudden unwelcome memory of her father assaulted her and she lost all hesitancy. She clung to her lover and breathlessly decided.

"Yes, tonight then, and we'll be safe and happy, always. I don't think I want to wait. No, I don't, I don't!"

He looked down at her pale face lying on his breast. He was not particularly intelligent, or sensitive, but in that instant he had a gleam of perception.

He said tenderly, a little bewildered by the fact:

"You're afraid of life, aren't you?"

"Not when I'm with you."

"And there's nothing to be afraid of. Life can't hurt you if you don't take it too seriously. A laugh a day, darling, and take what you want when you want it."

He bent his head and a shadow fell across his face distorting it grotesquely. In sudden fright, Beverly cried out.

"You look strange. You—" The shadow went with his movement. But long afterward she remembered his face as she saw it then, as it looked then and once afterward.

THE CAR was drawn under the trees where the shadows were thickest. It was nearly midnight now and the moon was full, but it was black under the trees and Beverly halted undecidedly. Her heart was thumping and she clenched the handle of her suitcase tightly. Then she heard Tod's voice calling to her softly and she hurried across the moon-white road. She saw the tiny red gleam of his

cigarette move through the darkness and die, then she was beside him and he had caught her in a quick, tight embrace, then he loosed her and taking the suitcase he threw it in the back of the car.

"All set?" he said, looking down at her, and the constriction in her throat was loosed she breathed more easily, the happening lost its acute, dramatic tension.

But she was still trembling as the car moved off and Tod, free of the business of gears, put a comforting arm about her shoulders.

"You're in a state," he said and she laughed a little shakily.

"Well, it's rather a happening, isn't it? One doesn't get married every day."

Tod's arm tightened carelessly.

"I think it's marvelous. And I like it this way. A church wedding and all the family flip-flap, that would be ghastly. What did you say to your mother?"

Beverly was silent. Underneath all the excitement and the bitter-sweet thrill of being beside Tod, like this, for the one great purpose, there was a dull hurt because of the way of her going; alone, denied all the normal sweetness of her mother's love and hopes.

"I didn't tell her. Her door was locked. I knocked but she didn't answer. I left a note for her."

"You mean you wrote that we were going to be married?"

"Yes, of course. What else? You didn't say—"

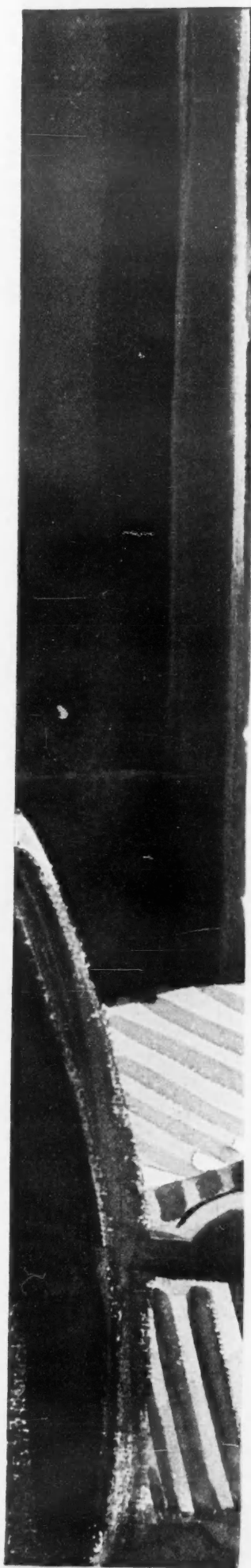
"No. I didn't think of it. I thought you'd make some excuse."

"What excuse? I've never been away from home in my life! Besides I couldn't have done that." She was disturbed.

"Oh, don't worry. I suppose it will be all right. She'll save us the trouble of breaking the news to dad."

"I don't think she will," Beverly said. "You won't understand, but I don't think she'll do anything at all about it. I don't think she'll find it—important." The mournfulness in her voice was lost on her lover.

"All the better," he



She stared at herself in childish, unashamed delight. She had spent more in one afternoon than she usually did in a year. Tod must be rich, she decided.

to understand the achievements of Queen Elizabeth during the thirteen years of their married life, you must first appreciate the earlier years of the man she married.

MANY STORIES are told of the present King's proposal to his wife: it is said she refused him first and I believe this to be true. At the time a friend of hers said, with some feeling: "I do hope she marries him. She'll be the making of him . . ." She did, and she was, and she is!

While the Queen (then Lady Elizabeth) was happy against the friendly background of Glamis, or Waldenbury, or visiting her mother's mother in Italy, Prince Albert, "second son," was pitchforked at the age of thirteen from his intensive education under the shrewd and brilliant Mr. Hansell, from his sheltered Norfolk home, to the rough-and-tumble of Osborne, where their very Royaltiness was against the two elder sons of the House of Windsor. There came the pathetic letter to their parents, from school, "They are nice to us, in spite of our being Royal . . ."

At seventeen, while his future Queen was still happy and secure in her country home, Albert joined his cadet ship. He was gazetted to the *Collingwood* before the war broke out; he was just nineteen. The war, for the King's naval son, was a time of intense private trouble and a good deal of actual suffering of body, coupled with constant disappointment; if fate had wanted to train the young man in sturdiness of soul and in courage of body, no better way could have been chosen. Prince Albert emerged with immense reserves of real character, and finally the disability which had haunted him through adolescence, was cured: but not until he had had an operation for appendicitis and a subsequent one, after a successful diagnosis of his trouble, for gastric ulcer.

From navy to new air force; from air force to civilian life and the completion of his education. The Prince in his Osborne days, and during his illnesses, had made a new friend—and that friend and his wife "kept house" for him and his brother, Henry, when they both went up to Trinity,

Cambridge. Sir Louis Greig has a charming wife, and the home they made for these young men was the best reintroduction to normal peacetime life again for them. Prince Albert followed nearly in the steps of an earlier Albert (Queen Victoria's Prince Consort) whom, superficially only, he seems nearly to resemble. He studied physics, economics, civics and history. He plunged with interest into the humanities—and started a career of learning that is developing still.

INEVITABLY his work increased; his elder brother, the Prince of Wales, was abroad, and Prince Albert learned the difficulties—for him especially—of every sort of "formal occasion." He was reaching the steady robustness of health he now enjoys, but his stammer persisted and gave him and his sympathetic listeners real agony. "People may not realize the strength of his character . . ." Sir Louis Greig is reported as saying. It was during these lonely years after the war, when he was facing up to his life, that the Prince slowly acquired this depth of character masked by his inability to express it.

In 1920 he was created Duke of York; in 1923 the girl who herself had come through the war period not without deep sorrow, consented to marry him. A close friend is reported to have confessed that Lady Elizabeth was "very much afraid of the position," but that she could not do without "Bertie."

A TYPICALLY English husband married to a typically Scots wife marked the beginning of a really delightful partnership which continues and strengthens. More of a partnership than the public knew; for it was "now or never" for the Duke to take his place as a public man of affairs; his years of study had equipped him for what was to be his special province—the industrial life of the nation. Few outside his circle knew of his agonizing struggles with his impediment; few know an incident that occurred soon after his marriage when he and his wife had to attend a

luncheon and the Duke was to make an important speech.

His stammer was, for some reason, unusually bad that day. He rose to speak—and stood miserably mute, struggling with the muscles that refused to obey the will. The guests watched in embarrassment and sympathy and real distress. His young wife sat beside him and listened to word after tortured word being forced out. Possibly the whole thing took but a matter of a couple of minutes and was really unimportant. But to the guests it was tragic. Then, when it seemed as if he must really admit defeat and sit down, the little Duchess put her hand out and reassuringly patted his clenched fist—a tacit encouragement and assurance that the other one of the "partnership" was standing by him. And—Albert went on and finished that speech. Once again, he had fought through.

This is one of many similar occasions that the writer heard about; surely there were many other times when the fact of his wife's sturdy support enabled the Duke to overcome his difficulties. In 1926, after the birth of their first child, he had to face up to the imminent tour of Australia. The Duke sought the help of the famous expert, Lionel Logue, and spent weeks at daily work and treatment. Skill from his doctor, acute sympathy and alert help at home and his own indomitable will finally saw the last enemy, his stammer, conquered. We do not hear, and indeed we never should hear, of the days of despair when his wife encouraged him to battle on. All we know is that at the Pilgrims' Banquet before their departure for Australia, the Duke rose and made a speech that amazed his hardened listeners. True, he treated some consonants with respect, and cunningly phrased his sentences to avoid others. He still does. But he gained in confidence and fluency—and he still gains.

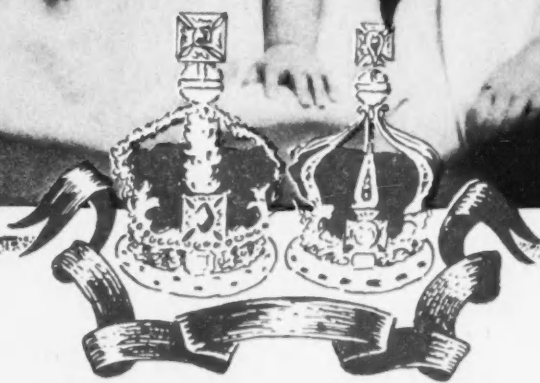
HIS HOME LIFE, his daughters, and the man himself, emerging as almost the "silent, strong man" so beloved of the British, blazed into the limelight after the birth of the Princess Elizabeth. During her [Continued on page 62]



"When the Princess Margaret Rose was born the King and Queen said, 'Please let us bring up our children in some privacy.'"

"She remains exactly the type of woman she always was—timeless in style—essentially wife and mother."

"The most satisfactory family we possess in public life."



The King's Wife

"To estimate the greatness of Queen Elizabeth, we must know the greatness of King George VI's battle against his handicaps"

by JOAN WOOLCOMBE



"Heiress to the greatest empire the world has ever seen."

IT WAS a very ordinary house that held a small kindergarten school—a pioneer school of its time—in High Street, Marylebone, in London. One morning about twenty-eight years back the young headmistress brought in two small children to introduce them to the school.

"Here are Elizabeth and David Bowes-Lyon . . ." she said; and we others recognized a chestnut-haired girl of about nine in a tussore silk dress, holding the hand of a boy who looked slightly younger, in brown shorts and a tussore shirt. Elizabeth was pleasantly protective toward David, and we thought and spoke of them always as "Lizbeth-an'-David."

We learned—but were unimpressed by the fact—that their father was an earl and their real home was in Scotland. The children stayed for about two terms, I think, and soon slipped easily into the life of the school, in spite of the fact they had both been brought up at home.

There was, frankly, nothing remarkable about either; except perhaps their really unusually nice manners and that loyalty of brother and sister that seems to have remained all their lives. Pictures of the present Queen show that the Elizabeth of those days has grown into the sweet-faced, but essentially the same, woman of today. The hair looks darker perhaps; the face is, strangely, more wistful and of course, less chubby. The memory of the hair of Elizabeth of those days is revived in the shorter but similar hair of Elizabeth of York today.

Queen Elizabeth of today would be the last to claim any credit for any special qualities; but it cannot be denied that those perfect manners and that perfect "poise" of her childhood days, remain. I expect we small children who shared those two terms school with her might have been more excited about those two if we had known they could claim Kings of Scotland as forebears and that Robert II joined them in common descent with the Kings of England. But we were not told this and no one warned us that the small girl we saw sharing, with David, the only banana left at luncheon time was to be Queen of England.

But Elizabeth's education was in the main due to her mother, Lady Strathmore; and the two children were brought up together as they were the youngest of the family, until, in due course, the little boy went to school. Elizabeth was brought up at home entirely, but—and for

this reason—her training was one of unusual intelligence. St. Paul's Waldenbury, was the background of these earliest years, but it was at her own house that a five-year-old girl met a ten-year-old boy who had mostly been brought up in Norfolk; who was delicate, extremely shy, a second-son to an important little brother and, to add to his handicaps, possessed of a stammer.

TO UNDERSTAND the greatness of Queen Elizabeth, we must estimate the greatness of King George VI's battle against his handicaps and difficulties; and we must know something of the real story behind the inevitable spate of "Royalty stories" about that little-known man. For twenty-eight years of his life he worked doggedly on; fighting ill health for a great part of the time; fighting his stammer all the time and with sufficient steadiness of purpose to train himself by gruelling study for his chosen rôle, that of "Prince of Industry."

His diffidence and his difficulty in conversation turned him in upon his own resources; with formidable industry he equipped himself as no other Prince since Albert of Coburg had been equipped, with "knowledge that is power."

We may refer to the happiness of the King and Queen, patent as it is to all, as an "old-fashioned marriage"—which is nonsense; for happiness knows no fashions. Actually, it is a very modern "fifty-fifty" partnership, and,



Cecily Ann didn't want Larry Farris for a new father. She sank her teeth firmly into his wrist

the dot, but still she doesn't gain."

"Date's off, Cecily Ann," boomed Larry Farris. "But some time we'll get together and eat spinach."

The only grownup Cecily Ann ever ate spinach with was Dad. On Sundays, because every other day he had to be downtown at business. But on Sundays, he had his breakfast served in the nursery while Cecily Ann ate her lunch. And now Larry Farris—"I guess you're going to be my new father," she said.

Sheila laughed, a queer short laugh, kissed Cecily Ann, and told her to run back to Nurse. The next day was Sunday, and, as usual, Dad had his breakfast tray brought into the nursery. But it was very different from the other Sundays. Usually Dad hardly ever talked. Just sat drinking his coffee with his eyes far away as though Cecily Ann wasn't there at all. This time he talked a lot as if he were trying to make up for all the Sundays of not talking. He tried to teach tricks to Chatterbox,

and said funny things that made Cecily Ann laugh; and he laughed, too.

As he was leaving, he took her up in his arms, and said: "We've had a very good time together, today, haven't we?" "Oh yes," said Cecily Ann. "A very good time."

"That'll be something to remember," he said. "A very good time together."

He kissed her; and Cecily Ann couldn't understand why his eyes had dampness in them as if he wanted to cry. She never wanted to cry after she'd been having a very good time.

The next day, there was an excitement in the house. Cecily Ann heard bits of it that Emily, the upstairs maid, whispered to Nurse. It seemed that Dad was going away to live in a hotel, and taking his clothes with him. His bags and trunks were carried down the hall past the nursery. Cecily Ann wondered why Dad should go and live in a hotel when they had such a nice big house all of their own.

THURSDAY WAS the day for Nurse to take Cecily Ann to the child specialist's. In the reception room, she sat like a good girl quietly looking at a picture book, when Nurse, who had been shuffling through a magazine, called to her:

"Come here, miss, and see what's going to happen to you if you won't eat."

Cecily Ann ran over, and Nurse held out an awful picture. It was of a big white room where a little girl, naked except for a sun suit, lay in an iron bed with doctors and nurses standing around, looking worried. And no wonder! The poor little girl's stomach was as big and round as a beach ball. Her legs were thin and twisted, and her face—oh, her face was the worst of all!—wrinkled and scary as a Hallowe'en mask.

"That's malnutrition," said Nurse. "That bad little girl wouldn't eat, and so she dried up."

"If she eats now, won't she un-dry?" asked Cecily Ann. Nurse shook her head. "It's too late now. She can't even stand on her feet any more. She's deformed."

Cecily Ann turned away from the picture, too scared to ask any more questions. So that was what Katsy had meant by being "deformed." That's what was going to happen to her. That's why she'd been feeling so queer lately.

She was scared all the way home in the car. And at supper, too. So scared the food, nice and hot in little piles on her Mickey Mouse plate, wouldn't go down. Nurse teased and threatened, but when she actually held Cecily Ann's nose to force the food down, Cecily Ann screamed and screamed, till, with an angry look, Nurse let her go right to bed.

In bed, it was worse. She begged Nurse to stay in the room with her after the lights were [Continued on page 32]



"Your food aint no good," said Katsy, rubbing her stomach, "I'm going home to eat watermelon."

Tummy Ache •

by

Agnes Christine Johnston

Illustrated

by Michael

CECILY ANN chewed away at her vegetable health biscuit, but she couldn't swallow one bite. She just kept it wadded up in her cheek, hoping Nurse wouldn't notice, and she could spit it out in the sand later on.

But Nurse did notice.

"Cecily Ann Wentworth," she said sternly, "eat that biscuit. Every bit of it. Remember what the doctor said about malnutrition? Now swallow, precious, or Nurse will have to hold your nose."

Cecily Ann swallowed, her large grey eyes regarding Nurse balefully.

"The trouble I have with that child," Nurse complained to the other nurses, who were sitting with them on the club beach. "She's five and a half pounds underweight, and Doctor Marsden says—"

"Don't I know!" cried Lauren Barneston's nurse. "With mine it's a fight to get down every mouthful."

Cecily Ann wandered away from the talk down to where the waves made whipped cream on the damp sand, and threw herself flat. She didn't feel good. Her throat ached where the wadded-up biscuit had scraped it, and her stomach felt as if it were on the end of a twirling rope swing. She glared back at the nurses. In their white uniforms on the yellow sand, they looked like white islands of Floating Island Pudding. The children, playing around them, in pink and blue and red sun suits, were the small colored candies Cook always sprinkled in. Funny how so many things she looked at, these days, reminded her of food. Perhaps that was what Doctor Marsden meant by "malnutrition."

From the way the nurses were putting their heads together, she guessed they were talking about something they didn't want the children to hear. Maybe about Dad and Sheila. . . . Dad and Sheila! She'd teased to be brought to the Beach Club, today, just so she could boast to Katsy about that. Keeping a sandy ridge between Nurse and herself, she crept to the lifebuoy ropes that marked the end of the club sand, and ducked under them.

Grownups said it was a shame that the public beach had to be right next to the club property, but Cecily Ann thought it was wonderful. The public beach was such fun. So many more people and children; and you could have dogs.

Sure enough, Katsy's family were in the sand at the side of the groin. Katsy's mother, lying down with her stomach bulging her red bathing suit, and her face and arms and legs all red, looked like a big red baked apple. Around her were a lot of smaller red baked apples, her children; Katsy, the roundest and reddest of them all.

Katsy was making a sand house, and didn't speak to Cecily Ann. That was all right. Cecily Ann knelt down near her, and began to make a sand house, too. She knew Katsy would talk, after a while, and it would probably be boasting. Katsy was always boasting. About her twin sisters. About her mother whose teeth came out at night. And having had measles and chickenpox and whooping cough. Cecily Ann had never been able to catch any of those diseases because she'd been given shots so she wouldn't. She hadn't ever had anything to boast about until now.

Cecily Ann had dug out the cellar of her sand house, and was starting to make the chimney, when Katsy suddenly sat up on her haunches, and spoke:

"I can make a better sand house than you can. I can make one with two chimneys and a double garage."

"You can not," said Cecily Ann boldly.

"Can too!" said Katsy.

"Well," said Cecily Ann, taking a long breath. "We're going to have a divorce in the family."

"Huh!" said Katsy. "You are not!"

"We are too! Lauren Barneston's nurse asked my nurse, this morning, if we weren't, and my nurse said we certainly were. And it's going to be keen."

For a long moment, Katsy didn't say anything. Then she sniffed:

"Guess you don't know what a divorce is. Guess you don't know anything. The Hawkins in our block got a divorce, last year, and now their boy Joe's in the deform school. How'd you like being in the deform school?"

"What's that?" asked Cecily Ann.

"It's where you get all deformed, and it's fierce," said Katsy. "Who said you could build a sand house anyway?" With a sweep of her hand, she knocked Cecily Ann's chimney right into the cellar.

Cecily Ann didn't build it up. She didn't feel like making a sand house any more. She flopped onto her stomach, and began to throw sand.

But Nurse hurried over and dragged her to where the grownups' umbrellas blossomed out on the club sand.

"Just when your mother wants to see you, you would have to look a fright," she scolded.

SHEILA OWNED a white and green umbrella. Dad had given it to her for her birthday, and it was the largest and prettiest on the beach. As Nurse led Cecily toward it, she could see, first her mother's bare brown legs, then, as they turned around the umbrella, the whole of Sheila. She looked like the Neapolitan ice cream Cecily Ann had had for her fifth birthday party. Coffee ice cream legs; then a slice of strawberry ice cream bathing suit, then another slice of coffee ice cream Sheila, and, on top, lemon ice hair.

There were a lot of people sprawled in the sand around Sheila, but the closest was Larry Farris. As Cecily Ann tried to step over his legs, he caught her, and swung her high in the air. Larry Farris was awfully strong. Perhaps because he stayed at the beach so much. But Cecily Ann didn't like to be swung up high that way. It scared her, and made her stomach feel queer.

"Please let me down," she begged. "I want Sheila."

"No," said Larry Farris, who liked to tease. "Not till you tell me who you love best in the whole world."

"Chatterbox," said Cecily Ann.

Larry Farris set her down hard, and everybody laughed, and looked at her in a funny way.

"But I love Dad and Sheila next best," Cecily Ann said quickly.

"Chatterbox is her dog," Sheila explained. "And I really don't blame her for loving him best. She sees more of him than she does of me. I'm a pretty awful mother, I guess."

"Leave out the 'awful,' and you'll be a hundred per cent right," said Larry Farris, smiling at Sheila. "Now, Cecily Ann, how's about you and me having a date right now to eat ice cream?"

"Heavens, stupid!" cried Sheila. "She can't have ice cream between meals. It would fill her up so she wouldn't eat her vegetables and all the vitaminy things she needs."

"So you're not only a pretty mother, but a scientific one," laughed Larry Farris.

"Cecily Ann's terribly underweight." Sheila's blue eyes were worried. "I've changed nurses three times in the last six months, and had them follow the pediatricist's orders to



There's no dividing line between rich and poor when little girls run amok at a grown-up party

MEANING

No!

Illustrated by
JACK KEAY

Mardie walked out in a bathrobe. "Why did you come here Tommy?"

"But I've told Tommy yes," said Mardie, frowning. "We're going to be married."

Elsa laid down her nail buffer and said, "Uh-huh," without conviction.

"You mean—?"

"For the love of mud," said Elsa sharply, "wash your face and put on your red taffeta and say yes to anything he says. Say yes and yes and yes—no matter what—just keep on saying yes. You're sure of where it gets you—that's one thing certain."

Mardie's dark eyes began to twinkle.

"No," she said.

SO MARDIE, when she reached Antonio's, said no. She said it first to Antonio himself, who came forward rubbing his hands and smiling.

"Good evening, glad to see you once more again. The gentleman, your friend Meester Bayne, he ees not here yet. Weel you please seet down?"

"No," said Mardie. And then, amending herself, "I mean—no, thank you." But she was irritated; not at Antonio but at Tommy. Always it was she who had to sit and wait for Tommy.

"Weel the lady perhaps have a cocktail while she waits? Sometimes it is long waiting for Meester Bayne."

Mardie shook her head. She was thinking, or trying to think. She said absently: "No. No, thank you, Antonio." She hesitated, momentarily irresolute. Then she pulled herself straight. "When he comes," she said, "please tell him I couldn't wait."

She faced about, marched to the door. Even as she turned she knew she was feeling better. Never again was she going to wait for Tommy Bayne. Hereafter he could wait for her. Ah!—but it was good to feel her self-respect flooding through her again!

Plumb in the doorway she bumped into Tommy. As a matter of fact, bustling in, he almost knocked her over. "Oh, I beg pardon," he said instinctively before he realized who it was. Then, peering at her: "Goodness gracious, beautiful in person! What were you doing, going out to look for me?"

"No," said Mardie.

She peeked up at him. She couldn't help it. He was a tall Tommy, a smiling Tommy, an irrepressible Tommy. The same old Tommy, and he always would be. Just being near him made her feel all warm and happy and tingly.

He whipped off his coat. "Waiting long?"

"Not very," said Mardie. "You see—"

But Tommy wasn't listening, except to himself. "Call from the office," he was saying. "Got to hop out on the seven-fifty. We'll have to eat fairly fast. Sleeper jump to Quebec, near Montreal. Murder trial. You know, that guy Smillack that either did or didn't knock off a couple of cops at the bank last spring. Remember?"

Mardie sort of did, though vaguely.

"Hot stuff," said Tommy. "I'm going to be alone this time. Running story. All telegraph stuff. You see, this guy Smillack, they were laying for him, place between Rouses Point and Mooers. It turned into a gunfight." He caught her elbow. "How about a little drink?" he enquired, adding, "They nailed him trying to catch the ferry to Vermont. Little drink?"

"No, thanks," said Mardie. Ah, it was true! Only too true. Tommy didn't really care about her. All he was interested in was his work, his trips out of town, the excitement, the romance, the glamor—and a drink.

She stiffened herself. She said, "I've got some news for you, too."

"That's swell," he said, paying no attention. "Let's eat."

"No," said Mardie. Then she astounded herself because what she told him she told him without a quaver. "Tommy—the reason I met you—I'm going to marry George Lockwelter."

"Regular table, Antonio," said Tommy to Antonio. Then, turning to Mardie: "What's that? I missed the last of it, or else my ears aren't good."

"I wanted to tell you first," said Mardie steadily. "I'm going to marry George Lockwelter."

"Never heard of him," said Tommy. "What's his name?"

"If you could stop clowning for a minute—"

"Make it two minutes," said Tommy. He grinned. Then: "Sorry," he said, "but I thought the idea was you were going to marry me some day?"

"That's just it," said Mardie. "You see—well, that's the difference, that's all. George wants to marry me now."

"If he's the one I think he is," said Tommy, "you're making a poor trade-in. Isn't he the bird I've met a couple of times at your place? Tall skinny bird with glasses?"

"He's tall," said Mardie, not relishing Tommy's description of George Lockwelter.

"I remember him perfectly," said Tommy imperturbably. "He's from your office. He's the shipping clerk."

"He's not a shipping clerk. Whoever heard of a shipping clerk in a law office? He's assistant chief clerk, and that means—"

"He's a shipping clerk to me," said Tommy. He shrugged. "He looks like one, too, if [Continued on page 48]"

A TWO - LETTER WORD

by
GERTRUDE HITZ



"Love happens to be a two-way, not a one-way, street. Tommy's got it fixed one way—his way."

"It's the shortest word in the English language, easily pronounced; you'd be surprised how beautifully it works—especially for women"—Elsa

MARDIE set the telephone back into its cradle and did a fast smile. "Well, he called," she said quickly, before Elsa could say anything.

Elsa, who was a tall and thin and long-legged girl, continued to polish a coral fingernail. Elsa was the person who was inevitably taken on parties to make a fourth, and she had definite ideas about men. She had watched so many men making love to so many other girls.

She said quietly: "Be yourself, Mardie. He calls when, as and if. He calls when he gets around to it. Here you've been watching that telephone for the last two hours like a sick cat—and now all at once, because the priceless Tommy has dropped a nickel in a coin box, you're trying to tell me you like it."

Mardie was smallish, slimmish, darkish. She had dark hair, dark sparkling eyes, a straight little nose, a softly pointed chin. She said: "I do think you might stop riding me, Els. Can I help it if I can't help it?"

"You can help it plenty," Elsa said. "Either fall out of love or do something about it. You're in love with the wrong man, that's all. No wonder you're nuts—because what do you get? You get an anxious seat on the dead end of a telephone wire. Love happens to be a two-way street, not a one-way street. Only Tommy's got it fixed one way. His way! He may call you Monday night or he may call you Tuesday night. I call that perfect. Perfect for him."

"But, Elsa—"

The tall girl looked up from her polishing. Her mouth twisted sidewise. She said slowly: "And when this dream prince finally does call you, he tells you to meet him at Antonio's—and you know as well as I do why he says Antonio's. He says Antonio's because the dinner there, with wine, is sixty cents." Now Elsa laughed. "Oh, yes, Mardie—I know he takes you to decent places when he has it. He even took you to the Ritz a month ago—or was it two months ago? But Antonio's is the standard dish, and you know why. It's because your Galahad has just lost his week's salary again shooting crap."

The two girls faced each other in their apartment, which consisted of a big, comfortable living room, a bathroom, and a kitchen four feet square. There was also a sort of alcove off the living room, just big enough to hold Mardie's bed, together with a bureau, a straight chair, and Mardie's feet and legs when she stood up. Elsa, because she was longer, had automatically been awarded the studio couch in the living room.

"I think you're being pretty mean to him," Mardie said. "You know perfectly well he only has Mondays and Tuesdays off. And sometimes not even Mondays, even when he's here in town."

"Fish!" said Elsa. "That's the oldest act in the world—the female defending her young."

"He's not my young."

Elsa sniffed. "Well, he's somebody's young. Certainly nobody could accuse him of having grown up."

Tommy was a newspaperman, a reporter. He was as tall as Clark Gable and not much more difficult to look at. He was gay. He was going places. When he snapped his fingers the world revolved. He moved in glamor. The Governor-General. Politicians. Stage celebrities. Bank robberies took place so that he might cover them. So did five-alarm fires. So did murders.

He had his Tuesdays off, and mostly Mondays—except, of course, when he was on an out-of-town assignment, when he had no days off at all. Since Mardie was a stenographer in a law office, Littlefield, Baxter and Howe, the times when she and Tommy could be together were definitely and rather pitifully limited.

That was the worst thing, the mixed up days and hours. Tommy's gambling—well, Mardie had begun to worry about that only lately. She had begun to worry about it because it seemed to be of a piece with his general ideas about marriage. Where Mardie automatically kept thinking about getting married in terms of next month, Tommy seemed to keep thinking about it in terms of next year. Or the year after. To Tommy marriage was a vague settling down to be confronted only after youth and adventure had run their twin and delightful courses. "As long as you and I know we're crazy about each other, what does it matter?" he would say to Mardie, smiling his infectious smile. And then he would reach into a pocket and pull out seven five-dollar bills.

"Look, Mardie! Thirty-five bucks. Cleaned up the office crap game. And did those little cubes roll for me! Listen—do we go to the Ritz or do we go to the Ritz?"

The only trouble was that he could suggest Antonio's with the same cheerful abandon. "Seems I lost my shirt this week, honey. Only a measly ninety bucks but it sort of ties us up a little on next week, too, maybe. Oh, well, two weeks of Antonio's won't kill us. Don't worry. I'll get it back. I'm good."

Tommy earned \$55 a week.

Elsa was looking at Mardie. She asked a pointed question: "I heard you say Antonio's. How much did he lose this week?"

"Only—only fifty—fifty something."

Elsa rose, shook her skirt down over a pair of lengthy shins. She said trenchantly: "With your looks and your figure, Mardie, I'd eat dirt before I'd let any man make a mug out of me."

It was only then that the tears swam into Mardie's brown eyes. Momentarily she stood rigid, blinking her eyelids. Then she broke. She flung herself upon the couch, a limp, slim bundle of salty misery. Presently she found a handkerchief, mopped with it, sniffed some, and then she said, "So what?"

"George Lockwelter, naturally," said Elsa.

"You mean George at the office? What about him?"

"He's proposed to you plenty, hasn't he?"

"Of course, but—"

Said Elsa crisply, "You've just accepted him."

"Me?"

"You."

"But I haven't. I couldn't. Not for anything on earth."

"George isn't a bad egg," remarked Elsa. "You could do worse."

"I don't want to do worse. I mean—well, you know."

Elsa shrugged, thumbed toward the telephone. "Call him," she commanded sternly. "Call him and tell him you're thinking it over. Listen to what I'm saying. Call George now and tell him—well, almost anything. You don't actually have to accept him in so many words. Just give him a grain of hope and let him build on it."

"I couldn't," said Mardie, her eyes wide.

"Not even to make Tommy come awake?"

"No," said Mardie.

"Well, that's something anyway."

"What is?"

"That you know how to say no. If you can't digest George Lockwelter—and I didn't think you could—the next best thing is to give the gorgeous Tommy a good dose of no. It's the next to the shortest word in the English language, very simple to pronounce, and you'd be surprised how beautifully it works. Particularly for women. All girl children should be taught to memorize it from babyhood. Of all the words ever invented to make men jump through hoops, plain simple little 'no' takes the prize. Spelled N-O. Pronounced n-o."

his rushing words, his whispering urgent voice telling her that she was more to him than anything else in life could ever be.

Love becomes something more than just an emotion, Ann thought, resting in the dark. We have so many emotions, she thought, but they have no real existence till we clothe them. We clothe them with words, we clothe them with feelings, we clothe them with acts; until they are clothed, emotions are just activities of the imagination, dreams; in clothing them we give them life. And of the clothes we can choose, action gives them the greatest life. And since of all one's emotions the emotion of love, of passion, is the most powerful, it becomes the most creative, building life itself. It might indeed be that she loved Kerry, with a love not very different from her love for Stephen; but the love for Kerry she had clothed with feelings and with words, her love for Stephen was clothed with those things and with action besides. If she clothed her love for Kerry with action, it must be furtive, destructive, or done with pain and violence to her love for Stephen. Whereas her love for Stephen was in its every act free, realizable, a great creative power. So she might love two men; but she could build life only with one. Both loves might be workable, but only one would work. And better than she had ever known it, she knew her choice would never ever be any other but Stephen.

If they could buy a little house somewhere—no, a big house, for space is in itself beauty—in the country near by,

were swollen big on the elms. Any day now they would burst, and the world would be green again.

So she'd never know, perhaps, whether the thing was crooked or not. There was a mine—now; probably a good mine—now; but what had there been? Tillie had said, "I never did want Fitz to come to your town, Ann." Was that what Tillie was doing—following Fitz about, keeping him out of trouble? Why? Yes, in Fitz and in Kerry they both cared for unworthy men.

She stirred herself. She was going to see Mrs. Manning, before she lost courage. She had so wanted, this morning, to tell Stephen about it. She had wanted to ask him, Must I, Stephen, humiliate myself this way? But Tillie had said, Be grown-up, for once, Ann; don't pitch this onto Stephen. Yet somehow, now, looking into spring sunlight, hearing in her ear all the friendly voices of last night, seeing with her eyes again their cordial looks, holding close to her the knowledge that she could believe in Tillie—this seemed her world, waiting for her to step into it. Mrs. Manning was her friend; one isn't afraid of friends.

SHE SAW Mrs. Manning as she came up on the dark green porch, its corners still stacked with sleds and skis as well as baseball bats. A sweet thin voice was singing, and through the curtains Ann saw Mrs. Manning playing her piano with pudgy stiff fingers, and singing to herself.

Ann kissed her, lingering a little, on her cheek; and then in a rush of affection she kissed her on the other cheek. It made Mrs. Manning quite rosy, and they both laughed a little, covering an embarrassingly affectionate moment.

It was Mrs. Manning who brought up what Ann had come to say.

"Ann, are you still riding? No? The reason I asked is—Lou says the trail is going to be open Saturday if it doesn't rain, and do you think it's safe? Major Macclouth will go with her, but I just wondered if he'd understand about a girl of fifteen. They hate to admit there's anything they can't do, you know. What do you think?"

"I think the trail's safe enough."

Now, why hadn't she just said the trail was dangerous, and be done with it? But if the other girls went, why not Louise? "Is she going alone? I mean, without the other girls?"

"I don't know. I could ask her. Of course it's nice of Major Macclouth—Kerry, Louise calls him. I don't know why he bothers, I'm sure. Fifteen-year-olds are not my idea of—however, riding with them might be more fun, perhaps. I love playing baseball with them, even yet." Mrs. Manning got quite pink. "I expect you wouldn't think it, but I play quite well, if someone runs for me."

We're wandering, thought Ann. But it seems they weren't. Mrs. Manning said, "You know Major Macclouth, I know. Lou says you jumped his horse in the show."

Mrs. Manning's glance passed her and went out the window. Ann looked at her attentively. Was she embarrassed, or what? It might be she was recalling bits of the current gossip.

"We knew him very well—Stephen and I, both. He lived in the house, with Stephen, as you may know, when I was south."

"He did?" Mrs. Manning's eyes came back, and Ann could see that she was startled. Of course his living there ought, Ann thought a little miserably, to have put a stop to all the gossip, had they not so conspicuously broken off after her return.

Mrs. Manning was going on, and her embarrassment was obviously deepening. "Well, I hadn't understood that. I'm glad you told me. You see—" She paused.

"If you mean that people have gossiped, and have said he's been merely attentive to me. I suppose they have, of course. The Major—oh, being a bachelor, and the Army, and Irish and good-looking, and very definitely fond of the ladies—he can't be as inconspicuous as some. He gives a lot of hearts a flutter. It's just his way."

Mrs. Manning laughed a small, relieved laugh. "Then you know all about him! To tell you the truth, Ann, I've been in a quandary all winter. You were fairly new here, and I thought just possibly you might not know about him. Mrs. Fales—you don't know her. Her husband was in philosophy. A pretty, blonde woman. They've left, now. Well, anyway, they say she wanted to leave her husband and marry Major Macclouth, but he cooled off."

"I don't know Mrs. Fales," said Ann, her throat constricting uncontrollably. Well, at least she need not humiliate herself. Mrs. Manning should know enough for herself to watch Louise.

"The Fales left before you came. That's why, when I saw you, this last winter—But I said to myself that a girl as young and pretty as you would just laugh at me if I told her to be careful, that young Irishmen do have a way with them. Besides, I didn't really worry. We can all see how you feel about Stephen. Stephen," Mrs. Manning began enthusiastically, "is—"

"I know." Ann forestalled it, not wanting just now to get sidetracked on the subject of Stephen. "And I think I should have appreciated your warning, Mrs. Manning, although I probably should have laughed at it, as you say, since I've known all my life too many men like the Major not to recognize them. But for all [Continued on page 30]



Ann's heart was full, and unbelievably sad, because so much was said—so much else would never be said.

and have help enough to be comfortable, and keep horses, and a dog, and have some more children—

With tears stationary in the corners of her eyes, she fell asleep, her shoulder warm with Stephen's breath.

SERGEANT called her, early the next morning.

"Thought I'd tell you, Mis' Farrington. I got a letter, see, yesterday, from this mining—corporation, is it? And it says how a big mining interest has taken up this mine, see, with a lot of money to put into it, but as some question had been raised, like, about how good the mine was—well, I was tellin' you about that, last week—why, they don't want no outside money from anybody, see, and so they're returning our money, and givin' us a certificate that we can buy the same amount of stock we already bought and pay the same for it, see, unless it's still cheaper when the mine gets going. I can't say I understand it much, Mis' Farrington, but I thought I'd ask you, and maybe you'd ask your husband."

Meaning, men always know more than women. Ann could not help a smile, but it was a tremulous smile. Tillie had indeed done something about the mine.

"Is the cheque enclosed, Sergeant?"

"Sure, it's enclosed."

"Then it's all right, Sergeant, I assure you!"

"Maybe you'd ask Mr. Farrington?"

Again Ann laughed a little. "Sure I'll ask him. Meantime, Sergeant. Put the money in the bank, will you—just to please me?"

She sat a moment, looking out the window. The buds

*The conclusion of a
brilliant Chatelaine novel
sweeps to an unexpected
denouement*

Trial by Marriage •

by CLARISSA

FAIRCHILD CUSHMAN



ANN SAT, in her petal green dress that was like a sheath of tiny frosted ruffles, at the dinner in Stephen's honor and stared at the roomful of faces.

For four days she had hidden in her house; for four days she had waited and nothing had happened; she knew nothing, except that Tillie now sat two seats below her beside one of the more powerful and wealthy trustees, and in the newly-worked buttonhole in the lapel of that black and silver evening gown was the tiny red ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

"I wear it to impress taxi drivers," Tillie had said.

Did she think this was a congregation of taxi drivers? These were most of them strange faces to Ann; but she knew they belonged to the major personalities in the university and scientific world. Painfully she was realizing that the faces of the people she knew in this town were not here—not the face of Kerry, nor of Julia, nor of Alicia, nor of Mrs. Vickers. They were not important enough to be here; and Ann knew that it was not merely that they were not important to chemists; they were not important, this she knew clearly, anywhere, anytime. Yet they were the few she had selected to know, out of a community peopled, far more than most, with interesting and valuable personalities. Looking into the bright room, smiling with lips and eyes to the quiet cordiality of the president on her left and the trustee on her right, she measured herself sternly: she had no place here, but of Stephen's winning. What she had done was every bit of it, not merely harmless, but

quite destructive as well to Stephen in his own place.

It would have lightened her heart if she could have known the truth: that if indeed the face of Kerry was not present in this room, neither was the knowledge of him. He belonged within the knowledge of Alicia and Julia and Timmie, but most of these people did not know that he existed. They looked at Ann and Stephen and envied them a little, Ann her beauty, Stephen his gifted mind; but it was the generous envy of persons to whom life had brought satisfying consideration, and what they wished for now was the youth to thrill to it newly again.

Far down the table Mrs. Manning's affectionate glance expressed her pride and her approval.

Tomorrow, thought Ann, I must go and do what I can to protect Louise from herself. I cannot do less than I know I should. Something here tonight is asking me to reach out of myself, even though it must hurt me, and must hurt Stephen.

How could she have permitted tonight to have come into her life and found her unready to meet it? What had she been doing all this while? All these people gathered in their honor. Their warm, friendly glances fell on her, making her ache; her place was now with them, but she had done nothing to earn it, and she was not entitled to it.

Stephen and this world of his were all of a significance of which she had fallen short. Stephen would linger for her, his hand outstretched, because he loved her; but even he could not forever keep from his mind the inexorable knowl-

edge that she did not, with the years, continue to grow, unless indeed she did grow. And Tillie had lingered a while, giving her a chance, in a curious detached fashion, to grow up to her; and there, too, she had failed. To turn her head and look at Tillie, now was to know that she had failed at measuring accurately something that was bigger than herself.

They stood up at last, and Ann crossed the room at once and stood in front of Tillie.

She fixed her eyes on the little thread of red ribbon, and said, "I apologize, though I know that isn't enough. I do respect what you are, Tillie, whatever it is. I don't respect myself half so much."

Slowly the long bony fingers reached out and touched, for a moment, Ann's white arm.

"I am remembering something I said once. Ann, look at me."

But Ann couldn't look. "So am I," she said, and her voice was a whisper. "I am remembering, 'My daughter, Ann Farrington.'"

"Don't forget it, Ann, again."

IT SEEMED to Ann, lying awake that night beside a sleeping Stephen, that she had never in her life loved him so much. He had so abandoned himself to her. He had so humbly adored her, who wasn't worthy of it. It had been such heaven. With her eyes on the dark, and the trusting warmth of him against her arm, she held again against her



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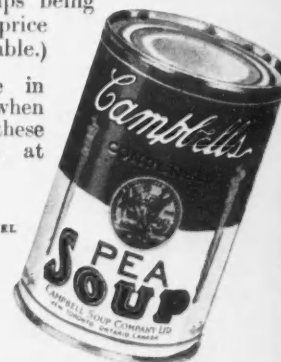
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Waiting for him to return from that twilight journey, Amy and Margaret talked.

Illustrated by
Charles La Salle

Escape From Bondage

by

MARGARET LEE RUNBECK

The story of a dream, in which a man found truth—and a great love

HIS COMA was the first peace he had known for many years. His mind, drenched and numb, had dragged itself up into the cool savannas of this twilight, and had lain panting and still, hour after hour, while his body, motionless and freed of all weight as a body cradled in water, had at last been beyond touch. He had thought at first that he was dead; there had been cool relief in the thought. He had seen his own body lying separate and safe in the large bed, and Margaret, his wife, bending over it, whispering words which he could not hear.

"So this is being dead," he had said to himself. "Well, I like it very much. It is better than that other death I have lived so long."

And then he had found that he wasn't dead. There wasn't even the promise that he was going to die. He heard Dr. Taylor assuring Margaret with technical confidence, which Margaret of course accepted.

"So I'm not going to die," Roger had said, listening to him. "Well, you wait and see, old boy. I've escaped now. You'll never drag me back."

Then the other one had come into the room, and he had recognized her instantly, knowing, though, that he had never seen her before, but finding no astonishment in this recognition. She was small and quiet, with quietness that was in no way negation, but rather presence. Her name was Amy, and this, too, held no surprise for him.

"Here you are at last," he had murmured in that twilight

when she came into the room. With his eyes closed, he knew how she looked, as though he had written himself a description of her long ago, and were reading it now.

"But you are older, darling, and tired," he said, and he knew it was twin tiredness to his own. She bent over him and looked into his face, and he felt her eyes, dark as pansies. "If I could get my eyes open, she would know," he said.

Margaret, considerate above everything, was making Miss Tandan at home in the room, explaining the lights and oxygen tank, and all the remote paraphernalia of his illness.

"Yes, yes, I see," Amy was saying, and her words came winging into his silence like soft birds. They settled on his hands, and against his tired mouth like soft birds, doing what they could to comfort.

All the robustness of Margaret's glorious energy had been locked out of this room. All the lives which that energy whipped into flurries like leaves in an autumn wind were stilled outside that door. This was a hushed area, and Roger could picture the servants and all the indebted, devoted friends standing in a stricken circle waiting for Margaret to emerge again, and set them into motion as she always did.

Did they find their own lives when she was withdrawn with all her generous will, or did they slump down like unstrung marionettes while her gay vivacity came tiptoeing

into this quiet place? He strained his thought to see beyond that door.

Some things he could see more clearly in his coma, but that, being no close concern of his, he could not penetrate. He could only remember his own blessed lassitude when, during the last six years, he had escaped momentarily beyond the magnetic field of Margaret's kindness. Those escapes had been glimpses of this large luxurious lassitude into which he had sunk.

Time had no punctuation in these days. It was as boundless as music. The three of them—he, silent and alert; they, linked in intimacy, lived lifetimes in this room. In life, Margaret and Amy would never have met. But now, liberated from all landmarks of usual acquaintance, they spanned the distance between them and knew each other well. Amy, a little old from never being renewed by loving, warmed her hands at the bright blaze of Margaret.

He heard them talking and talking, and sometimes he listened, and sometimes, in one swift wordless grasp, he held in an instant the synopsis of their talking. He saw the words of each, little misshapen shadows of the meanings behind those words—the things they could not say, and the things they would not.

He knew Margaret for the first time; there were strange, ill-fitting shynesses about her. Some of that large buoyant kindness, which lifted people up and bore them out of themselves into the tide of her [Continued on page 26]

Reduce Pores... Soften Lines



Miss Kathleen Williams: "A Pond's Cold Cream treatment makes my skin feel wonderful—just so fresh and invigorated. It smooths out little lines."

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THE *Lady Morris*

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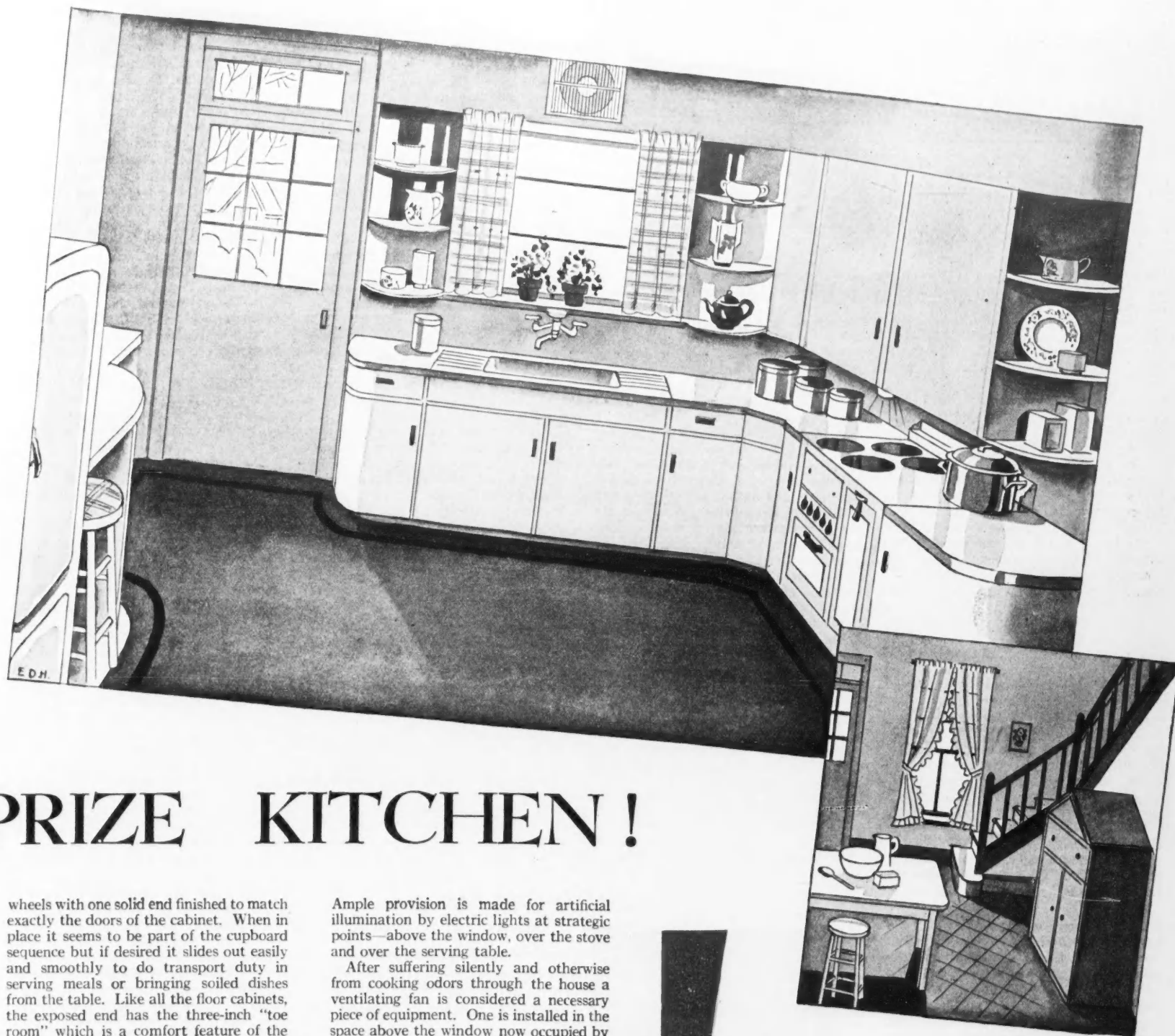
Made in Canada

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"Entre-act"—a hunting print of rare charm, captures the rich beauty of an autumn day. The artist, Percival Rosseau, in his canvas, pictures the swift grace of the hounds down a winding woodland path—a study which frames very effectively.

Presented in Chatelaine, February, 1937



PRIZE KITCHEN!

wheels with one solid end finished to match exactly the doors of the cabinet. When in place it seems to be part of the cupboard sequence but if desired it slides out easily and smoothly to do transport duty in serving meals or bringing soiled dishes from the table. Like all the floor cabinets, the exposed end has the three-inch "toe room" which is a comfort feature of the well-planned kitchen.

On the south wall, adjoining the dining room Mrs. Hendry has doubled her serving space by building open shelves below the short, upper cabinets, instead of enclosing them. These may hold appointments for the next course, or receive those from the last one, leaving the counter free for the assembling of food.

The refrigerator occupies the main position along one wall with next to it a receiving table for supplies as they are delivered. This also serves as a desk where meals are planned, accounts kept and other routine business of housekeeping attended to. A step stool sits underneath, out of the way when not in use for "sit down" tasks.

Mrs. Hendry has made ingenious use of mirrors to take full advantage of the light provided by one window and a glazed door. Open shelves which flank the window and those of the small corner cupboards have mirror backs to catch light and give a certain brilliance. These and the long mirror opposite the entrance reflect a profusion of bloom in a well-loved garden—the hobby of this chatelaine.

Ample provision is made for artificial illumination by electric lights at strategic points—above the window, over the stove and over the serving table.

After suffering silently and otherwise from cooking odors through the house a ventilating fan is considered a necessary piece of equipment. One is installed in the space above the window now occupied by a fan light.

For smart appearance and comfort of the worker the floor of this kitchen is covered with inlaid linoleum, cemented down. The trim is a narrow band of contrasting shade around the edge, following the floor line of the walls and cabinet.

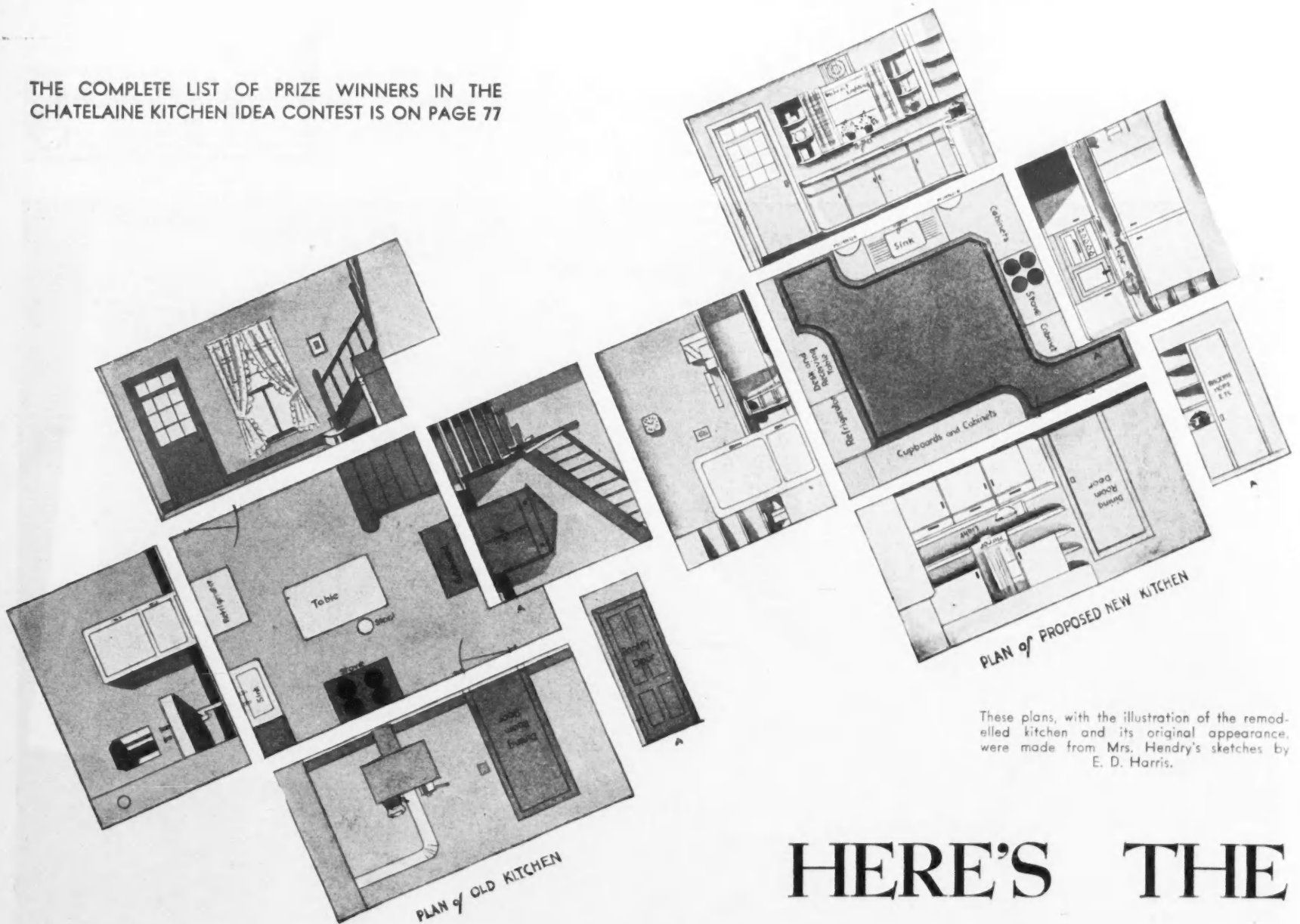
Walls had previously been painted cream and brown, with the woodwork stained a dark shade and varnished. These have been redecorated in a lighter, more lively scheme—the whole background painted cream and the interiors of all cupboards finished a soft green. The green is repeated in the cross stripes of cream-colored marquisette curtains and to point up the ensemble touches of deep orange and a bit of red are used in flower pots, teapot, bowls and some cooking utensils.

An estimate of expenses in connection with these proposed changes is given and Mrs. Hendry has a good word for manufacturers and local dealers who so cordially co-operated with her. Their courtesy and her own enthusiasm made her enjoy the contest and her thoughtful plan has placed

[Continued on page 77]

Would you like more cupboard space in your kitchen? Additional working room? Better lighting? Up-to-date equipment? More convenient work centres? Here are some clever yet simple ideas for obtaining all these things so treasured by every woman interested in her home.

THE COMPLETE LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS IN THE CHATELAINE KITCHEN IDEA CONTEST IS ON PAGE 77



Mrs. Hendry of Bala, Ontario, planned this gleaming, modern kitchen from the inconvenient room in which she now works, and won \$100 in the Chatelaine kitchen contest which hundreds of Canadian women entered

HERE'S THE

CONGRATULATIONS TO Mrs. Hendry, winner of the First Prize in *Chatelaine's* Kitchen Idea Contest! By spending in imagination something under \$500 she has planned a transformation and has created a Dream Kitchen that is efficient, charming and interesting. For her ingenuity, her clever and practical ideas, we offer our appreciation and \$100 in real money—nothing imaginary about that.

The problem was enough to stump any woman of a less lively mind, but Mrs. Hendry has visualized an improved plan and has made a brilliant presentation of it. And when she dropped her entry into the Bala post office the first prize winner was on its way.

This is her kitchen as it is, as she would like it and as she hopes some day to have it. At present it has many shortcomings. Work centres are scattered and disconnected, cupboard space is at a premium and equipment out-of-date and inadequate to her needs. The worst fault is a stairway which Mrs. Hendry describes as a regular odor trap as well as an unsightly and inconvenient arrangement. It's all very well, she says, to wake up to the appetizing aroma of coffee or sizzling bacon but nobody wants the reminder of tonight's fried onions as they drop off to sleep. Nor do they appreciate the lingering fragrance of cabbage on their clothes.

So the first improvement is to turn the lower part of the stairs to lead from the

living room instead of the kitchen, thus eliminating unwelcome cooking smells from the upper regions. This change would also mean less embarrassment when there are guests in the house, as this is the only stairway and you know that any kitchen gets mussed up at times. And it would give much needed wall space which Mrs. Hendry has used to excellent advantage.

With that main drawback overcome, the next step in modernizing is to do away with an inconvenient and now unnecessary pantry, using part of it for built-in bookcases in the adjacent living room and turning the other section into the kitchen. Along this wall, a new flat-top electric range and adjoining cabinets form a convenient cooking and serving centre. At one end part of the old pantry space is utilized for a broom and mop closet.

BY CHANGING a long, narrow window into a shorter, wider one, the new plan provides an equal amount of light and extra space underneath for a modern double drainboard sink. Lower cabinets, built in, complete this sink and preparation centre. The one next to the doorway is rounded off to prevent cramped quarters here while the opposite one neatly turns the corner, giving a smooth, unbroken counter and storage arrangement.

Though presenting the same outward appearance one section underneath is not fitted with shelves or drawers but is left free for a service cart on swivel rubber



Big new Rastus doll like the one shown here . . . yours for 10 cents in coin or stamps. Comes in brilliant colors, ready to be sewed and stuffed. Write Cream of Wheat, Dept. C, Winnipeg.

... tomorrow brings fresh hazards to be faced!

So quiet now—so at peace with the world. But her wise mother knows that in these years 1 to 6 every "tomorrow" presents new hazards.

During this period, malnutrition and infectious disease cases are at high level. A child each day burns as much energy in proportion to her size as a full-grown man. And lowered vitality is easily brought on.

Delicious, nourishing Cream of Wheat does not, of course, offer a complete safeguard against these threats of childhood. But it does provide a good source of needed food energy. And for that reason it has for 42 years enjoyed an established place in the well-rounded, balanced diet that is so vital to a youngster's well-being.

Your own doctor is familiar with this delicious, nourishing breakfast cereal . . . a blend of selected hard wheat from the finest growing areas

in Canada. Have *him* tell you more about the food energy it supplies . . . its splendid economy . . . its purity and safety . . . its pleasing uniformity in both texture and flavor.

Children, and grown-ups, too, are enthusiastic about Cream of Wheat. After 4 decades, its popularity is still increasing. 3½ million steaming bowls of it are served every day!

Why not start now to give *your* child the daily help of Cream of Wheat? The simple, granular form is admirably suited to young digestive systems. They handle it with ease.

Order from your grocer in hygienic packages sealed against the taints and contaminations often found in cereals sold loose in bags.

Silverware! Wm. A. Rogers A1 heavy silver plate, made by Oneida, Ltd. See offer on Cream of Wheat package. The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg.

★ Cream of Wheat is rich in a type of carbohydrate second only to sugar in speed and completeness of assimilation.

★ Doesn't tax digestions. Even delicate young systems handle Cream of Wheat with ease.

★ Is a good source of the food energy needed by every child.

★ Encourages steady, natural weight gains month after month.

★ Economical! There are scores of servings in each large package.



Made in Canada from best Canadian hard wheat . . . Never sold loose in bags—only in this box.



Cream of Wheat helps youngsters fill out and make steady, natural weight gains during the critical years from 1 to 6. See first hand what it can do for your child!



"Find the bottom" is a game that youngsters love to play when Cream of Wheat is served. Finicky appetites take to this creamy, delicious cereal right from the start.



The most active story-book scamps have nothing on your child when it comes to burning up energy. Give the protection of Cream of Wheat every morning!

Marriage Made on Earth

(Continued from page 9)

growing tired, and she was tired. Soon her vague, confused thoughts merged in a veil of darkness which descended on her brain. Her head sank low against her lover's shoulder and she slept while he, unfatigued, savoring the mindless joy of the car's swift rush through the night, went undisturbed to another of life's adventures.

Sometimes she half-woke to drowsy questioning or to a change of position and once they stopped in a town and had coffee and sandwiches at a station buffet. It was three o'clock and seeing her pale, tired face in the garish lights, Tod had compunction. They could find a hotel there, he said, and go on in the morning? But she refused, crying:

"Ah, no! It's so lovely, moving along under the stars, really leaving everything behind. Moving away from it quickly. When we stop I want the new life to have begun."

She was happy again, her whole being suffused with tenderness and love, her doubts dissipated and it was in this mood that she awoke for the last time on his calling to her gently:

"Nearly there, darling. Wake up, it's your wedding morning!"

The sky was light, but all the earth was still asleep. She sat up and looked at the morning with sweet, drowsy eyes. Parks and houses of some unknown suburb. The new life beginning in this cool, pale dawn. In a sudden rush of love she bent her tumbled head and pressed her lips to the brown hand tightened round the driving wheel, and on that gesture Tod turned quickly and looked at her, a strange, clouded look.

"God knows—" he began, then his face cleared.

"It will be all right," he said with a change of tone. "Of course it will. Every thing always is."

IN THE several mirrors with which the hotel room was furnished Beverly viewed herself. She tried to be detached, and she said, "It's quite satisfactory; the right kind of suit for a wedding like this." But there was high color in her cheeks and her eyes shone with excitement, and after some minutes of this pretense of being casual, she stood and stared at herself in the largest mirror in childish unashamed delight.

In the new suitcases on the bed were more clothes, not many, but all perfect as this suit was, and shoes, and underwear, delicate mists of lace and chiffon.

Just something to start with, Tod had said. Get what you can in the time, and we'll buy you a trousseau in Paris. Then he had left her to the care of the large, horse-faced, exquisitely gowned woman in the shop, and had pressed an incredible number of banknotes into her shabby bag. The shabby bag had dropped out of sight during the exciting hours which followed, and so had most of the banknotes. Beverly, sitting down carefully so that she would not crease the new suit, counted the remainder of her money and was a little shocked. She had spent more in one morning on clothes than she was accustomed to spend in a year. Tod must be very rich, she decided. That was nice. She would always be able to be beautiful for Tod. Because clothes made a difference, however much she had pretended to herself that they didn't.

Dress boxes, fine paper littering the room; black and white expensive-looking boxes . . .

Suddenly she slid off the chair onto her knees and began to pray rather inco-

herently; Tod, she told her Deity was so completely good and to give him what he deserved would take a great deal of help; that help, God could give her if He would, and she was most grateful for being good-looking, that was something; but she wanted help to be loyal and wise and strong; to give Tod so much that he would be kept from all the sad, mad disasters which mother had not been able to keep from father.

Then she got up from her knees and sat down again, less careful of her new suit now because in this moment of sweet and anguished exaltation the receiving of her lover's gift of himself used heart and mind and left no room for lesser things. She sat very straightly, her face grave and composed and she watched the white door of the bedroom. It was twelve o'clock, and Tod was to come back to the hotel for her at twelve. Any moment now he would knock on the door and call to her. Then they would go out of the room, out of the hotel, into the strange streets, and someone would marry them. Then . . .

But her mind could go no farther. It circled back to the point of the white door. Her eyes, wide with excitement, watched the door, and her ears were strained. The minutes passed. A quarter-past twelve, half-past. She walked about, did several unnecessary things, then sat down again. Her face was no longer quite composed. Sometimes her mouth trembled, and when the telephone bell jangled in the silence of the room, she started violently. She was quite pale, she noticed for a detached, fleeting instant as she passed a mirror in her rush.

But it was Tod's voice and in her relief she cried his name.

"Did you think I'd abandoned you?"

"No, no, worried a bit. Impatient."

"I'm right down the other end of town, darling. Being busy. I want you to get in a taxi and go to this address. Got a pencil?"

Hastily she scribbled the address, tried not to feel disappointed, and somewhat dismayed.

"It's Geoffrey's flat. Matheson, you know, our best man. He wants us to lunch with him. Half-past two's the fatal hour, darling. I've still some things to do and it will cut time rather fine if I trail all the way up there. All right?"

"All right," she said reluctantly.

"Good. A *bienôt*, sweetheart. Love me?"

Her reply sighed across the wires.

"And you don't mind going on alone? You'll like old Geoffrey. He's recovered from the shock now and is putting welcome on the mat. Don't worry, I'll probably be there as soon as you are."

BUT TOD was not at the flat when she arrived and the man who rose to greet her when she was shown into the lounge-room showed no enthusiasm of welcome.

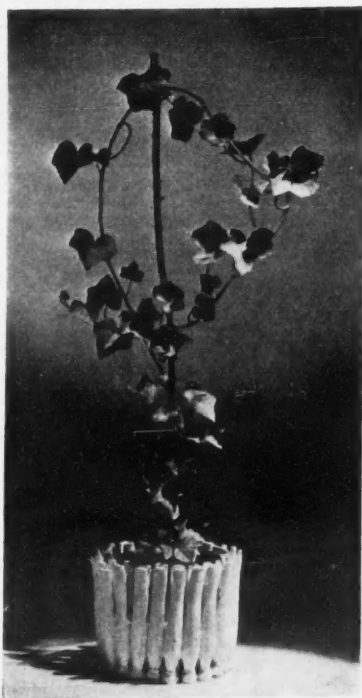
"Dr. Matheson?" she said shyly. "I—Tod—"

"I'm glad you were able to get along, Miss Raine." He took her hand in a brief hard clasp. "Sorry Tod hasn't turned up yet, but he'll probably be along any moment."

He was so completely unexpected, though she had had no clear expectation. Perhaps of someone like Tod, someone younger, and rather gay, and enjoying all this; being brotherly and calling her Beverly. Certainly not this tall, detached man whose eyes were hard and keen, boring into hers and whose mouth, a firm, clear-cut mouth, had not softened yet in the least perceptible of smiles.

Politely he was saying something about a cigarette, a cocktail, and she refused both, her shyness become a little agony. Then there was a silence in the lovely, austere room and searching wildly for speech she achieved some inanity and did not hear his reply. Nervously she lowered her eyes to the shining new bag which she still held tightly and the silence fell again, but in the silence something happened. Drawn, she lifted her wide eyes to find that Matheson was smiling, a gentle, friendly smile and his eyes were quizzical and a little dubious.

MAKE AN INDOOR GARDEN



Clothespins and wire combine to make these charming little novelties. They are very simple to make — just take a length of heavy wire and push the pins down over this as far as they

Attractive covers for your flower-pots and small window boxes will lend festivity to winter blossoming

will go. Draw the pins into a circle to fit around your flowerpot and fasten the wire securely, pushing the loose ends into the grooves of two pegs — one on either side of the join. Now take a length of picture wire; fasten it securely around the neck of one pin, then make a complete circle around the neck of the next pin, pulling the wire very tightly as you go, then around the neck of the next pin, and so on, completing the circle. Fasten the wire securely and push the loose ends to the inside.

Small windowboxes are perfectly lovely, finished in the same way — the wires bent to fit your box.

A coat of white paint and then one of white enamel were used to finish our model, but any color or combination of colors may be used to blend with your color scheme. The pegs in green, red or yellow, with black heads, look very pretty.

A good suggestion for your next bazaar — don't you think?

"Why, you're just a child," he said, and as he continued to look down at her the doubt grew in his face. Suddenly he pulled a chair close to hers and sitting down he regarded her intently.

"I'm afraid I've had an entirely wrong conception of you, Miss Raine. All this has been rather a shock to me. You see Tod turned up—as I thought to start off with me on a vacation we'd planned—and tells me I'm to be present at his wedding instead. He didn't give many details, and I'm afraid I've made some wrong deductions from those he did give. Will you forgive me?"

Beverly started to smile, but something happened to her face. It was, she felt, doing queer things, and her arm, resting on the chair, began to shake in a little frenzy. "A bit worked up, aren't you?" the doctor said casually, then he got up and she heard him whistling as he moved across the room. In a moment he was back.

"Drink this," he said, "if you'd rather not have a cocktail. It'll buck you up. We don't want you swooning at the wedding." He paused, holding out the glass, then said, eyeing her disturbingly:

"I suppose you do really intend to be married today in this hurried fashion?"

It did not occur to Beverly to resent this. In the last five minutes her feeling toward this man had cohered into instinctive trust and liking. She answered simply, with a hint of pleading in her voice, "Oh, yes! Tod wants it now, today."

"I see. Tod wants it." He paused, seemed to be weighing things, then spoke decisively.

"Miss Raine, don't think me too interfering, but I've known Tod all my life, and his family. I rather look on myself as his elder brother and I'd like to know that you two stand the reasonable, average chance of being happy together. And the way things are—well, I wonder, would you give me a few of the details Tod seems to consider unimportant? Tell me how this has come about and just why you're being married in this hole-and-corner fashion? It's a lot to ask. After all you don't know me, and what I think probably doesn't matter to you in the least. But—well—let's say I have the habit of interfering in other people's lives. I've seen a number of mistakes made, Miss Raine."

"Oh, it's not a mistake! This isn't a mistake! We're doing it like this because . . ." Haltingly she told him of Tod's situation and her own and when she had finished he thought for a while before he said:

"So that's how it is. And do all those arguments seem convincing to you?"

"Quite, quite convincing," she said looking at him in bewilderment. "Tod wants it."

"And you love Tod very much?"

"So much! With all my heart. All the love I've had to give people I can give Tod, because no one has ever—you see, I told you how things were with me."

"I see. But do you think it might be that he's the first instead of the best?"

"First, best and last!" She smiled in joyous certainty and he answered the smile though his was tinged with sadness.

"Well, God give you happiness. I'm a cautious spoil-sport. Probably you'll be the making of Tod."

She laughed in disdain. "Tod doesn't need any 'making.' I'm the one who will get everything. That's what hurts me in all this. I have so little." Beneath his meaning stare she blushed, and touched her dress self-consciously. "I—I look pretty sometimes, and that's something I'm terribly glad about. But I don't know any of the things Tod's wife should know. I—do you know why I refused that cocktail? Because I've never had one in my life. I can't dance. I don't even know if I can talk the way people are expected to, though I've read a lot and . . ." she looked at him humbly, then insisted, "So you see Tod will have to do all the making."

Matheson's face again had become grim. *[Continued on page 36]*

USE PEPSODENT POWDER!

it alone contains IRIUM, which
thrillingly steps-up luster on teeth!



DOUBLE THE THRILL, OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK
if Pepsodent Powder doesn't show-up any other
tooth powder you ever used . . . *Bar None!*

PEPSODENT Powder comes closer than any other to matching your dentist's polish! No more can be said for a dentifrice.

You can't hope to get the *same* results with powder or paste that your dentist gets when he cleans your teeth. So we say, see your dentist twice a year, *but* use Pepsodent twice a day.

Pepsodent alone contains IRIUM, the spectacular new luster discovery.

It works on a totally new principle. It FLOATS-AWAY film on teeth with a wonderfully swift and gentle action!

It thrillingly steps-up luster on teeth, yet is DOUBLY safe because it contains NO PUMICE, NO GRIT! DOUBLY delightful because it contains NO CHALK, NO SOAP!

Because the first powder to contain IRIUM would make old-fashioned even the best known brands, many tried to get this wonderful discovery.

But *Pepsodent alone contains IRIUM!*

How else could it happen that more than 6,000,000 users already have switched to

Pepsodent Powder in only a few months.

To introduce you to Pepsodent Powder *containing* IRIUM, we make this offer.

Try it. And if, in your opinion, Pepsodent Powder does not give you DOUBLE the thrill, DOUBLE the safety, and DOUBLE the delight of any tooth powder you have ever used—bar none—we will give you DOUBLE your money back.

Just mail the partially used can to The Pepsodent Co., Toronto, and we will send you our cheque for DOUBLE what you paid plus postage.

VERIFY EVERYTHING WITH YOUR DENTIST!

Escape from Bondage

(Continued from page 18)

own desire, was really only her own unsureness of herself, her pleading to be requisite.

"I could have resisted if I had known that," Roger said to himself. But there was no need for resistance now, for another tide, stronger than Margaret's, had borne him up onto this inaccessible shore out of her reach.

He listened to her words, the same kind, spacious words he had heard many times in his life, but he saw now what was behind them. They were large empty, diaphanous shadows of her small need for being large. Listening to Margaret, whom he had watched these six years in all her volatile brilliance, he knew her for the first time.

Of Amy, there was nothing new to know, for although he had never seen her, she had been an axiom in himself always.

"Talking doesn't disturb him," Margaret said. "Dr. Taylor assured me." So, as they sat waiting for him to return from that twilight journey, whose destination they could not know, Amy and Margaret talked.

HE HEARD his own life magnificently misinterpreted. He saw himself, a sad, uncertain youth, carrying pocketfuls of words around, like treasure to be spent on all beauty everywhere. He knew he had been shabby, but it was a proud, uncaring shabbiness. He knew he had been mad, but it was free, inspired madness. But, as Margaret told it, it shrank to poverty and to hunger.

"He used to come to tea positively hungry," Margaret said. "So we got to serving large sandwiches. Ham sandwiches, in fact." And she laughed, remembering them.

He remembered them, too. They were like rescuing rafts, which his appetite had climbed upon, shipwrecked in a sea of hunger.

He said to himself, "I never used to know how hungry I was until I saw that coffee and those sandwiches, and Margaret sitting on her little hassock before the fire in her study." But even hunger had been good in those days . . . honest and good . . . something to be cured and grateful about.

"He would come in, bulging with poems," Margaret said, "but really rather wabby, pretending he'd forgotten to eat. He would stride up and down, reading those poems, and stopping to scratch in corrections. He would sit and worry over a word for an hour. He had a play, too, really rather a mad play, all about a new kind of heaven . . ."

Roger remembered that play. There was a new kind of heaven. He was always stumbling on the threshold of it, and then getting inside the door, and finding it was only a new kind of earth.

"Did you paint in those days?" Amy said.

So Roger knew she had been shown the unfinished portrait of himself, down in the library. Himself, with his eyes the way Margaret wanted them to look, that first year they were married.

"Oh, yes," she said now. "You see, I didn't give it up until we had been married quite a while. I thought I could have both," Margaret said, "but I was willing to give up everything for Roger's talent."

Without seeing her, he knew how Amy's dark eyes clenched a moment, trying to understand what Margaret's painting had to do with Roger's talent. He had tried to understand that, too. Margaret desired sacrifice passionately. She had sought everywhere for some worthy idol to burn

before Roger's shrine. But the incense of that sacrifice permeated both their lives, and its acrid fragrance was never absent.

He heard Margaret's sweet voice telling what Draper at the museum had said to her. He heard her laughing at her father's oft-told anger because Margaret wasn't going to paint again.

"You see, I had loved my art better than anything in the world," she said, in that husky, deep voice, "but Roger meant more to me. There wasn't any question of choice."

That was exactly how Roger had felt; he couldn't see why a choice was suggested, but Margaret had insisted, unselfishly insisted. So her paintings, those technically skilful paintings, so like Margaret herself, had been given up, and everyone said how wonderful she was.

"I never blame you, darling," Margaret had said magnanimously many times. "But sometimes I wonder . . ."

Margaret was saying now, "Such a dreadful room he lived in, poor darling, half frozen. I went to see it once, when he wasn't there. On Fourth Street. Perfect slums, Amy."

"I know," Amy said. "I lived there myself once."

"Did you, dear?" Margaret said, amused at the sad coincidence. "Maybe you saw Roger then. He was there in the spring of 1930."

"I came in the fall of that year," Amy said. "But that's strange, isn't it? If I'd been a few months earlier . . . I might have met him . . ."

"So you might have," Margaret said, and they laughed in their sick-room and whisper.

Now she was telling about how they had

married. And Amy was hearing of his manly reluctance. About the time he suddenly left that old shabby room on Fourth Street, and disappeared, because he wouldn't marry a rich girl.

But there was no one to tell her about the night he had walked the streets, trying to write a decent letter, trying to explain in words of her own currency why he couldn't accept the large suffocating beneficence of Margaret's love. There was no one to tell her how ashamed he was of running away, packing up his few precious books and leaving them with a note for his landlady, while he escaped to a smaller and shabbier room, where he could think again.

But Margaret's gracious determination had pursued him and rescued him. She had forgiven all his noble princeliness in refusing her generosity. He could not call it generosity, and dared call it nothing else. She had assigned to him beautiful, abnegating lines, and had not even waited for him to say them before she contradicted.

"Why, we don't belong together," he had tried to say. And that had only one meaning for Margaret—a confession of his own unworthiness, which she benevolently forgave. The words of that terrible conversation had long ago been erased by his own chivalry, but the miserable humiliation always remained . . . the unforgivable irony of hearing Margaret apologize for his largest virtue, his brave disregard of circumstance. He had no need of those accepted necessities which she thrust upon him. She pitied him; but what she pitied him for was his freedom and his heritage.

His wealth was invisible to her; his

CHATELAINE, FEBRUARY, 1937

poverty invisible to him. And Margaret's life, from that moment she saw him first, had been dedicated to making Roger see clearly.

At last Roger had seen that he was poor where other people are rich; and that his wealth was not negotiable.

She had lifted him bodily out of his life into her own, and he had been powerless to protest, because the name of love had been invoked. He owed her everything in the world, against his sacred will, and he hadn't even the privilege of forgiving her for this sin, because it never had been acknowledged by either of them. He was of all debtors most miserable, the slave who has been forced to borrow what he most despises.

Lying in the safe seclusion of his coma, he saw it all so clearly and simply, that it shook him with spasmodic mirth that such a simple thing had eluded him so long.

"It was a sin against life," he said to himself, "and we were both guilty."

Life, the artist, had drawn two designs forever to be separate. The victim and the perpetrator were equally culpable. They had disregarded the separateness, rearranging irreconcilable design.

"You are so good," Amy said. "You're such a big, generous person. Even this little time I've been here with you, I can see how much you have done for other people all your life."

"I love people so," Margaret said, "I'm only happy when I am doing things for them."

AND THAT was true. A hundred beautiful things which Margaret had done for everyone came rushing into Roger's thought. She scarcely left anyone exactly as he was before she passed. Every life that touched her own, no matter how casually, felt some seismic reverberation across its placid surface. She presumed to alter all details, seeing no whole. Her gracious improvement in all destinies was a criticism of God Himself, so gently given that only God was offended.

"I love to do things for people," Margaret said.

And Roger saw now that the word was to rather than for. Even now, she was planning things for Amy . . . lovely things at her own generous dictation. Amy was to have a cruise as soon as she was off this case . . . Amy's sweet, smooth hair had to be waved one afternoon when Margaret's hairdresser came in . . . Amy ought to wear brighter colors, not those whispered tones which, Roger knew without ever having seen them, that she did wear.

"It's my greatest happiness," Margaret said when people thanked her. It was her one vanity that no one crossed her path untouched by the unanswerable persuasion of her will.

Amy said, "If only everyone who had a wonderful talent like Mr. Baird could have some understanding woman like you to help."

"It isn't just the money," Margaret said hastily, "but of course that has made things possible."

She never wanted anyone, for a moment, to be confused about her money. Money, Margaret often said, was only a force to do things for people. And she used it as a force, an irresistible, inescapable force.

Amy said, "I wonder what he would have done if you had never found him," and her words shimmered to Roger across the twilight.

"Don't wonder, sweet," Roger cried across the silence of his coma. "It would break your heart to know."

And while Margaret, out of the penury of her literalness, was speculating, Roger suddenly unwound those un-lived six years which this marriage had stolen out of his life. He saw them in swift, distinct scenes, as clearly as though they had existed in the past, the past as it would have been if Margaret had never twisted it into shape of her own indomitable creating. He saw

[Continued on page 44]

SING BEFORE SEVEN

by Anne Elizabeth Wilson



NEXT TO GODLINESS

My pet toad, who is Lucius,
Is mad at Josephine.
I had him in my pocket and
She said he wasn't clean.
So I put him in the birdbath
And there he clucks and clings.
"If you have to play with hoptoads,
"Better wash the dirty things!"



PROVISION

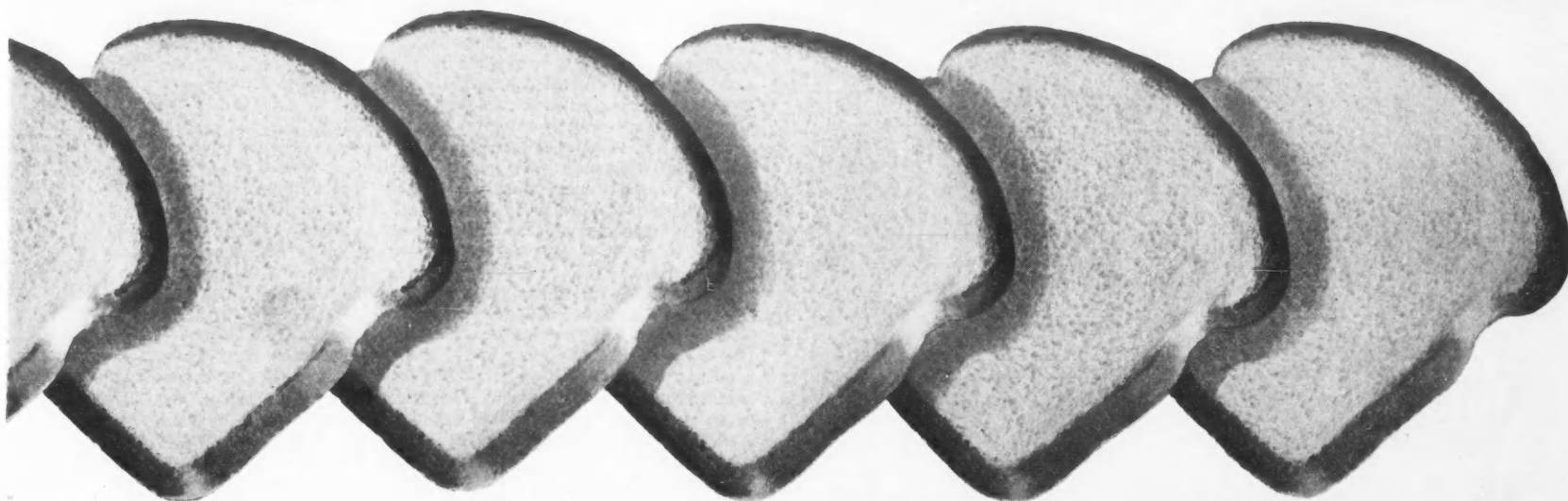
My boy cat, Happy Hooligan,
Is awfully hard on mice.
He can't eat all he catches
So we keep them on the ice.



BEDFELLOWS

"Don't put that dog so near your face,
"You don't know where she's been."
As if I don't know every place
That she was ever in!
Why, all day she's been running
Where the haying's going to be,
And I just lie down in clover
When Vicky sleeps with me.

CHEAPEST ENERGY FOOD!



*The average person doing average work
should eat at least **6 SLICES OF BREAD EVERY DAY**
to build and sustain vitality...*

AMAZING FACTS ABOUT BREAD have been discovered in the past few years—facts that disprove many popular beliefs.

Bread is not just a “filler” in your diet as some people think—a cheap means of satisfying hunger. It is the *best known source* of your greatest food need—*energy*.

85% of the food we eat is used for energy. And diet authorities say that at least one-fourth of this should come from bread—6 slices, or more, every day for the average person doing average work.

Bread makes you splendidly energetic

Bread supplies sustained energy—energy to keep going for hour after hour of work or play. Eat

bread with every meal, and you'll have no fagged-out feeling in the morning or afternoon.

You'll throw off tiredness at the end of the day... be ready for a happy, social evening.

Builds muscle

And bread gives your body *more* than energy. It is one of the best sources of muscle-building proteins. Actually, we get more protein from bread and other wheat products than from any other class of food!

Aids digestion

There is *no waste* in bread. It is nearly 100% digestible—quickly turned into energy and muscle tissue. And bread actually *aids* the digestion of other foods. Recent scientific tests prove that bread stimulates a strong flow of gastric juices and so makes your whole meal easier to digest.

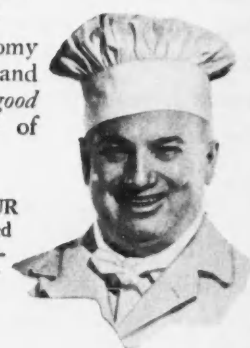
Helps build rich, red blood

Sometimes people get run-down... pale... anæmic, even with plenty of iron in the diet. The body isn't able to absorb and use enough of the iron that is eaten. Now scientists find that bread helps you utilize more of the iron in other foods. And there's some iron in bread itself, and this iron is 100% available for building good blood.

Bread gives you your money's worth!

Bread is much more of an all-round food than most people realize. It gives you more energy value for your money than any other food you can buy!

So, for the sake of economy... for family health... and because *bread tastes so good*—make bread a part of every meal!



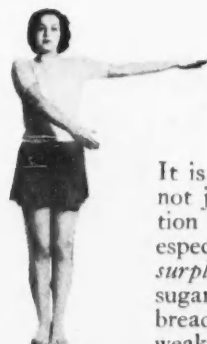
BUY BREAD FROM YOUR BAKER. With his trained skill and scientific equipment, he makes the finest bread that can be produced—wholesome, nourishing and delicious in flavor.

FREE!

A fascinating book. Tells, in plain words, startling new scientific discoveries about bread. Valuable for planning economical meals, diets for children, reducing, etc. Mail coupon.

BREAD

is essential for safe reducing!



It is now a proved fact that *bread is not fattening*. It is not just a “starchy” food. Bread is a valuable combination of carbohydrate that gives you energy, and an especially effective form of protein that helps *burn up surplus fat*. To reduce safely, cut out the starchiest foods, sugars and fats you now eat—and replace them with bread. Then you will keep up your energy, and not be weak, tired, irritable.



Have You Had Your 6 Slices Today?

Standard Brands Limited
Fraser Avenue & Liberty Street,
Toronto 2, Ont.

Please send my free copy of the new book,
“What do you really know about bread?”

Name _____

Street _____

Town _____ Prov. _____

BREAD IS YOUR BEST AND



YOU CAN WALK A MILE ON A SLICE OF BREAD

One slice of your baker's good white bread—costing a fraction of a cent—actually supplies a 150-lb. man with enough energy to walk one mile.

No other food supplies this amount of energy at such low cost. And bread is the *best* energy food you can eat—regardless of cost. *Eat at least 6 slices every day!*

GIVE YOUR CHILDREN PLENTY OF GOOD BREAD . . . Bread is one of the two most important foods in a child's diet. It is a combination of muscle-building proteins of a very high order, and energy-giving carbohydrate. And bread is nearly 100% digestible. Make sure that your child gets a liberal amount of bread!



you spoke of him to me. I understand, but other people might not."

"Don't worry," said Ann.

Mrs. Manning took Ann's hand, and then laughed, her rosy, plump laugh. "By the way, there's just a little thing I want to tell you, because you may not hear of it."

She looks like a ruddy apple, thought Ann; sound and sweet; and she is a wise woman not to bob or primp her hair, but wear it smooth and knotted, like the pleasant, real person she is.

"It's about Mrs. Vickers," said Mrs. Manning. "You know, I think she was awfully annoyed about that clothes episode. It made her look a little sharp, a little penurious—trying to get something a little cheaper than other people get it. They're always saying that about Mr. Vickers himself. Well, it seems Mr. Vickers wanted to go into this minescheme, but Mrs. Vickers wouldn't let him. She said it was a come-on game, that we'd all find out that Mrs. Bruce-Prendergast was a crook. Now, of course," Mrs. Manning laughed naively, "I guess all of us wish we'd gone in. Of course, if we'd known who your friend Mrs. Prendergast really was—"

Ann turned on the first step. "Who is she, Mrs. Manning?"

Mrs. Manning stared. "You mean you didn't know either?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"Well, we all could have known, if we'd thought to look in 'Who's Who.' Why, she was abroad, all during the war, in France. Put up a lot of money for a chain of hospital units, and so on. Decorated—but you knew that. Her name was so difficult abroad that she became known as Madame T. le Prouse. Tillie Bruce—you see? They didn't trust the 'der' in the Prendergast, evidently, so they just dropped that part. Good heavens, Ann! The town's been buzzing with it for days. Where have you been?"

"With my head under the covers," said Ann.

SHE WENT straight to Tillie. Tillie was sitting in her angular walnut chair, looking long and lean, reading, openly, the stock-market reports. She looked up at Ann.

Ann couldn't speak. All the way here she had rehearsed what she had come to say, and now the words wouldn't come.

It was Tillie who spoke. "I don't know that I told you. My own daughter's name was Ann."

In an instant Ann had crumpled to the floor, her head pressed against those bony knees, feeling with incredible happiness the long thin fingers upon her hair, smoothing it, as if they knew they were smoothing away also Ann's shame and hurt.

She raised her head at last, looking up at Tillie. "Tillie, Stephen's going to get an offer from Columbia. We could go to New York."

"And start the shop, Ann?"

"Or stay here. We could afford a house now—a bigish house, even, in the country. A man and wife to look after us. I could sell my diamonds."

"I'll buy them." The old face smiled its wintry smile, and the fingers still resting against the soft cheek tapped it lightly. "I have a weakness for diamonds. Which are you going to do?"

"What do you think?"

Ann could feel the shrewd hard mind considering. "You are in many ways a strong person, Ann. You can do what you set out to do. But even strong people are also weak. I am thinking of buying this house. Making it my home. You could come back and visit me. And I could come and stalk around your shop, and be your best advertisement."

Ann rose, suddenly, laughing. "Oh yes?" she said. "I see you. The eagle stooping to the cage."

But at the door she turned. "Tillie darling, it isn't my business to decide for Stephen, but I hope he stays. And that will mean no shop, Tillie, ever. But dogs,

and horses—and children. Roots, Tillie. You can't grow roots in asphalt."

SO EVERYTHING in my life, thought Ann, is working out nicely. I can just pick and choose among its possibilities. I may even be able to pick the way I will be happiest, if I am very smart.

But for all that she was indefinably sad. She had everything she wanted. She didn't want Kerry. He wasn't good enough. Face the fact and be done with it. But this she knew was the most painful fact of all to accept, that he wasn't good enough.

They differed, he and she, in the thing life meant to them. She perceived with pity, now, that Kerry had no better standard of judging love than as an expression of sex. To Ann, passion had been the expression of her love; to Kerry, love had become freedom to express passion. And since none of his expressions of sex had fully satisfied him, he had lost in repeated emotional affairs, in little bypaths, the broad highway of love which is so simple to travel for those who are not distracted by bypaths. Even supposing that Kerry was indeed in love with her, what meaning could that have to a person who had never converted passion into the natural channel of home and children, furniture and dishes, sore throats and stomach-aches? She was asking of him something that was not there, that could not be there, not even in her case—for, like the others, she was married. Why should it hurt her that Kerry did not love her, as she knew love, when such love was beyond his experience?

If he had been worth her hurt, she could always, then, even if he was lost to her, think of him lovingly, honoring him, missing painfully, if necessarily, the inexorable fact that she could not have him. Why, even, should that kind of loss ever be really painful? To have him worthy of what she gave him, to know he held it always in his heart an inestimable gift, wasn't there a simple, great, releasing happiness in that? It seemed so to Ann.

But when, one afternoon, playing on the floor with little Juddy she called, "Come!" to a tentative knock at the door and looked up to see Kerry standing there, she did the inevitable, the uncalculating thing. She cried, "Kerry!" and scrambling to her feet she ran to him with a little cry and put her arms around him and her face against his cheek, and said over and over, "Kerry—my dear, my dear!"

He held her off, after a moment, looking at her. "I couldn't stand it any longer, Ann. I had to come. But I never dreamed you would receive me like this."

"Why were you so long coming, Kerry? So terribly long!"

"I don't know. I couldn't come."

"I knew that. At the same time I just couldn't believe it mattered to you."

"How could I believe it mattered to you?"

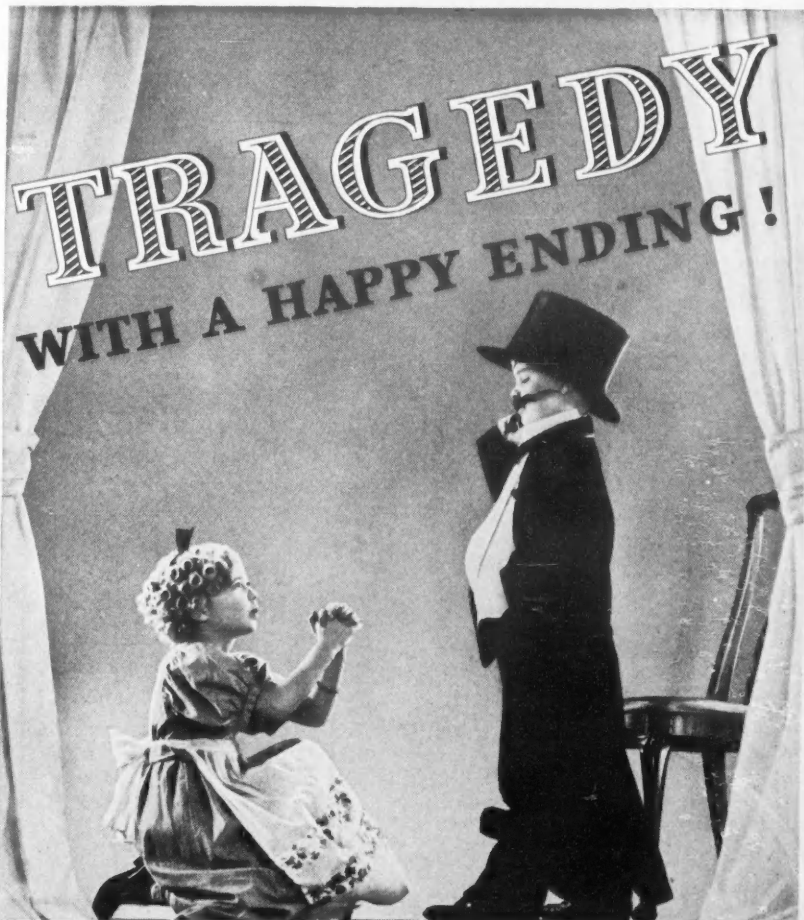
Kerry's hands were pushing back her hair, musing it roughly, almost as if its beauty meant nothing to him. She could feel in those hands the answer to every doubt. She hadn't kissed him. She hadn't thought of it. This was not the emotion of last fall. This was something vital, necessary, mutual, a wish to be understood, to be believed in, something far deeper and more compelling than any kiss could ever be. And there was in it no hurt, no dishonesty, no disloyalty, no furtiveness. There came flooding into her heart—Ann could feel the rush of it—peace.

She loosened herself; but there was no feeling in the loosening that she was freeing herself from something she either wanted too much or feared. She would never be free now. She did not want to be free—not from this.

"I had given it up, Kerry. I thought it was hopeless."

"I couldn't give it up. I told myself I ought to. But I hadn't the strength. But I hadn't counted on your understanding. I thought you'd just be—a little triumphant, finding I had to come. I was going to

[Continued on page 78]



Ha! Ha! My proud beauty! Now I have you in my power . . .



Mr. W.—Clap hands, Margie—what's the matter with you?

Mrs. W.—Oh, look! The curtain—one of those sheets is mine.

Mr. W.—Gosh! The gray one does look sick beside that nice white one. Is the storm-cloud yours?



Mrs. W.—Oh, Russ! Did you really hear all the mothers who helped put up the curtains say those things about me?

Russ W.—Yep! But they weren't mean, Mom. They said your clothes have tattle-tale gray on account of your soap doesn't wash clean. And they wished you'd use Fels-Naptha 'cause it's got heaps of naptha right in with wonderful golden soap and that chases out every speck of dirt.

FEW
WEEKS
LATER



Mr. W.—Great Scott! Have you still got that moustache?

Mrs. W.—Take it off—you're no villain! You saved my reputation with that tip about Fels-Naptha Soap. It's made my washes look so gorgeous, I'm going to take you to town to a real show!

COPR. FELS & CO., 1937

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!



For
**Better
Driving**

When your car skids

- ➡ Don't touch the clutch.
- ➡ Don't jam on the brakes.
- ➡ Take your foot off the gas.
- ➡ Give wheel a turn in direction of skid, if the road is clear.

WHEN your car skids crazily and your heart sinks—you're driving too fast for safety. Exactly what you do depends on your driving experience, but the instructions given above are well worth learning by heart.

Swerving suddenly or jamming on your brakes at high speed may cause skidding even on dry roads. But a slight swerve or a sharp turn even at reasonable speed on wet, slippery or icy pavements may cause a skid. Tires worn smooth and unequal brake

pressure are the cause of many serious skids. Yearly, thousands of drivers are involved in skidding accidents which cause either death or injury.

Like so many emergencies in our lives, most skids can be prevented. Good drivers try to avoid situations which require emergency actions by foreseeing them before they happen. They always adjust their speed to road conditions, obey signals and concentrate on their driving.

★ ★ ★ ★

Send for your free copy of "The Real Driver's Log Book"

This booklet gives you valuable suggestions for keeping your car in safe driving condition. It also contains ruled pages on which to record performance and repair costs. Address Booklet Department 2-L-37.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE—OTTAWA

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Chairman of the Board



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President

SERVING CANADA SINCE 1872

Trial by Marriage

(Continued from page 17)

that, it seems I was just as gullible as the rest of them. I really thought that Major Macclouth was uniquely devoted to both Stephen and me. We were quite carried away by it. Stephen, especially. We thought it something quite nice, quite special. Charm is very difficult even for the wise to withstand. But he has now, as you express it, cooled off."

MRS. MANNING'S look was a little uncertain. Ann's blood was mounting. A Mrs. Fales? Another? She knew she was becoming possessed by this desire to hurt Kerry, here and now, even if he never knew it.

Mrs. Manning said, "I knew he seemed to have cooled, as you say. But people are—well, laughing a little, saying he's met his match in you. And that Stephen—"

"Threw him out? On the contrary. Stephen can't understand his going. Stephen always counted him a devoted friend. I can't quite bring myself to hurt Stephen, by hinting something different. And perhaps I'm wrong. He was honorable, according to his lights, a little too honorable, in fact. You see, he's got a tremendous egotism about women. There's no doubt he felt he'd made a conquest. He told me so. And of course, as in the case of your Mrs. Fales, when the lady's serious, and uncomfortably honest, the only honorable thing to do—isn't it?—is to cool off—not break up a happy home, and so on. A most honorable sentiment, isn't it? You see, Mrs. Manning, men like Kerry figure it's a fair enough game, playing around with a married woman. You get something from her, or you don't. And if you don't, what a delightful friendship we all have, and isn't this something special and unique! And if you do get something, the wife can either be honest, and be laughed at like Mrs. Fales, or she can keep her mouth shut and cheat. Either way, the man's safe, provided he hasn't let himself care too much."

"What a way of putting it, Ann! It always seemed to me a dangerous game."

"For the woman—not for the man. And then only if she's honest in her caring. Perhaps it's only that women get hurt too easily. They can be worked on from more angles. They are naturally loving, compassionate, sorry to hurt, anxious to believe."

I am sick of myself, thought Ann. I am being dishonest about Kerry; always, always, dishonest about him. But doesn't he deserve it?

No, he doesn't. Because I do care. Because I'm lying. Weak people lie to be safe.

The thought blazed in her. Had she no strength, no power to grasp her life firmly, unafraid of honesty? She had.

"I speak so definitely, Mrs. Manning, because, for all I know, have always known, the things you say about Kerry Macclouth, still the fact remains that he has come to mean more to me than any man ever has except Stephen. Knowing things doesn't always help. That's why I want to warn you about Louise."

Mrs. Manning's open eyes were utterly astonished. "But Louise is only fifteen."

"Exactly. She's fifteen. And—as you and I know—an emotionally high-strung girl. The Major wouldn't mean anything—he never does, evidently, and I'm sure that with a child like Louise he'd fall over backward to be careful. But Louise is very impressionable, you know—"

Suddenly something seemed to snap in Ann. She had come here to warn Mrs. Manning. These carefully modulated words were not enough.

"There's more to it, Mrs. Manning. It's more serious than that. You see, I don't honestly believe Kerry would be careful—not careful enough. He wasn't with me. He's honorable in a sense, but it comes on him a little late. The only persons a man like that can injure are real people—people like Louise and me, to whom emotions have permanent value, who discard all other kinds, not because they want to but because they can't help it. I wanted to protect myself, but I wasn't able to. Louise won't be able to. A man like Kerry, who's got the technique of rousing emotions and who needs to feel only as much as he likes—he has the advantage of us every time. If I've been hurt, anybody can be hurt, because we all want to believe we are 'different'."

"Fortunately I have Stephen, who's much more of a person than Kerry will ever be, who cares about me—otherwise I think I should be unendurably hurt. I've been protected by Stephen, but I've been humiliated, too, by knowing that Kerry hasn't been worth the hurt he's caused me. But Louise won't have even these protections—she's too young."

Ann stopped. Mrs. Manning was looking at her, her round eyes staring. Ann finished what she had come to say. "That's why I came today. To warn you, for Louise's sake. I've seen how it is."

Well, I've done it, thought Ann. This is a juicy tidbit for the town.

But Mrs. Manning's eyes on Ann were very soft. She is a very good, a very kind person, thought Ann. I am glad I can know now I've done everything I can.

"Ann?" Mrs. Manning was speaking. "May I tell you that I think you are a very generous and brave person to come to me like this? I know what it must have cost you. I can only say that I appreciate it. But it surprises me that you of all people should have had this happen to you. I confess I've been a little slow to appreciate the fact that you may not be as self-sufficient as you look. You are so cool, so poised always; it is difficult to think of you making any mistakes. It never occurred to me that you might need to know that—well, that any woman, after she's been married for a few years, and the excitement's worn off, and the baby's little and demanding, and men dance with younger women who aren't so pretty, and yet one's still young—why something happens when another man—"

"Mrs. Manning, no man will ever mean anything very much in my life except Stephen. That's just a thing that's so."

"I'm sure of that." Mrs. Manning took one of Ann's hands, and patted it, affection beaming in her faded blue eyes. "Ann, I hope, I do so hope you aren't going to want to leave this little town, and all of us."

"Leave you!"

"I oughtn't to tell you this. But we know that Columbia is going to make Stephen a good, very good, offer. Of course, your husband can pretty well pick and choose, now, what he wants to do and where he wants to work. Only we're so proud that it was here—you see, Mr. Manning—" Mrs. Manning paused, and then went on, impulsively. "You're such lovely young people, Ann. I don't know any others who have come in and in so short a time made so much of a place for themselves. We'd like to keep you here. But I can appreciate that the city will attract you, especially with your work. Don't speak of this to Stephen. I shouldn't have spoken of it to you before the offer is made, but I just thought that maybe if by yourself you had time to think, to choose—because Stephen will want what you want."

Ann sat silent, wondering.

"On the other hand, it will doubtless mean a full professorship for him here."

A little house—a big house, in the country, thought Ann. Dogs, horses. Or a shop in the city. Escape from Kerry. She rose suddenly.

Mrs. Manning rose, too. "Ann, may an older woman give you some advice? Don't speak of Major Macclouth to anyone else as

Beauty Culture



by
GREER
GORDON

Photograph by courtesy
of the Jewellers' Guild of
America.

"How Smart You Look!"

DO YOU know how to be smart on practically nothing? It's a problem wives tussle with over the breakfast dishes, business women ponder at lunch, co-eds worry about more than exams.

For every normal woman is interested in her own appearance and its improvement. But every woman doesn't know that it's the terribly important little things which can make or mar her.

I'm just an average working woman, trying to get along on a moderate clothes budget, trying to make the best and the most of it. And I can testify, from personal and impecunious experience, that it's not the clothes alone that count . . . it's the way you wear them, too!

A kind friend said to me the other day, "You're well dressed. How do you manage it? Have you any ideas on the subject?"

Have I? I should say I have. Here's how!

I believe, first of all, in "good fit" and "good fabric," in spending more time at home planning what I want to buy, than in the shops, searching the sale racks.

Decorator Elsie de Wolfe, who is quite as well known for her chic as for success in her profession, says, "The cardinal virtue of all beauty is restraint." And certainly I agree with her. Gewgaws and unnecessary ornaments are distressing. They stir up unrest—in costuming, as well as in decorating. You'll notice it's distinctive simplicity for which so many smartly dressed women are famous. And simplicity comes easily this season, for fabrics are so lovely in themselves that they need little to enhance them.

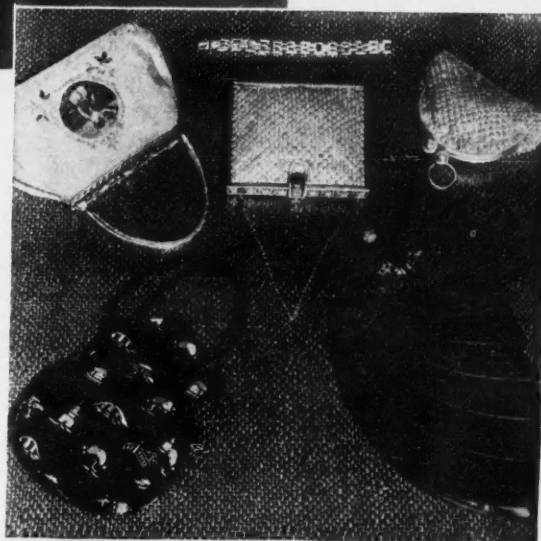
Perhaps you've said, "Oh it's easy to be well dressed if you've plenty of money to spend." But hundreds of obviously rich, and obviously ill-dressed women give your words the lie. Buy the most expensive suit you can find. Ignore it. Wear it without pressing. And in no time at all it will look like \$10.95!

Did you read that "open letter" from the distinguished dressmaker, Madame Schiaparelli, to her sub-deb daughter, Gogo? She said, in part, "To begin with, you won't have a big dress allowance because I think it is a bad thing for young people (maybe for all women, I'm not sure); it takes them longer to acquire judgment if their mistakes cost them nothing."

She said, too, "Only the rich can afford cheap clothes. If something you see looks worth twice its price you may be sure the illusion will not last."

This business of being constantly well dressed only begins with the costume itself. Personally, I believe a good clothesbrush in the hand is worth three frocks in the closet. And whether I need it or not, I never go outside the front door without having brushed myself fore and aft. Powder on the hat brim can spoil the most skilful coiffure! Incidentally, it's a saving to indulge in a really good hair-do. A clever hairdresser knows his business. I let him tell me how I should wear my curly locks.

REMEMBER THE time you spent as a child, planning a whole wardrobe . . . from shoes to hats and wraps for every costume? Let's have a return [Continued on page 36]



That's what everyone says to the writer of this article. Yet she is a business girl with a slender salary. Read about her secret of chic on practically nothing.





SUE'S POPULAR NOW! SHE'S LEARNED HOW TO GUARD AGAINST COSMETIC SKIN...

MANY a girl loses out on popularity because she lets Cosmetic Skin spoil her looks. There's a soap that removes cosmetics *thoroughly*—guards against this danger.

When cosmetics are allowed to choke the pores, Cosmetic Skin develops—dullness, little blemishes, enlarged pores. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather sinks deep into the pores—cleanses *thoroughly*—protects your skin.

Use it before you renew make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed—to be sure pores are free of hidden bits of stale cosmetics, dust and dirt. 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap!

MERLE OBERON

STAR OF SAMUEL GOLDWYN PRODUCTIONS



Tummy Ache

(Continued from page 11)

out, but Nurse said she'd been a bad little girl not to eat, and wouldn't stay. Just went out and slammed the door.

The night was full of waking up, and being scared. And the morning wasn't any better. Even though it was the day of Sheila's party. It was going to be a very big party, too. The whole Beach Club rented. And Cecily Ann had been promised that she could go down for a while to look at it. She'd planned to wear her new pink voile that looked like pink salt-water taffy.

But when it came time to dress, Nurse asked advice, and Emily, the upstairs maid, said: "Better the light blue. She won't show up so white against that."

So Cecily Ann wore the light blue. And when they got to the party it wasn't any fun at all. The guests weren't there yet. Grownups never came to parties on time, Nurse said; and she stopped in the lobby to talk to the beach boy, who had on a dark uniform with shining buttons instead of the white suit he wore when he set up umbrellas on the sand.

Leaving Nurse talking there, Cecily Ann began to look around. She thought she'd better do all the walking she could before she began to deform, and her legs dried up so she wouldn't be able to walk any more. She walked through the lounge, one end of which was covered with flowers; and through the dining room where the chairs and tables had been set back against the wall and an orchestra was making strumming noises that would soon grow into music. She walked through the bar where two extra men in white were polishing away on glasses. She walked into the children's dining room.

This was all changed around. The little short-legged tables had been taken away, and, instead, there were tall ones—some long, a few round—and every one covered with platters of food. Cecily Ann was wondering at them, when she heard a tapping on the window.

She turned and saw a face. Katsy's face. Only it was different from the way Katsy's face usually looked. The nose was snubbed flat against the pane, and the eyes were round and staring. But when the face saw Cecily Ann coming toward the window, it changed back to the same old Katsy again.

"Huh!" Katsy's voice scorned right through the glass. "Looks likes you're having a party."

"It's my mother's party," explained Cecily Ann. "I'm just looking at it."

"I might come in and look, too," said Katsy. "That is, if you've got gumption enough to open the window."

CECILY ANN undid the latch on the French window, and Katsy came in. She stood and looked around with her mouth dropped open. Her nose sniffed excitedly, and her eyes began to glisten. Cecily Ann guessed it was because of the food on the platters. It was really wonderful food. No health biscuits or vegetables or custards or jelly-puddings, but squares and rounds and beehives, brightly colored as the ornaments on a Christmas tree.

"Huh!" said Katsy at last. "Where's the watermelon?"

"Watermelon?" repeated Cecily Ann.

"It ain't much of a party if there ain't watermelon," Katsy pronounced. "My folks wouldn't have a beach party without watermelon. They've got one at the public beach now, with a bonfire and wienies and beer and two whole watermelons." She pointed to a platter of small toast squares, splattered with black

(Continued on page 52)



A "common" cold can take hold quickly and develop seriously unless prompt and efficient measures are taken to stop it the first day.

To treat it properly you've got to realize that a cold is an *internal infection* requiring internal treatment that goes right to the source of the infection quickly and effectively.

This is the kind of action you obtain from GROVE'S BROMO QUININE. It does the four necessary things to treat a cold properly.

1. It opens the bowels gently but effectively.
2. It combats the cold germs and fever in the system.
3. It relieves the headache and "grippy" feeling.
4. It tones up the system and helps fortify against further attacks.

At the first sign of a cold go to your druggist. Buy a box of GROVE'S BROMO QUININE. Make sure you get Grove's. Start taking the tablets two at a time. If taken promptly GROVE'S BROMO QUININE will usually stop a cold in 24 hours.

This is the kind of action you need — and get with GROVE'S BROMO QUININE, the standby of thousands in the treatment of colds for more than forty years. 634





THE SKIN GAME

by ANNABELLE LEE

SKILL AT skiing won't get you very far if your skin's like an old orange peel. And however well you skate, if you'll forgive my saying so, you won't cut much ice with the lads about town if your hands feel like nutmeg graters.

If charm means anything, it's not so much what you do at winter sports, as what they do to you! that you should watch.

But there are tricks in every trade—even the important one of being beautiful. Don't think I would suggest that you lose one minute of that glorious exhilaration you get from your contact with the great outdoors. It gives you a healthful, inner sparkle that can't be acquired synthetically. But if the softened lights of a supper dance or cabaret are going to find you as enchantingly feminine as ever; and if your low-backed gown and your bare arms aren't going to tell winter tales, you'll want to be watching a few things carefully.

Fortify and protect your skin when you're out-of-doors in winter time, and you'll outshine any little Alice sit-by-the-fire any evening of the week.

But you must take care.

There are special skin creams in all the better-known beauty preparations for just this purpose. I went down to see a number of well-known beauty consultants recently in New York, and everywhere I heard of special creams, oils, lotions and treatments to combat the roughening effects of winter wind, the glaring strain of sun on snow, and its resultant eye strain or crinkles, the ugly look of lips cracked by cold weather.

The most important thing is, use plenty of oil. Very oily creams or oils alone are the most effective agents you can find in combating sharp winds. Keep hands, face and throat well rubbed. If it's a long trek, carry a little jar of oil or heavy cream in your pocket. Use a small dose now and then as the day wears on.

Another thing — you can't afford to make up without a good base. Perhaps in summer you like the shiny look of skin without cream; or even a light dusting of powder over nose and chin, and a very natural appearance. But in winter your cosmetics will become very temperamental if you try to use them without



creams. Rouge sometimes goes splotchy, powder does that most difficult of things—gets flaky, and won't cover. And it's not the fault of the cosmetics—it's an intrigue between your skin and winter weather.

So, when you're off to ski or toboggan or skate, put on a good powder base—use a heavier, more oily one than you usually do, or even a straight oil, as many girls do. Then, make up fairly sparingly. Nothing exotic or too vivid. The exercise and air will mix well with your rouge in giving you color. And remember that the finest mascaras don't take overly well to wet snow! So, aside from a little protective cream around your eyes to keep away those tiny strain wrinkles, leave them alone as much as possible. Of course you'll wear goggles against the sun.

And don't forget a bit of oil or cream around your ankles as well as your wrists and hands. Although you'll be well stockinged during the winter, a rough red ridge isn't very pretty under sheer silk stockings,

when you go a-dancing again. Watch your nails—they need protective oil before you go out and when you come in, to guard against stiffness of cuticles.

Special application of creams at night and morning is advised by skin specialists. Your protective cream will prevent soreness and chapped skin, when you go out; a medicated cream will repair damage that has been done.

During the winter months you should take at least five minutes each day—more if possible—and sit rubbing a lotion or oil into your hands. Mas-

[Continued on page 44]



All Day long

YOU NEED THE 3-WAY PROTECTION THAT ONLY KOTEX OFFERS!



1

CAN'T CHAFE The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.



2

CAN'T FAIL The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton. A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping.



3

CAN'T SHOW The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.

3 TYPES OF KOTEX... ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE

Regular, Junior and Super—for different women, different days.

"They go together"

QUEST and KOTEX. Quest is the new positive deodorant powder for sanitary napkins. Buy it with Kotex.

KOTEX BELTS—to make Kotex comfort complete. Narrow, adjustable, pinless.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX



**BE KIND
TO OTHERS!**
CHECK THE SPREAD OF COLDS

Kleenex grips and holds fast the cold germs that touch it... therefore you destroy cold infection when you destroy Kleenex tissues. You can't infect others... spread of your cold is checked.

**BE GOOD
TO YOURSELF!**
GET RID OF YOUR COLD FASTER

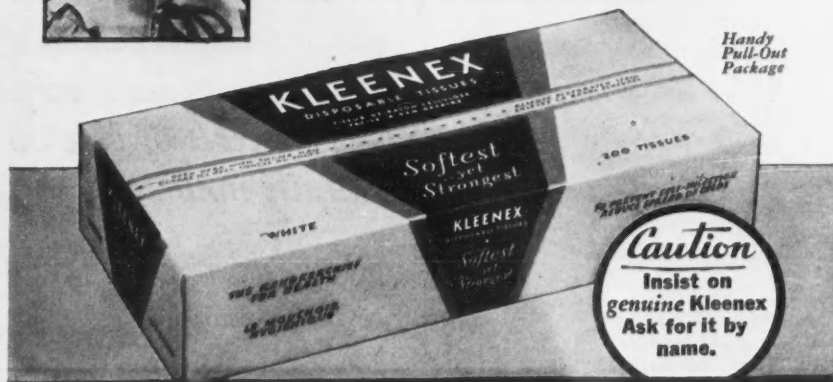
When you use Kleenex for handkerchiefs, not only do you check the spread of your cold, but you get rid of it faster. You use each gentle Kleenex tissue only once and then destroy, germs and all.

Use
KLEENEX
FOR HANDKERCHIEFS



And KLEENEX is kind to tender little noses

● Kleenex is twice as soft as cotton, five times more absorbent. That's why it is soothing to tender little noses, why it avoids the agony of a raw, red, inflamed nose caused by repeatedly using a damp cold-laden handkerchief.



FASHION SHORTS

Kay Murphy takes you shopping in the gay and colorful style centres of New York

Now that a number of people are running down South I've been busy looking up pretty things that are just made for warm weather. Well, I won't be going South—and probably you won't either, but it's nice to know what the Lucky Ones will be wearing...



Culottes, which made such a hit last summer, are in the picture bigger and better than ever. They are so graceful looking that many's the lass prefers them to the more mannish slack... And there is a new idea you'll be seeing next summer—plus fours for the ladies. Generally made of linen or cotton. Very practical for the really active sportswoman...

Linen dresses, in all sorts of gay hues, are real leaders and so you can look out for linen to be first and foremost next summer...

The man-tailored short jacket suit—to wear under heavy winter coats—has returned again this winter. It received such a send-off last year that I knew it would have to come in again this winter. Most girls look their best in tailored suits of this type—and, of course, you can always wear a bright little blouse, so that even if you stop off for a cup of tea with a friend, your suit is quite pert looking and dressy...



The place is alive with print dresses—such gay little affairs that they would lighten up even the long nights in the northlands. Some of the designs are very fetching—one dress I saw was in black crêpe, with one huge tulip here and there—in the different tulip colors. Gorgeous!

The little bolero, either on a dress, or in a sweater, is a very much liked number. Something very gay and young about them—but of course they're not for you women who have let your waistline get away on you...

Plenty of evening fun going around—and gallant styles to make 'em memorable. Starched lace—chiffon—velvet—taffeta... some of the glamorous fabrics that come out on these cold winter nights...

Colors are lively—gold, royal blue, brilliant red, dashing green—every one important in the fashion picture. And, of course, we'll always have with us black, or white...

The new spring gloves will show lots of back interest—such as a crochet back to a leather front—or an eyelet back—or maybe the back of one color and the front of another... or the thumb in an entirely different color from the body of the glove...

Snipped over to a man tailoring establishment to watch them make a lady's suit, and no wonder many smart women are insisting on having their suits "man-tailored." One chap cuts the sleeves—another chap cuts the collar—still another makes the buttonholes. Every little piece of the suit is made by a different man, then "assembled"—like a car factory. The men say this is what really makes a suit man-tailored... an expert for each part of the outfit...



Zipper on everything! Zippered pockets—zippered necklines—zippered skirts and dresses—zippered bathrobes. The better zippered skirts have the covered back zipper so that it won't stick to your undies—and don't buy your zippered skirt with the "zip" coming down to the hem. Because you'll have a terrible time altering it, if it's too long, or too short...

Longing for a new hat? They're wearing little midwinter petershams, with tiny nose veils, which make life take on new meaning!

Parting your hair in the middle? So many women are doing it down here. Gives one a sophisticated look.

The House Coat has certainly stolen the thunder from every other hostess style this season. You feel so dressed up in them—yet they are not expensive and can be purchased in pretty cottons, chintzes and such, as well as in more luxurious fabrics. They are generally very full-skirted—six or seven gores—and shaped into the waist...

Navy is back again, trimmed with crisp white laces, linens and piqués. Brightens up the afternoon picture.

Jewellery—jewellery—gold beads on our necks—gold bracelets on our arms—gold buttons in our ears! And if you don't want to follow the current gold fad, you'll be equally smart in pearls, rhinestones and colored marcasites...

But ever so many smart women put a piece of jewellery some place or other for added chic...

Shoes for spring are quite high up around the ankles—almost look like cut-down boots...

And start saving your pennies now for your new Easter outfit. Remember—it's an early Easter!

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Discards and Part Scores

*"What shall I discard?" Ah there's the rub—
and often the real trick of the bridge game*

— by AMY STEVENSON

DISCARDING IS a vital part of the science of contract bridge and it has seldom received the attention it deserves. Unfortunately, it is difficult to lay down hard and fast rules, but a few hints may be useful.

Let us suppose you are being "squeezed"—that is, an opponent is running off a long suit on which you, and perhaps your partner as well, are forced to discard. This is sometimes termed the "pseudo-squeeze." Well, if possible, do not both give up the same suit: if your partner is throwing away spades, try to keep a guard in that suit yourself. Of course this does not apply where your partner has shown strength in the suit already. In that case you can turn your attention to the other suits. But watch all his discards very carefully—perhaps he at one time bid a spade and you hoped he had a winner in that suit. Now if he discards spades more than once, and in an upward direction—first a low card then a higher—his spades are probably worthless. When possible, keep one or more cards in each suit, even if they are very low cards, otherwise you make things too easy for the declarer. If you give up every heart you hold, and he now starts on the heart suit, he can see at once that all the missing cards are in your partner's hand, and he knows exactly how to play. It is very good advice to give the opponents a chance to make a mistake (which is just why "always cover an honor with an honor" is such an unwise maxim!). When "squeezing," I have often made extra tricks by noticing that my opponents were throwing away cards in my long suit—or even in my short suit. Suppose I hold ace and three little clubs, and my dummy has King and one small. Either it is "no trump," or the trumps are all gone, and I notice that between them my opponents have discarded four clubs. Four from thirteen leaves nine, of which I hold six and three are out against me, and I make at least one small club, besides my Ace and King.

THE HIGH-LOW discard—the come-on signal—is a relic of whist play, where it meant "lead trumps." It is now generally used to invite a continuation of the suit. If I lead off King-Ace of clubs and my partner plays first a five and then a four, I know

he is saying "I have only two clubs, and can trump the third round"—or "I have a winner in the suit." In any case, go on with clubs. By-the-by, it is always wise, when playing with strangers, to ask partner about the "signals" he uses. Some players always make their first discard from the suit they want led, while others play a high card, six or over, from the preferred suit. In fact, the play of a low card is generally a discouraging signal. If partner is in the lead, it would mean "shift to another suit."

Some people use these signals in a very clever way.

A new convention is the "lead-directing signal." Suppose that hearts are trumps, and your partner leads you a small diamond. Studying dummy's cards and your own, you decide that it is a singleton. Now you have the Ace of diamonds, and can give him a ruff. But you have also the Ace of spades—how can you tell him that you want a spade returned? Lead an unnecessarily high diamond, such as the 9. This says "Partner, lead back a card of the higher-ranking of the two suits (not trumps)." The two remaining suits are spades and clubs; therefore he must lead you a spade. The return of a low diamond would mean "lead a club." Of course, you must arrange this with your partner beforehand.

As to part scores, of course they are important—very important. As in contract bridge you cannot score game unless you have bid it, it is obviously helpful to have, say, a score of 40, when two of a major suit will take you out—or better still, a score of 60, which only needs one "no trump" for a game bid. But there is another angle to be considered. When opponents have a part score, and the dealer makes an opening bid short of game, it is often a mistake to give him a chance to rebid, even when you have a biddable hand.

If you pass, his partner may be unable to put him up, and your partner will probably pass too, or if the partner keeps the bidding open, the original bidder may go too high, and be doubled for a penalty. Here is a hand which illustrates my point—both sides vulnerable, North and South 60 on the rubber game:

[Continued on page 43]



It wasn't the Blizzard
that turned him cold
'twas her red rough hands!

OUR WHOLE DAY WAS SPOILED when Bill saw my red, chapped hands. They did look horrid. I'd tried everything but I couldn't seem to get my hands smooth...

THEN—

I HEARD HOW WONDERFULLY Jergens Lotion softens hard hand skin. I use Jergens all the time now and Bill says, "Put your dear soft hands against my face."



but Jergens brought back Warmth and Romance!

WATER—as well as wind and cold—is hard on your hands. It takes away their special beautifying moisture. Yet women say they wash their hands eight times most days—have them in water at least eight times more.

No wonder hands tend to crack and chap in winter—look red, feel harsh. But Jergens Lotion heals that chapping and roughness in no time. Why is Jergens so effective? First,

this lotion restores moisture *inside the skin cells*, where hand skin needs it. Tests prove Jergens goes into the dry skin more thoroughly than any other lotion tested. It leaves no stickiness. Second, Jergens contains two famous ingredients that doctors use for softening and whitening coarse red hands. The first application helps you. Use Jergens regularly for soft gracious hands a man loves. On sale at drug, department, 10¢ stores.

All four sizes—\$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—contain more lotion than similar sizes of other well-known hand preparations. The \$1.00 size is a very real bargain!



JERGENS LOTION

FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE

Prove for yourself how swiftly and thoroughly Jergens goes into the skin, conserves and renews the youthful softness of your hands!

The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 839 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario

Name _____ PLEASE PRINT

Address _____
MADE IN CANADA

Beauty unruffled by

Lines or Blemish with these

GERM-FREE Beauty Creams



Germ-Destroying Ingredient Helps Protect from Blemish, Vitamin D Quickens Breathing Process of the Skin

HERE are beauty creams, made by skin scientists, that help guard your complexion from hateful blemishes, a dread in every woman's life.

Woodbury's Creams are germ-free. Scientifically treated to stay free from germ-growth as long as they last! Especially if your skin is delicate, you'll want this added protection against the blemishes, so often traceable to germs.

Remember, too, your skin must breathe... take up oxygen, throw off wastes. This breathing process is rapid in young skins. To speed up the youthful breathing of skin cells, Sunshine Vitamin D has now been added to Woodbury's Cold Cream.

Tonight apply this lovely cold cream generously over face and neck. How welcome it feels to dry, parched tissues! And tomorrow before you put on make-up, use Woodbury's Germ-free Facial Cream. This fragrant foundation gives your skin a velvety smoothness. Each of these famous creams, 50¢, 25¢, 15¢ in jars; 25¢, 10¢ in tubes.

**GERMS CAUSE BLEMISHES
MOST OFTEN HERE!**
Clogged pores on the nose... invisible breaks in the dry skin near the mouth... the tiny hair follicles of the brow. At these 3 places, especially, blemish-germs are most likely to invade the skin. Woodbury's Creams help protect you from germ-caused blemishes. They're germ-free as long as they last.



SEND for 9-PIECE Complexion Kit!

It contains trial tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams; guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap; 6 shades Woodbury's Facial Powder. Send 10¢ to cover mailing costs. Address John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Dept. 739, Perth, Ontario.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ Province _____

MADE IN CANADA

"How Smart You Look"

(Continued from page 33)

to childhood in that respect at least. Let's consider clothes as a collection, and never buy anything which doesn't fit into it. At the beginning of every season I take stock of myself, reckoning what I'll need for its working and leisure hours. Spring demands at least one good suit for those days which are neither cold nor hot. Summer can't be enjoyed without lots of comfortable sports things, simple, easily laundered. Autumn days call for businesslike costumes, the sort which can go on under heavy topcoats later on; and winter suggests more formal clothes, shoes which can be worn under storm-shoes, better fabrics and a new assortment of warm accessories. I look over my old clothes, paying special attention to those my friends admired, and those in which I felt most comfortable. Then I renovate the renovatable, send the rest to local charities, and set to work to replace the deficiencies.

Choice of a dominant color-note around which the wardrobe can be built, is one of the important steps. And it's a most necessary one, so long as economy lurks somewhere in the background. Changing accessories to suit the occasion and the mood is a favorite indoor pastime with most women. With the removal of a daytime neckerchief and suede belt from the plain black wool street frock, and the addition of a jewelled girdle, dressy costume bracelet, clips, and veiled chapeau, one achieves a dinner-dancing costume in place of the casual "Annie-by-the-day."

I'm convinced, too, that my wardrobe and I both need an occasional lift, with a bright stabbing of color. True, it has been a big season for black. But it's one for brilliant hues, too. So I'll select one... danger red, Coronation blue, lush purple... for my very own. And "white for my face, with black for my figure."

Perhaps we should say a bit more about the importance of a good coat in the scheme of things, especially for winter. Somebody said the other day, that it doesn't matter what you wear under your wrap... only your friends will see you in the intimacy of the drawing-room. And they'll love you, no matter what you have on. But what about the chance observers? The men and women who see you in the trams, on the street, in the shops? They're going to judge you, not (unfortunately!) by the gay, good-looking frock of this season's smartness, but by the somewhat down-at-heel winter coat which covers it!

But to return to those little things that count. There are a dozen small tips which should be included in the daily routine. This matter of make-up, for instance. Don't you think it's better to cultivate an "intellectual (?) pallor" all the time, than to be pink-cheeked one day and distressingly pale the next? But lipsticks—there you have something different! I have at least half a dozen lip-rouges, which I change to complement my costumes. A dirty face is no worse than an orange lipstick with a raspberry dress. Perhaps it seems incongruous to discuss cosmetics with costumes. Yet how important a part they play in painting the perfect picture!

Spotless collars and cuffs, colorful costume jewellery to "spell-off" on odd days... these are useful, too. Choosing the costume best suited to the occasion is only possible when clothes are kept in repair. And I'm a firm believer in buying when I don't need, against the day when I shall. Good gloves, beautiful lingerie on sale, silk stockings at a reduced price, are always good investments. But sale-price oddments which don't match me or my wardrobe, are expensive at anything over a dime!

"BE CONSISTENT" is the best general advice one can give, both for make-up and dress. Say what you like about personal charm, it's still important to keep stocking seams straight, hands well groomed, and clothes fresh in appearance—all the time! Nobody's going to remember how stunning my frock and how shining my coiffure on Saturday night, if for the rest of the week I go around looking like a frump. I don't flatter myself that I'm another Elisabeth Bergner who can be wholly appealing in an old sweater and skirt with a beret pulled on over tousled locks.

"For goodness sake, dress at home," is the man's reaction to the woman whose constant fussing with her frock gives her friends the jumps. And it's a suggestion we can all take to heart. Spend an extra half hour tucking in stray curls, putting on make-up, brushing and pressing clothes. Survey yourself, then, in the longest and most brightly lighted mirror in the house. Be sure you're as trim as can be. AND THEN FORGET ABOUT IT! Keep your hands away from your hair and face. Primp with thoroughness and satisfaction in your own boudoir... but not on the street, not in the tram, certainly not in the restaurant, the theatre, the drawing-room.

The well-groomed woman dresses to satisfy herself. If her public happens to be around, let's hope it will approve. But stronger than this desire to please, is the urge to be well and appropriately dressed, because it helps her to be happier, more confident and consequently more successful.

Marriage Made on Earth

(Continued from page 24)

"Well, Tod will soon teach you to dance and drink cocktails," he said, then turned away abruptly and went over to the window. When he spoke again it was impersonally, a banality about the weather. He was looking down into the street while Beverly regarded his back, puzzled and inexplicably hurt. But when he turned to say:

"Here's Tod now," she ceased to notice him. She started up from her chair, her face alight, then with an effort sat down again, in some confusion. But no effort could dim the brilliance of her lovely eyes. Happiness shone in her like a lamp, and

the man observing her caught his breath, dazzled by that exquisite radiance. She was a beautiful thing, just then, the most beautiful he had ever seen, fresh, untouched and perfect, like a flower opened in the dawn and involuntarily he put out his hand.

"Don't do it," he said urgently. "Not today. Give yourself just a little time."

But Beverly, her ears strained to catch the sound of Tod's footsteps, did not hear him.

Afterward she did not remember the events of the following hours in any clear sequence. A few things stood out: Tod's graven profile as he repeated the words of the marriage ceremony; the woman in the bright red coat, commandeered as their second witness; clattering down the iron-tipped steps of the bleak offices; the blaze of sunlight in the street, and Matheson saying strangely.

"If you're ever in a very tight corner, will you let me help?"

An odd thing to say.

[To be Continued]

New Life for an Old Wardrobe . . .

by
CAROLYN DAMON

Fashion Editor

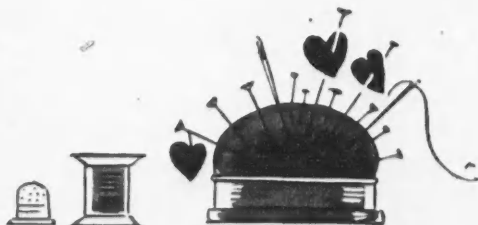
There's nothing like
A lively little jacket
Or a crisp new blouse
To offset February doldrums
(The kind that hit your wardrobe
Before the spring styles are above ground).

Paris says suits again —
Only more so.
And that means we're blouse-minded
And little-coat-conscious
And attuned to tunics.

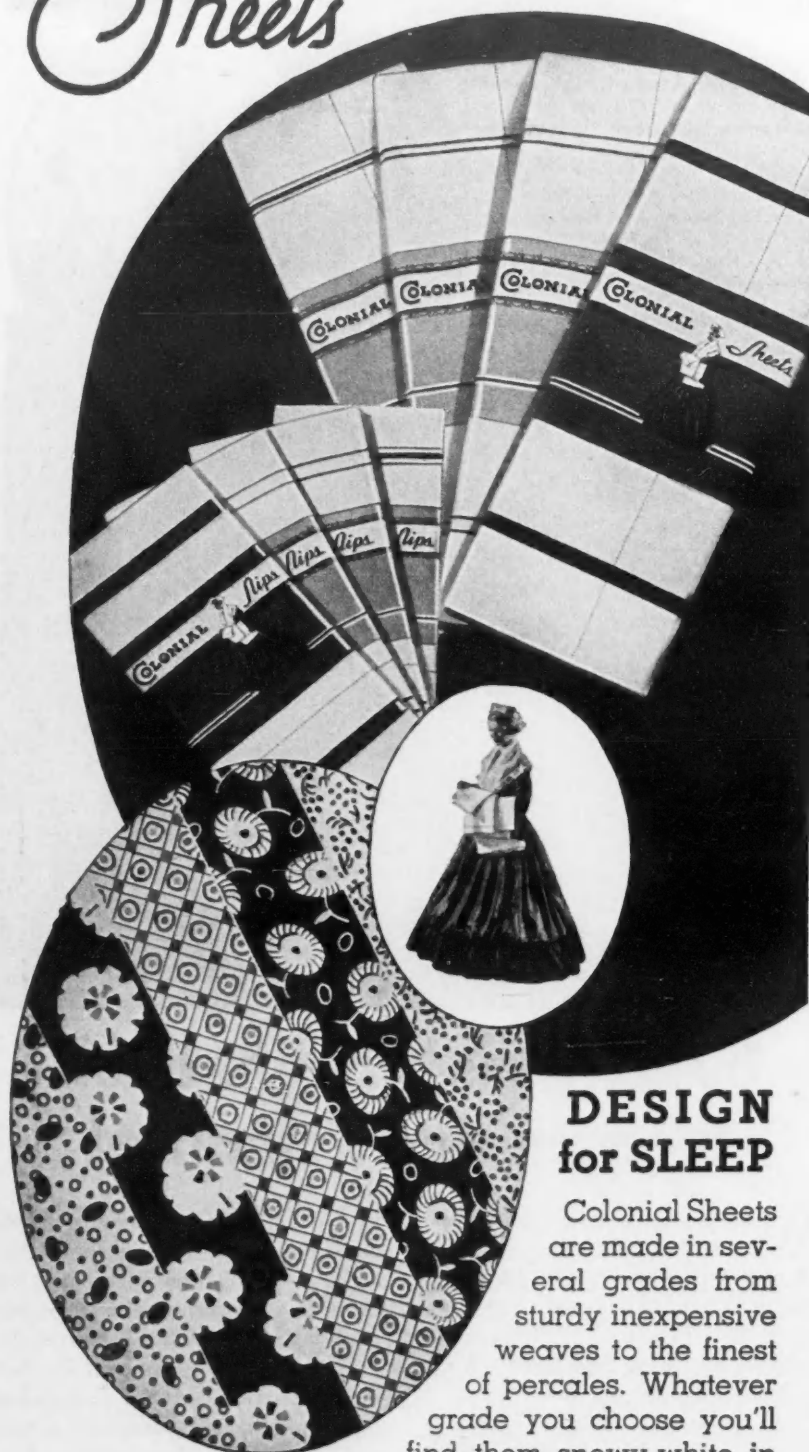
Satin, or a fine sheer,
Like mousseline
Or nun's veiling
Would give a graceful
Beauty to the lingerie blouse (726)
A mist grey, perhaps, with dull rose buttons.
And the pert little buttoned coat 741
Wants canary yellow linen
Interwoven with black.
For that very tailored morning outfit
(Big girl or little)
Wear a crisp piqué
Or a dull wool crêpe
In one of the glowing
Wine or pottery shades.

Make a sheer tunic
In a pale spring violet
With deep purple buttons and skirt (730)
Run up a zestful printed silk coat (728)
Of Coronation blue, beige — patterned
For a neutral-toned frock.
Do the snug little peplum-coat (727)
In a light-weight flecked woollen
(Turquoise, with a black scalloping
And black skirt).

Descriptions of patterns on page 83. These
are Chatelaine patterns and may be ordered
from leading stores or direct from Chatelaine
Pattern Service, 481 University Ave., Toronto,
Ont. When ordering, give the number and
size desired. Price of all patterns, 15 cents.



COLONIAL Sheets



DESIGN for SLEEP

Colonial Sheets are made in several grades from sturdy inexpensive weaves to the finest of percales. Whatever grade you choose you'll find them snowy-white in colour, smooth-textured and able to stand trip after trip to the laundry without showing signs of wear. Colonial Sheets and Pillow Slips are an invitation to sleep. Canada's finest since 1846, they are the finest whitewear value of the day.

MAGOG Fastest Fabrics

Sunfast, Tubfast and offered each season in a limitless range of weaves and patterns. Tailor into the smartest frocks imaginable — frocks that hold their drape and colour — frocks that are a joy to wear. Whether you MAKE YOUR OWN or go in for ready-to-wear, insist on Magog Fastest Fabrics.

DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY LIMITED

The Beauty Box

by Annabelle Lee

Have you a black dress that you would like to change to one of the vital new colors? Did you know it was possible? Scientists have made another discovery — and women are the lucky winners by it. For now there is on the market a color remover — a completely safe, fine powder — that takes out the color of an old frock. Then you can dye it in one of the vivid new shades. There are glorious opportunities ahead for dresses that heretofore we thought impossible to dye in a new shade. Now you can change any dark color to any light or bright color — or another dark shade if you want to. Sounds magical — but you'll find it a thrilling fact.

Snow-white and Rose-red. It used to be a charming fairy tale, now it's on every wise woman's dressing table — a rose-red, fragrant cream in a snow-white jar, that keeps the nails lustrous and pliable. In the cold weather particularly, dry, brittle nails are a daily trouble — but you'll be delighted with the appearance of your finger-tips when this cream is working for you.

Throat tending to look a little "crêpe-y"? Canadian winters are hard on it and so are the passing years. Too many women give their complexions intelligent care and ignore the tell-tale neck. Here's a valuable new cream that's a boon for any dry skin — and especially dedicated to keep the throat soft and white and beautiful. It's rich in fragrant oils and should be in the beauty kit of every woman over thirty.

In key with the times is a regal new perfume that has recently been designed to wear with the rich-hued Coronation colors. It's a haunting fragrance that brings a new subtlety with it.

Special for the outdoors girl. A famous beauty house suggests a compact, convenient kit for days in the winter world. There are four flat metal containers, with outdoor creams — designed to help your skin in the cold weather, with a practical mirror, a powder puff and comb tucked away beside a small lipstick. A zipper closes the bag, which slings neatly on a belt, or tucks easily away in your pocket.

Want detailed information about these products? Write to Annabelle Lee and she'll gladly send it to you.

LET YOUR NEEDLE WIN
YOU A Free TRIP
TO THE CORONATION!



113 PRIZES

FOR EMBROIDERING
A CORONATION MOTIF

1st PRIZE

Round trip cabin passage to London, Eng., sailing from Montreal, April 29th, 1937, or value in cash.

2nd PRIZE - - - \$50 IN CASH

3rd PRIZE - - - \$25 IN CASH

10 Prizes of \$5 each, as well as 100 Fancy Sewing Boxes containing an assortment of Coats' and Clark's Threads.

● Embroider a Coronation Motif on your clothes—use it as a decorative note in your home, on your household linens—in honor of the great spectacle next May. You'll find it in our new "Coronation Embroidery Contest Book"—and full particulars as to how you may win that trip to London for the year's most thrilling event.

HOW YOU CAN WIN

Select any design from our "Coronation Embroidery Contest Book" and embroider it on any article you choose. For the most artistic adaptation of a design taken from the book as well as the most beautifully worked, we offer the free trip to London. 112 other valuable awards.

CLARK'S "Anchor" STRANDED COTTON

Made in Canada by the Makers of Coats' and Clark's 6-Cord Spool Cotton.

Get the Coronation Embroidery Contest Book at your usual Store or use the coupon



The Canadian Spool Cotton Company, Dept. X-62, P.O. Box 519, Montreal, P.Q.

I enclose 25c. Please send me "Coronation Embroidery Contest Book", complete with transfers and working instructions, and full details of your Coronation Contest.

Name

Address

CONTEST CLOSING MARCH 27th, 1937

ALSO \$80.00 IN PRIZES OFFERED BY THE MAKERS OF *Milners* EMBROIDERY NEEDLES.

Frocks That Give Service With a Smile

Now is the time for a good new dress to come to the aid of the winter-weary wardrobe. It must be practical for nine-to-five wear. It ought to be gay and zestful to stimulate the feminine mind. It could be, definitely, one of these smart workaday frocks that show the first impress of spring designs. Make 723 in a cashmere mixture, softest blue grey, with piping of rust. A flecked wool herringbone design, in pottery green, would make 733 very effective. Try the sister frocks, 731, in the new worsted spun rayon (a fine silk and wool mixture) in black, with turquoise trimming, and the coat frock, 737, would be its best in a corded broadcloth, over a stained glass wool-cotton print. Make the coat in brown, and the print could be the gayest combination of turquoise and orange, beige with orange, or fuchsia with periwinkle — all new two-tone effects.

These styles are Chatelaine Patterns. They may be obtained from stores in most cities, or direct from the Chatelaine Pattern Service, 481 University Avenue, Toronto. Back views and material requirements appear on page 83.



723



733



731

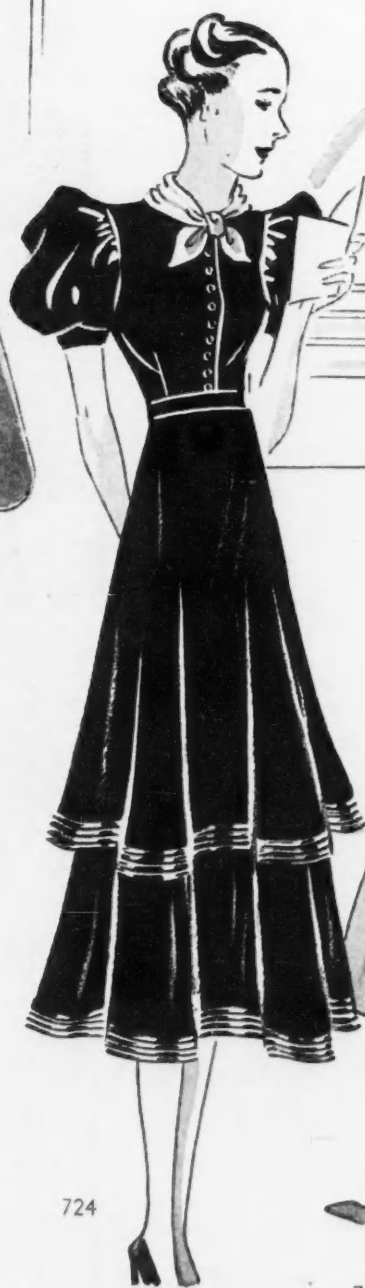


737



734

FIRELIGHT FAVORITES



724



738



739



725

CHATELAINE PATTERNS PRICE 15 CENTS

February is a kettle-on-the-hearth sort of month, afternoon and evening. Nothing is more flattering to women charmingly frocked than the flickering light of flames. For gay little evenings, make lovely, youthful 734 of white chiffon over a satin slip, with scarlet in flowers and hankie. Try 724 in a black crêpe, with bands of black cire satin and an American beauty shaded scarf tie. The quaint little companion frock, 738, would be effective in turquoise blue wool crêpe, with crisp lace of brown nutria shade. You might try 739 in a chartreuse dull travel crêpe, with the softly folded collar in pale gold. The gay little debutante frock, 725, would be ef-

fective in one of the new prints in the gayest of holiday shades — in a crisp organza or a fresh-looking mousseline. If your background were black, you might have the buttons and bows of

apple green, and a green and orange combination in the print.

Descriptions of patterns on page 83. These are Chatelaine patterns and may be ordered from leading

stores or direct from Chatelaine Pattern Service, 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. When ordering, give the number and size desired. Price of all patterns, 15 cents.

There's a
satisfaction in being
prepared for winter—
with
good general
resistance!



Winter discomforts are prevalent right now. This month and the months just ahead are the "peak season" for them.

Low *general resistance* helps to explain why. Too little exercise, fresh air, sunshine, tend to deplete your physical forces at this season.

One way to escape the uncertainty of wondering whether you'll be affected by winter discomforts, or whether you'll get through this year without them, is to act at once before they overtake you. Try *Adex*. It will help protect you *in advance*.

Taken *every day*, *Adex* contributes greatly to your general resistance. It contains Vitamin A, often called a "first line of defense" at this time of year. *Adex* also provides "sunshine" Vitamin D, another factor you probably need now.

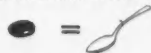
Both these vitamins in *Adex* are obtained from good cod liver oil, halibut liver oil and other natural sources.

Start with *Adex*, and keep it up regularly all winter. The only fair test is to take it *every day*. A bottle on the breakfast table every morning will serve as a daily reminder.

Now in convenient tablets or capsules at any reliable drug store. Prepared by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858.

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D



One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

6 sts. in stocking stitch at the beginning and end of row instead of 12.

Work 1 pattern.

Next Row—K18, pattern to within 18, K18. Work 1 pattern with 18 sts. each end of needle in stocking stitch.

Next Row—K30, pattern to within 30, K30. Work 1 pattern with 30 sts. each end of needle in stocking stitch.

Next Row—K42, pattern to within 42, K42. Work 1 pattern, keeping 42 sts. each end of needle in stocking stitch.

Working all in stocking stitch, cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows. Cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of every row until 22 sts. remain. Cast off.

COLLAR—Pick up and knit 88 sts. around neck. Work 4 rows ribbing (K2, P2). Work in garter stitch, increasing 1 st. in 3rd st. each end of needle every 2nd row until there are 15 ridges. Cast off.

Sew all seams neatly and evenly. Press lightly. Finish opening by lacing with a crochet chain.

CHAIN—With double wool work a chain about 12 inches. Work s.c. along chain.

Discards and Part Scores

(Continued from page 37)

NORTH		
♠	Q 8 2	
♥	4 2	
♦	10 9 8 5	
♣	Q 6 5 2	
WEST		
♠	K 10 6	
♥	K Q 5	
♦	6 3	
♣	A K J 7 4	
EAST		
♠	A 9 5 3	
♥	J 10 3	
♦	J 7	
♣	10 9 8 3	
SOUTH		
♠	J 7 4	
♥	A 9 8 7 6	
♦	A K Q 4 2	
♣	

South—1 Heart.

West—Double. (He can support spades or clubs and is prepared to go to two no trump if partner bids diamonds).

North—Pass.

East—1 Spade.

South—2 Diamonds.

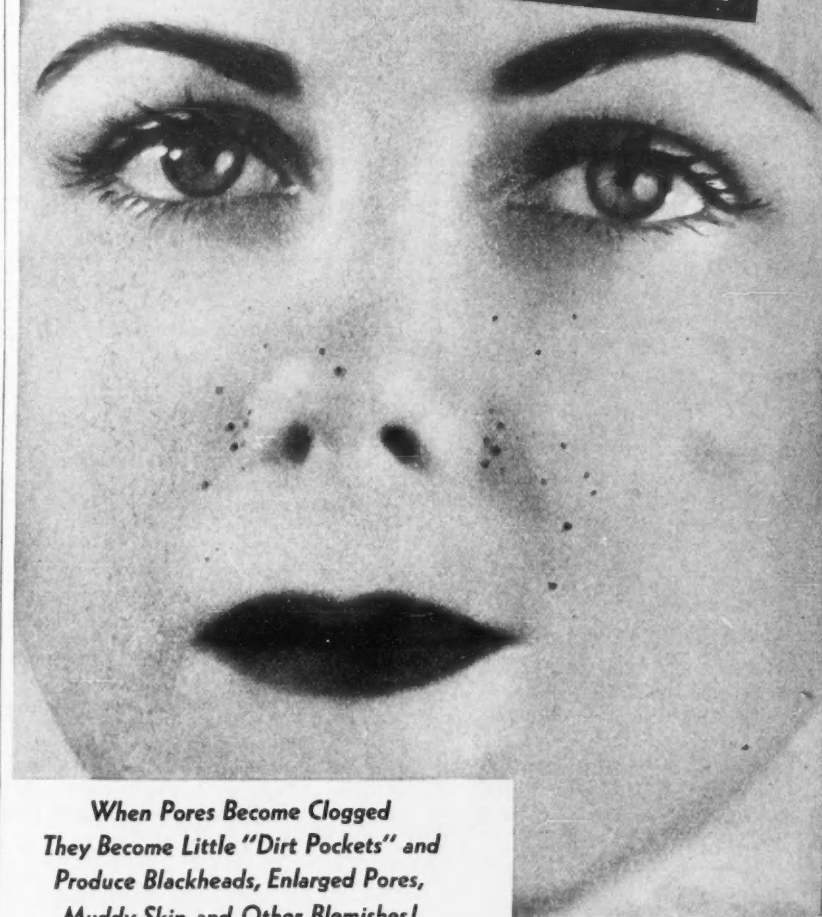
West hesitated between 2 spades and 3 clubs, and finally bid 2 spades.

North—3 diamonds—all passed, and South made his contract with ease. Now had West laid low, South would have been left in with 1 heart—not a game bid. So, unless you see a clear prospect of making game yourself, think a little before disturbing opponents' non-game bid, especially when the latter have a part score.

WINTER by Dorothy M. Brown

Deep drifts the snow,
The skies are grey,
And summer seems
Such years away
That it is difficult
To think
Here have flowered
Phlox and pink —
Only frost upon
The bough,
Hangs the trees with
Blossoms now.

"DIRT POCKETS" IN YOUR SKIN!



When Pores Become Clogged
They Become Little "Dirt Pockets" and
Produce Blackheads, Enlarged Pores,
Muddy Skin and Other Blemishes!

By *Lady Esther*

When you do not cleanse your skin properly, every pore becomes a tiny "dirt pocket." The dirt keeps on accumulating and the pore becomes larger and larger and blackheads and muddy skin and other blemishes follow.

"But," you say, "it is impossible for 'dirt pockets' to form in my skin. I clean my skin every morning and every night." But, are you sure you *really* cleanse your skin, or do you only go through the motions?

Surface Cleansing Not Enough

Some methods, as much faith as you have in them, only give your skin a "lick-and-a-promise." They don't "houseclean" your skin, which is what is necessary.

What you want is *deep* cleansing! Many methods only "clean off" the skin. They do not clean it *out*! Any good housekeeper knows the difference.

What you want is a cream that does more than "grease" the surface of your skin. You want a cream that *penetrates the pores*! Such a cream, distinctly, is Lady Esther Face Cream. It is a cream that gets below the surface—into the pores.

Dissolves the Waxy Dirt

Gently and soothingly, it penetrates the tiny openings. There, it goes to work on the accumulated waxy dirt.

It breaks up this grimy dirt—dissolves it—and makes it easily removable. *All* the dirt comes out, not just part of it!

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies the skin with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and scaly patches and keeps the skin soft and smooth. So smooth, in fact, does it make the skin, that the skin takes powder perfectly without any preliminary "greasing."

Definite Results!

Lady Esther Face Cream will be found to be definitely efficient in the care of your skin. It will solve many of the complexion problems you now have.

But let a free trial prove this to you. Just send me your name and address and by return mail I'll send you a 7-days' tube. Then, see for yourself the difference it makes in your skin.

With the tube of cream, I'll also send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder. Clip the coupon now.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (2-18) **FREE**

Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto—12, Ontario.

Please send me by return mail your 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Province _____

Why Some Women are Natural Beauties

They never "make-up"...they simply intensify their natural coloring. The Color Change Principle available in Tangee brings out your own natural beauty.

You see many more "naturally" beautiful women than you used to. For make-up styles have changed. Gaudy make-up has vanished. The vogue today is for naturalness!

Tangee Color Change Principle in powder, lipstick and rouge makes your own natural color lovelier...but you never risk that "painted" look.



Your lips become the blush-rose that nature has hidden there. The cream base of Tangee keeps lips smooth, youthful and appealing.



Your cheeks, when rouged with Tangee, are alive and sparkling with your own color. In Compact or Creme. Both contain Tangee Color Change Principle.



And because Tangee Face Powder blends naturally with your own skin tones, your skin is smoother, fresher...with never a trace of that powdery look. Try Tangee.

Begin tonight to be lovelier in your own way. Insist upon Tangee for all your make-up essentials. Only in Tangee can you obtain the Color Change Principle. Tangee Powder is 55c and \$1.00. Rouge, compact or creme, each 85c. Lipstick is 50c and \$1.00.



World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

*** BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!** There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Always ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP KIT
Palmer's, Ltd., 750 Vitre Street W., Montreal, Can.
Rush Miracle Make-Up Kit containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. Send 15c (stamps or coin). CH 2-7

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Prov. _____



The original model was knit with five balls of scarlet Monarch Andalusian Wool. A delightful college or office sweater which has the cleverly fitted lines that give zest and young sophistication to a midwinter outfit.

Youthful Pullover

THIS BEAUTIFULLY fitted pullover and a wool skirt make the ideal outfit for campus or office. The eyelet tie, puffed sleeve and stepped-up design are unusual, while the back is plain for quick knitting. It's one of a series of interesting and different knitting designs being presented by Chatelaine.

Size 16

Measurements of finished garment when pressed—All around at underarm, 34 inches. From shoulder to bottom of garment, 18 inches. Length of sleeve at underarm seam, 6½ inches.

Tension of Stitch—7 sts. = 1 inch.
9 rows = 1 inch.

Materials Used

- 5 Balls Scarlet Wool
- 1 Pair No. 9 Needles
- 1 Pair No. 10 Needles
- 1 Medium Bone Crochet Hook

BACK—Starting at bottom with No. 10 needles, cast on 94 sts. Work in ribbing (K2, P2) for 4 inches.

Change to No. 9 Needles, increasing to 108 sts., and work in stocking stitch until back measures 12 inches from beginning.

Shape armhole by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows, then decrease 1 st. each end of needle every 2nd row 4 times.

Continue evenly until armhole measures 6 inches from first decreasing.

Shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of each of the next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts. for neck.

FRONT—Starting at bottom, with No. 10 needles, cast on 100 sts. Work in ribbing (K2, P2) for 4 inches.

Change to No. 9 Needles and knit 1 row, increasing to 112 sts. Purl 1 row.

Start Pattern, thus:

1st Row—K12, *WO, K2tog, WO, S1, K1, PSSO, K3, WO, S1, K1, PSSO, K3, repeat from *, 6 times; WO, K2tog, WO, S1, K1, PSSO, K12.

2nd and Every Alternate Row—Purl.

3rd Row—K12, *WO, K2tog, WO, S1, K1, PSSO, K1, K2tog, WO, K1, WO, S1, K1, PSSO, K2, repeat from *, 6 times;

WO, K2tog, WO, S1, K1, PSSO, K12.

5th Row—K12, *WO, K2tog, WO, S1, K1, PSSO, K2tog, WO, K3, WO, S1, K1, PSSO, K1, repeat from *, 6 times; WO, K2tog, WO, S1, K1, PSSO, K12.

7th Row—K12, *WO, K2tog, WO, S1, K2tog, PSSO, WO, K5, WO, S1, K1, PSSO, repeat from *, 6 times; WO, K2tog, WO, S1, K1, PSSO, K12.

9th Row—K12, *WO, K2tog, WO, S1, K1, PSSO, K1, WO, S1, K1, PSSO, K1, K2tog, WO, K2, repeat from *, 6 times; WO, K2tog, WO, S1, K1, PSSO, K12.

11th Row—K12, *WO, K2tog, WO, S1, K1, PSSO, K2, WO, S1, K2tog, PSSO, WO, K3, repeat from *, 6 times; WO, K2tog, WO, S1, K1, PSSO, K12.

Repeat these 12 rows once.

Continue in pattern but work the centre 8 sts. in stocking stitch for 2 patterns (24 rows). Continue, working 32 sts. in centre in stocking stitch for 2 patterns.

Shape armhole—Next row—by casting off 6 sts. Work to end, working the centre 56 sts. in stocking stitch.

Cast off 6 sts., P50, place remaining 50 sts. on a stitch-holder.

1st Row—K28, pattern 16, K4, K2tog.

2nd Row—P43, K6.

3rd Row—K28, pattern 16, K3, K2tog.

4th Row—P42, K6.

5th Row—K28, pattern 16, K2, K2tog.

6th Row—P41, K6.

7th Row—K28, pattern 16, K1, K2tog.

8th Row—P40, K6.

Work evenly until armhole measures 5 inches from first decreasing.

Cast off 15 sts. neck end, then decrease 1 st. neck end every 2nd row 3 times. Work 4 rows evenly.

Shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. armhole end every 2nd row 4 times. Cast off remaining sts.

Work other front and shoulder to correspond.

SLEEVES—Starting at cuff, with No. 10 needles, cast on 52 sts. Work in ribbing, (K2, P2) for 10 rows.

Change to No. 9 Needles. Knit 1 row, increasing to 100 sts. Purl 1 row.

Work in pattern same as front, keeping

[Continued on next page]

In Bed for Weeks With Backache

Quick Relief with Kruschen

It was advice from her mother that led this woman to take Kruschen Salts for her backache, and before she had finished the first bottle she was feeling better. This is the letter she writes:—

"About this time last year I had severe pains in my back and was prostrate for three weeks. I could not even rise in bed. I tried several well-known remedies, but to no avail. Then I wrote to my mother telling her of my trouble. She wrote to me by return of post urging me to try Kruschen Salts. I immediately bought a bottle and I can truthfully say before I had taken the fifth dose I could sit up. I kept on taking them and in less than two weeks I was about again. I am never without Kruschen now."
—(Mrs.) A. G.

Unless the kidneys function properly, certain acid wastes, instead of being expelled, are allowed to pollute the bloodstream and produce troublesome symptoms: backache, rheumatism, and excessive fatigue. Kruschen Salts is an excellent diuretic or kidney aperient, valuable in assisting the kidneys to excrete acid impurities.



WHAT AN IMPROVEMENT Maybelline DOES MAKE!

Eyes framed by long, dark, luxuriant fringes of lashes. Twin pools of loveliness—yours instantly with either Maybelline Solid or Cream mascara. Harmless. Tear-proof. Non-smudging. Not waxy, beady or gummy. Applies simply, smoothly, and gives a natural appearance. 10,000,000 discriminating women now use Maybelline mascara regularly. Black, Brown, Blue. Only 75c everywhere. Here is the very essence of romantic charm.

Brush Away GRAY HAIR AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER



NOW, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair. Used and approved—for over twenty-four years by thousands of women, BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

BROWNATONE—only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee, or—

SEND FOR TEST BOTTLE

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.
123 Brownatone Bldg., Covington, Kentucky
Please send me Test Bottle of BROWNATONE and interesting booklet. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover partly cost of packing and mailing.
State shade wanted _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Prov. _____
Print Your Name and Address

Knee-Action FOR SMOOTHNESS *... in Skiing and in the New Chevrolet*

IN golf it's "keep your head down". In skiing—it's "knee-action" that keeps you gliding swift and true. And it's Knee-Action, too, that accounts for Chevrolet's matchless gliding ride.

After all, you'd expect to find Knee-Action wheels on any really complete car, wouldn't you? Yet Chevrolet is the only lowest-priced car that has them. Just as Chevrolet offers you other advantages—common enough in the higher price fields, but exclusive in the thrift-car class to *The Complete Car, Completely New* . . . Advantages, for example, like Unisteel Turret Top Bodies by Fisher—Self-energizing Hydraulic Brakes—Valve-in-Head Engine—and Fisher No-Draft Ventilation.

• • •

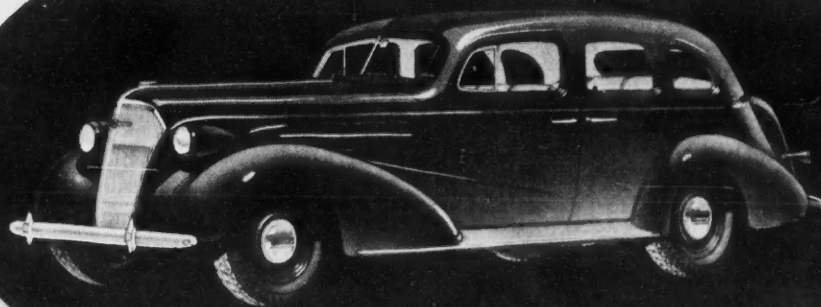
Your Chevrolet dealer will gladly provide a new model for you to try. Monthly payments to suit your purse on the General Motors Instalment Plan.



The Complete Car... Completely New

CHEVROLET

for 1937



*New makeup
secret*

BRINGS
FRESH BEAUTY TO 9
OUT OF 10 GIRLS!

CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

It's brand new makeup that's right for you! Right because it's matched makeup . . . harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara. Doubly right because it's keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes, the color of your eyes.

*"Thrilling
new find"*

★ SAYS
GLAMOROUS
FAY WRAY
Star of Columbia pictures



WHO SAYS IT'S BETTER?

Hollywood . . . Broadway . . . famous beauties and beauty Editors everywhere! All agree it's better. And the proof? Of the thousands of women who have tried Marvelous the Eye-Matched Makeup, 9 out of 10 agree they're immediately better looking! You can be, too!



*"So
natural!"*
★ SAYS LOVELY
HELEN
MARSHALL
Young radio and concert soprano. "Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup is amazingly becoming."

Your favorite drug or department store recommends Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup. The harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow or mascara are 65c each. Ask for Dresden type if your eyes are blue; Patricia type if they are gray; Continental type if your eyes are hazel; Parisian if they are brown.

MARVELOUS
The Eye-Matched
MAKEUP
by **RICHARD HUDNUT**
OF CANADA

65c
EACH



The Skin Game

(Continued from page 35)

sage them as though you were putting on gloves working down the fingers.

There are special throat creams for the winter. And some firms suggest special orange creams, others are strong in favor of cucumber lotion, both of which have a very soothing effect on rough skin.

Escape from Bondage

(Continued from page 26)

it as it existed in truth, freed of the petty necessity of being confirmed by laggard circumstance.

"Close your eyes, my precious, and I'll show it to you, too," he said in his heart to Amy . . .

IT WAS Fourth Street, shabby little Fourth Street, with its squatty brick houses, spaced humpty-dumptily along the pavement in a saw-toothed smile.

It was fall now, and Roger had come back to his old room, and the landlady had given him back his hostage books, and they were all friends again. Old Maguire had at last allowed him a chance to write Sunday features, and he was living handsomely, unscathed by the danger of luxury, unscathed, and exuberantly, humbly grateful to be himself, and free.

"How's to my moving into one of your more palatial rooms?" he'd said to Mrs. Jakes. "I'm a man of letters now, and I wouldn't mind having a few feet to pace up and down in as I create."

"That'll be fine," the landlady said. "A young nurse came in who'd like to have your room. Poor child, she just couldn't afford the bigger one. But if you take that . . ."

And so he had, and had felt most lordly, with two windows now, and space for pacing.

The little nurse moved into his old room. He met her on the stairs. Amy, young Amy, with her sweet dark eyes, untouched by worry.

"Nice of you to move up and let me have your room," she had said shyly.

"Nice of life to let me move," Roger had reminded her. "That's a good little old room you're in. If you leave the clothes-closet open, the hot water pipes on the wall sort of heat the place . . ."

"Oh, do they?" Amy said gratefully. "Fortunately I don't like much heat. But it is pretty cold."

"It's hellish," Roger said. Lord, he thought to himself, why didn't I ask Mrs. Jakes to just give her the big room and let me pay the difference? I don't need a big room anyway.

"I won't be in it always," Amy said. "I'm a nurse. I'm liable to get a case any day now."

"I know that any-day business," Roger said. "I'm liable to sell a story any day myself."

They had smiled at each other, understanding the exciting, heartbreaking capriciousness of those any-days.

And then, after a while, an any-day came. Roger sold a story—a wild young story about a girl with Amy-eyes.

"It practically belongs to you," he said boyishly, when he invited her to dinner to celebrate.

"To me?"

"Well, something you said, sort of gave me an idea," he said, lying a little. He

There are skiers' kits in several makes. They're extremely useful, as you may not want to have a large stock of special creams and oils on hand, and these will see you through your outdoor expeditions. If your face is very chapped from wind and snow when you come indoors, heat oil and swab it on. It will penetrate more quickly than cold oil.

Miss Ann Delafield, even in cold weather, walks briskly an hour daily. She advises 6 to 8 glasses of water daily, three whole oranges (the white skin is very important), one whole grapefruit, and one raw fruit and one raw vegetable daily. It's her diet foundation for a good skin in any weather. A good cleansing of the skin with

couldn't tell her about her eyes. Not that week.

But the next week he told her. He told her everything. The next week, in their thin cheap coats, they were shivering with ecstasy and cold, and walking along the street-lamp-frosted river, talking and whispering and laughing, as though the world had just been made that night. A new, unbearably beautiful world.

"I can do anything now," Roger said, holding her cold little hand in his pocket. "I can dip my pen into my heart and write and write. Something true at last, Amy."

"There is something true," Amy said, "or we wouldn't have found each other. In this strange way, I mean. Suppose I'd never come looking for a room on Fourth Street!"

"You had to come," he said. "You might have put it off for years. But sooner or later, you had to come, darling."

Their eyes were big with excitement and the wonderful miracle of finding each other among all the aliens in the world.

"I'm going to write something marvelous," Roger promised unsteadily. "I've got to be worth something now. Because you-know-why."

"Because I know you are," Amy said.

"Because we both love each other."

"Nothing could be more wonderful than that, could it, Roger?"

"Nothing, sweet. Ever."

THEN IT was spring, and thaw was unlocking the countryside. They were married now. Married and living happily ever after. Spending all their days at it, unutterably awed about it under all their absurdity and play.

Roger's story was out that month, tucked among the advertisements at the middle of a magazine. But news-stands glowed with it, for them. They ran up and looked at it a dozen times a day, still hardly able to believe it.

Because of that story, and its brother which had sold last week, they had the audacity to be looking for a house in the country now.

"Though, of course, I could live in a bird's nest with you, Amy," Roger said.

"With no butler?" Amy laughed. "You are primitive, darling."

"About you I am."

They looked and looked at houses, and at last they found their own ridiculous little house, with a garden flaunting around it, and wistaria dripping from the eaves.

"I'll buy it for you some day, precious," Roger promised. "We'll wrap it up like sachet to keep among our souvenirs for when we're old."

"We'll never be old," Amy said, "as long as we're together. It's being apart—in body or soul—that lets people get old."

"Is that right, dearest?"

He worked in a little room, with an apple tree outside its window. The house tiptoed around that room; Amy kept the very birds in the trees from singing if they bothered him, the very clouds in the sky from distracting him. It was a fairy-tale life.

One day stood out particularly. He'd walked down to the village for the mail, and he came running back, waving the letter about his play . . . his beautiful play, which had grown out of being to-

cream, and a skin tonic night and morning are particularly important in winter. If you're over 25 add a skin lubricant. Sleep without a pillow. You spend about one third of each twenty-four hours sleeping, and if you use a pillow, you're folding your face into wrinkles during that time. Scientific face treatments, at home or beauty salon, will be valuable and they're important in rough weather, even though in the summertime one can get by with less care.

And just as a final suggestion—this is the time of year to treat your hair to plenty of hot oil shampoos.

Remember—if winter comes can spring and Easter dressing up be far behind?

gether and loving each other, and being wise and poor, and wanting with all their hearts . . . and getting some things and waiting for others . . .

He'd come running under the apple tree, and peered into the window of his study. And there was Amy, sitting at his desk, with her hands palm down upon it, caressing it as though she loved it. She didn't see him; she was saying a little prayer probably; and he couldn't tell her that he had found her in that sweet, shy attitude, loving the very wood which knew his writing hand.

She had on a soft little blue dress, sprinkled over with yellow-eyed daisies . . . he saw it clearly, the white shadows of daisies against the sky of the frock.

"You are so sweet, my precious," he said when he came in. There was news to tell her, but no news so lovely as that. "You are so unbearably sweet. No man could ever want more than you—and work. Working for you, dearest . . ."

The reel ran faster, and Roger could catch only snatches of pictures, only fragments of words.

Men applauding at a banquet someone making a speech . . . himself it was, being awarded some honor . . . Amy's face all he saw amidst the applause . . . Amy with a child . . . two children . . .

"Dearest, don't work too hard . . ."

"Four more pages, Amy. Sit close to me, darling, while I work . . ."

"I'd fight anything that ever came between us, Amy."

"What could, darling? Dragons?"

"I'd go out and kill them and bring us home dragon-steak for dinner," Roger said.

But then he was serious, and took her warm little hand.

"Things do come between people, Amy."

"People like us? Surely not. We're held together by the cohesion of love, don't you think?"

"He has your eyes, Roger, your beautiful faithful eyes. I wish we could name all our children Roger . . ."

"I wish we could name them all Amy. It's the only synonym for love, dearest . . ."

"I wouldn't want to live one day of my life without you, Roger . . ."

"You'll never need to, precious . . ."

MARGARET WAS laughing her soft strong laugh. She was holding up some shadowy garment to look at it, and laughing.

"Oh, God," Roger said to himself, "where have I been? Don't let me come back . . . That was what's real . . . this is only imagined . . ."

Margaret was laughing, and Amy, less sure in her laughter, was explaining. They were two women alone; they had forgotten the man on the bed, that silent lost body lying between them, unseeing, unhearing, uncaring.

"I suppose it is too old-fashioned," Amy was saying, "but I always loved the material . . ."

"We could shorten the waist," Margaret was saying. "I know just how to do it, dear. But I think I'll dye it first. It's nice material, but the color. Frankly, dear . . ."

"It's the color I like," Amy was saying.

[Continued on page 46]

Travel-wise Luggage

(Continued from page 46)

Everyone seems restless. No, no, the station sandwich-stand is not the reason for the general exodus to the platform. The train moves on and later, much later, a kind English person, who, after some hundreds of miles of travel with you, plucks up courage to speak to you, vaguely refers to the nuisance of declaring heavy baggage at every frontier. You realize in horror that you should have been out looking after that trunk of yours which is, by now, reposing on the station platform in France while you are speeding through the German landscape.

Most tourist agencies will take care of your one large suitcase. You are supposed to look after your small overnight bag. However, it is usually wise and easy to keep your baggage in sight. Note the number on your porter's cap or armband and trot right along after him as fast as possible. If, however, you give him the number of your train seat, he can generally be relied upon to turn up at tipping time. Cling to your handbag. The ideal type should be roomy and fitted with compartments for keys, passports and cheque-books. It is soothing in a moment of stress to be able to lay hand on these objects quickly without pawing through powder compacts, lipsticks, kerchiefs and a dozen miscellaneous articles. Your money should be carried in travellers' cheques, all save an amount to provide for the immediate cash requirements of each day's travel.

Do not take a travelling rug with you. You can rent these for a trifle on the liners, and soft, clean pillows can be rented at most European railroad stations.

Place folds of tissue paper in every garment as you pack it and separate each layer by means of it. In this way you will guard against dampness and a continual outlay for pressing. You will also save yourself much annoyance at frontiers, for rare is the European Customs officer so ungallant as to rummage through luggage neatly and fastidiously arranged. If you have anything to declare, keep it on top or carry it in your hand and declare it immediately in a frank, businesslike way.

It is well to enquire about Customs regulations before entering a foreign country and avoid, if possible, carrying forbidden articles. A package of cigarettes or a box of candy will sometimes cause complications out of all proportion to any enjoyment you might derive from them and may even result in the unceremonious dumping of all your luggage on a wharf or platform to be tumbled about unmercifully by an unsympathetic officer.

Shoes and hats are difficult to carry in small space. One good, light-weight felt hat and a tiny, collapsible restaurant hat will suffice. One pair of walking shoes and a pair of dressier shoes, suitable for afternoon or evening duty, constitute a useful choice.

You must have a very good topcoat and a matching or harmonizing suit to wear with or without it. The suit of flannel or tweed has much to be said for it as against a knitted suit. For street wear on a cool morning it has a more citified air. If you can't take both, better the tweed or flannel.

All garments for street and outdoor wear should be in dark or medium shades. Your topcoat should harmonize with your suit as well as with your useful printed dress and your wash-silk tailored dress. By various combinations you will thus be well dressed whether the weather be warm or chilly.

It is not necessary to carry an enormous supply of undergarments. Ships' bath stewardesses and hotel maids will usually wash and iron on quick order for a small

fee. Always make these arrangements on arrival and specify a return date which will give you a little leeway.

With your suit, you will be very neat and smart if you have two or three fine cashmere pullovers with tailored collars like blouse collars. Mannish ties could accompany these and, for variety, take along a couple of nicely tailored wash silk blouses in medium colored checks or stripes. On a fine morning in town you will feel just a bit crisper in one of these.

A printed dress is, of course, a stand-by and a tailored wash silk similar to your blouses will be a blessing on a hot morning.

For your dressiest afternoon garment you would be wise to select a silk crêpe or georgette suit made fairly simply. This should serve for tea at a smart hotel.

On hasty tours you do not need more than one evening dress. A dark chiffon or lace packs easily and always looks well. Beautifully cut suede pumps can be chosen as an accompaniment and these will do formal afternoon duty also. A pair of lovely brilliant buckles will give them a gala evening appearance.

Be chary about taking many accessories. For the wardrobe planned below, you can do very well with two or three pretty ties or scarfs for your sweaters and blouses. Matching belts and hatbands will add a fillip in the way of variation. You might take an inexpensive wood or bead necklace also. You will find that European flower stalls will invite you to add the festive touch inexpensively when occasion arises. Parma violets, red or white gardenias and crisp carnations will seize your fancy. A few francs or a shilling to a smiling, wrinkled flower vendor will put you in holiday spirit and give you the loveliest of all ornaments to deck your costume. Above all, please observe one great big Don't and that is, don't take any valuable jewellery with you unless you want to cultivate some big furrows in your brow.

Contents of Wardrobe Case

- 2 Cashmere pullovers
- Ties, belts, hatbands
- 3 Pairs of wash gloves
- 2 Wash silk blouses
- 1 Printed frock
- 1 Crêpe or georgette suit
- 1 Wash silk tailored frock (long sleeves)
- 2 Extra pairs of lisle stockings
- 3 Pairs of service silk stockings
- 3 Pairs of evening chiffon stockings
- 1 Dark chiffon evening dress
- 1 Velvet or taffeta short wrap
- 1 Pair of evening shoes (suitable also for afternoon)
- 2 or 3 Silk slips
- 4 Sets of all other silk undergarments favored, including nightgowns
- 1 Knitted suit may be added

Wear

- 1 Topcoat
- 1 Tweed or flannel suit
- 1 Blouse or sweater
- 1 Light-weight felt hat
- 1 Pair of walking shoes
- 1 Pair of lisle stockings

Contents of Handbag

- Keys, tickets, passports
- Travellers' cheques
- First-aid kit
- Leather notecase
- Memo pad and pencil
- Change purse
- Cigarettes and lighter
- Mirror, powder, etc.

Contents of Overnight Bag

- All toilet requisites
- 1 Fine flannel or Cashmere dressing-gown
- 1 Nightgown
- 1 Pair of folding kid slippers
- 1 Handkerchief case
- Diary
- Travel clock with alarm
- Leather writing case
- A good book
- Small folding umbrella
- Featherweight rain cape
- Small emergency mending kit

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When She is Kissed?



(USE COUPON BELOW)

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As the propellers begin to turn, she breaks into a war dance—something's left behind.

Travelwise Luggage

What to take—and how to pack it

by MARY McNULTY FIX

LATE THIS SPRING the Coronation will undoubtedly attract an unusually large number of tourists to Europe. Steamship companies and railway companies are co-operating in fare reductions that will make it almost an extravagance to stay at home.

For a rapid, inexpensive tour the ideal wardrobe should be compact. Most tourist agencies advertise that they will take responsibility for one case of approximately 25" x 15" x 10". You will need an additional overnight bag and a carefully chosen handbag. There are several wonderfully made wardrobe cases on the market that will carry your entire outfit in the most efficient way. Half a dozen dresses may be placed upon their hangers and folded away into a minimum of space with practically no creasing. Many are fitted with adjustable or removable compartments you may use for shoes. You can have these cases in pigskin, cowhide, grain leathers, fabrikoid or lacquered tweed or linen according to your fancy and your pocketbook. They are light and durable and equipped with heavy lacings that act

as a buffer. They are sold under a variety of trade names which all suggest a "stay-put" security for your neatly packed garments.

Every boat bound for Europe carries at least one Miss Featherhead on board. She is perhaps bound for France on an English liner. She is the life of the party en route, forgetful of heavy trunks in the baggage room. At Cherbourg she descends gaily to the tender, admiring swains waving fond farewells from the rail. Just as the liner gives its last parting toot and propellers begin to churn, she breaks into a wild war-dance. Baggage men rush into a huddle. The distressing fact is that Miss Featherhead is off to Paris, willy-nilly, with a hat-box, a shoe case and a make-up kit. Her trunk or trunks will go on to London and nothing can be done about it. The distracted owner will have to wait for quite some time before she sees them again.

There are also some nerve-wracking moments at continental frontiers. Train attendants bawl in French or German.

[Continued on page 47]

Escape from Bondage

(Continued from page 44)

"I've had it five years. But I always loved it. Those daisies against the blue. Don't you think?"

"You'll see, honey," Margaret was saying quite happily. "I'll dye it a nice rich garnet . . . I love to change the color of things. You'll never know it's the same dress . . ."

Roger called across the stillness, in his invisible voice. "Let her dye it, darling. It doesn't matter . . . I've seen it now . . . let her dye it . . ."

There was no movement in the bed, but suddenly, by some imperceptible signal, Amy had turned to Roger.

"Margaret . . . Mrs. Baird," she murmured. Her patient was returning; she was a nurse again, and Margaret was not another girl, but her patient's wife, Mrs.

Baird. "He's rapidly coming out of it."

"He hasn't moved," Margaret said, and bent over him. "He's hardly breathing." She looked up with quick startled fear at the dark-eyed nurse across the bed. The daisy dress had fainted down between them across the whiteness of the counterpane.

"He's not dying?" Margaret said, and her fists were gripped as though she'd hold his very life by its reins.

Roger cried to her, still behind his immovable eyelids. "No, I'm not dying, poor strong Margaret. I intended to die. But I think . . . I'm changing . . . my mind . . ."

"He's coming back," Amy said. "Please telephone Dr. Taylor, Mrs. Baird."

The two women hung over him, where he lay undecided between the beckoning twilight and the fact-filled world.

"He's opening his eyes," Margaret said. "Darling . . . darling, do you know me?"

He turned his head to the other side of the bed.

"Roger . . . darling, here I am, dear. That's Miss Tandan, your nurse, darling."

"Amy," Roger said, "Amy."

its cradle and glared at it. Hmph! So she wasn't even bothering to keep the line open for a call from him! Well, Mardie could just go climb a rope!

At 7.40 Tommy marched briskly into the station. He was every inch himself. He was walking behind a redcap who for the moment had turned himself into a personal servant. The redcap was carrying Tommy's raincoat and suitcase. All that Tommy had to carry was Tommy. It occurred to him as he strolled across the giant rotunda that he was carrying Tommy rather well. Rather exceptionally well.

In the sleeper on the 7.50 Tommy's redcap shoved Tommy's suitcase between two facing seats.

Now the car porter appeared, white from the waist up and chocolate-colored from the neck up. "Lower?" asked the porter. "Naturally," said Tommy.

"Car's certainly full tonight," the porter volunteered. "Seems like everybody in town must be leaving."

For no particular reason—except that he was on expense account—Tommy handed the porter a dollar bill. "I may," said Tommy largely, "want a little service." He seated himself facing forward, his feet on the opposite cushion. After all, this was the life. To go places. To see things. Girls? The dickens with girls!

PEOPLE BUSTLED past in the aisle. Then a new redcap came in with a trim overnight bag and stood bowing and murmuring at the section on the opposite side of the car. A girl moved into the section. She had ankles, Tommy noticed. The ankles made a visual connection between tiny high-heeled slippers and the hem of a fawn-colored skirt.

Tommy lifted his gaze. Of all people, Paula Pilgrim—Paula in a fawn-colored suit and a tilted vermilion hat. Well, well, well—Paula Pilgrim! Paula of the tabloids. A sob sister but a good one. And on her way to the trial at Plattstown, naturally. Well, well, well! The best way to forget Mardie or any other girl . . .

He stepped across the aisle, smiling and holding out his hand.

"Hello, Paula. Remember me? I'm Tommy Bayne. Last time I saw you—Halifax, I guess. The Johnson wind-up."

It was plain, even to Tommy, that Paula's recollection was vague, but she covered handsomely. "Of all people!" she said. "Tommy Bayne! You going to Plattstown, too?"

"Nowhere else but," said Tommy.

Tommy sat beside her. He was feeling better.

Paula turned and surveyed Tommy with frankness. "You're not so bad-looking," she said. "Why have you always been so stiff and standoffish up till now?"

Tommy knew very well. The answer was Mardie; the way he had felt toward Mardie. But what Tommy said was, "Maybe you were too busy to pay attention, Paula."

"Maybe I was," the girl remarked reminiscently. She lifted a middle finger, as if thoughtfully, from a manicured white hand that lay otherwise idle upon the fawn-colored sleekness of her skirted thigh.

Tommy became aware of a vast stirring on the other side of the car. A man was gesticulating and arguing. Two porters, the redcap and the car porter, were being sorry about something. The man said firmly: "But I assure you the lower is mine. My ticket calls for it."

The car porter peered. "Yes, suh," he conceded. "It maybe does." The redcap was disposing of a double armload of luggage; two suitcases, several paper packages, two briefcases, a golf bag and a tennis racket.

"The travelling public," said Tommy to Paula. He thumbed across the aisle with an air of patronage. He laughed. "The stoop thinks he's got the lower," he explained. "Do you know why he hasn't got it? I've got it."

Paula said, "I think you're cute."

"You'll pass, too," said Tommy. He patted Paula's nearer hand. Then he glanced up to find the Pullman porter and the man from across the aisle standing over him.

"I'm sorry," said the man, "but there seems to be a misunderstanding. A duplicate sale, perhaps." He smiled at Tommy. He was a tall, thin, youngish man wearing horn-rimmed spectacles.

Tommy recognized him instantly. The recognition was such a shock that Tommy bounced to his feet. But he managed to speak suavely. "I couldn't help hearing you—only you see I happen to have the lower. Of course, if you prefer it I'd be only too glad—"

"Not at all," said the young man. "It's just—well, rather a matter of principle. That is if you pay for something it seems to me—"

It was then that the young man recognized Tommy. He stood stock-still. His mouth opened. His mouth closed. Then he said hurriedly: "Wait a minute—your name—oh, yes, Bayne. I'm rather bad on names. I—I heard you were going to be on this train, Mr. Bayne. Odd coincidence, under the circumstances." He held out his right hand.

Automatically Tommy shook hands with George Lockwelter.

Mr. Lockwelter continued talking. Quite obviously he was nervous, keyed up. He said unsteadily: "Funny thing that you and I should be going to the same place. Or isn't it? Or is it?"

"Did Mardie tell you?" asked Tommy. He eyed Mr. Lockwelter.

"Naturally. How else would I have known?"

"So Mardie called you up?"

George Lockwelter smiled fatuously. He gulped. Then he smiled again and said: "Well, I don't see any harm in telling you. I mean, really I should. It's—well, it's rather interesting. The way luck breaks. First for one person and then for another. I—I hope you'll take it that way, Mr. Bayne. You see—well, here at the last minute I get my first capital case on my own—that is I'm head of the defense, though we have associates in Plattstown, of course. And then on the same day—it certainly has turned out to be a big day for me!" He bent over, lowered his voice. "She—she's accepted me at last. We're going to be married."

"Meaning Mardie?" enquired Tommy.

"Naturally," said Mr. Lockwelter. Then he laughed jerkily. "Good luck certainly comes in bunches, doesn't it?" he remarked.

The whole part of Tommy inside his ribs was beginning to feel oddly cold, icily cold. Somebody was delivering ice—neat little cubical chunks of ice—inside the region of his chest and stomach. But Tommy did a grin.

Said Tommy lightly, "I can tell you one place your luck isn't coming in bunches. I've got that lower."

"Yes?" said George Lockwelter.

The Pullman porter was hovering, so Tommy reached into his trousers pocket and nonchalantly brought out the slip for his berth. "Read that and weep," he said. The porter seized the ticket, scrutinized it.

It was a ticket for Upper 7.

The porter chuckled. George Lockwelter chuckled. There was nothing else left for Tommy to do so Tommy chuckled, though not quite with the same spontaneity. "Wrong again," he said, and shrugged. Then he roused himself.

"I don't believe that about luck," he stated firmly. "Luck's luck. It's the law of averages. The idea that it runs in bunches is nothing but superstition. Look. I'll tell you what, George—I don't mean you, Lockwelter—I mean the porter here." He addressed the porter. "Remember the dollar I gave you a couple of minutes ago?"

The porter did.

"Well," said Tommy, "I can use that dollar. I'll gamble that dollar of yours against five of mine—wait a minute, here's a five-dollar bill—I'll gamble you your

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A Two-letter Word Meaning No!

(Continued from page 15)

you don't mind my saying so, Mardie. Matter of fact he looks like a used shipping clerk. They're the worst kind. No mileage in 'em at all."

"Tommy, please!"

"I'm an expert," said Tommy. "I can tell shipping clerks from shipping. Shipping is boats that float around on the harbor and have smokestacks and go places. Shipping clerks—"

MARDIE WHEELED and walked out through the doorway. She couldn't help it. Tommy's complete self-assurance was something she had never been able to cope with. She straightened her back and walked fast.

But of course Tommy walked faster. His hand slid through the crook of her left elbow. "Taking a walk?" he asked.

Mardie said without turning, "I'm going home."

"To George, the shipping clerk?" Tommy's voice was mocking.

"It happens," said Mardie sidewise, "it happens not to be any of your business any more."

"Ouch!" said Tommy, and laughed.

Mardie said nothing. She kept on walking.

Tommy went on talking. "Portrait of young woman slightly annoyed," he remarked.

Mardie halted abruptly. She was angry by now, angry because Tommy kept treating her lightly. The corner was only a few strides ahead. She said incisively: "At least George cares enough about me to do something about it. George—he's getting somewhere, going somewhere—not just around in circles. He—if a man loves a girl—and if he's a real man—he does something, he amounts to something. A man—a real man—he tries."

Mardie froze. She could feel herself freeze. She had said these words. She had heard them come out of her mouth. But she hadn't said them. She hadn't! It wasn't possible.

Instinctively her hand moved, felt out toward Tommy's arm, where it belonged. If only she could reach Tommy's arm, cling to it, smother her face against his coat...

But Tommy had stepped back. He had drawn himself up. With sarcasm he said: "Riding herd on me, hey? Doing woman stuff on me, hey? Well, I happen to be one man that that can't be done to."

Mardie stared at him, even as her outstretched hand crept back toward herself. She saw, as if it were in a movie or something, that Tommy was staring back at her. His eyes were round. His mouth was open. He was getting red in the face.

"I—I wasn't doing just woman stuff," she said, in a voice that sounded meek to her own ears.

"You were too," asserted Tommy. His voice was harsh.

It was then that Mardie blew up. She backed away from Tommy. The words poured out. She could hear the words pouring but she could neither halt them nor alter them:

"The great promiser!" she said to Tommy. "Do you remember what you said? 'We'll get married and live in Pelham'—that's what you said. 'We'll get married and live in Jackson Heights'—that's what you said." She gulped. "We've been going around together for a year and a half, Tommy, and in that year and a half you've arrived—well, just nowhere. Either with me or with yourself. Nowhere! You were going to change your hours so we could be together more. Only did you? Yes, and a year and a half ago you were going to write a book—remem-

ber? On your days off—remember? Then you were going to do a play. And then you were going to do some short stories for the magazines. Total result, zero. Just talk."

Tommy's eyes peered down into hers. Tommy's eyes looked hurt, angry, bewildered, all three things at once. With something of his old airy manner he said, "So that's it—you couldn't take it."

"Correct," said Mardie at once. "After a year and a half it began to occur to me"—ah, she was remembering now what Elsa had said!—"it began to occur to me that love isn't a one-way street. Love's a two-way street, or else it isn't love."

"I suppose you're an expert!" said Tommy.

"At least I know more about love than you do," Mardie shot at him.

"Oh, is that so!" said Tommy.

"Yes, it is so."

Visibly Tommy gathered himself. He straightened his shoulders. He became an inch taller. "In that case," he said with hauteur, "everything's okay with me. Take your George Lockwelter."

"I'm going to," said Mardie.

She didn't look around. She stumbled across the street and by the time she got to the apartment she had herself in hand. She smiled at Elsa. She yanked off her hat. She went straight to the telephone.

"Who are you calling?" Elsa demanded.

Mardie smiled anew. "George Lockwelter, naturally. I've decided to marry him, Els. The sooner the better. If he can arrange it I'll marry him tonight."

TOMMY WAS angry, gorgeously angry.

No girl on earth was going to tell him where to get off. Not even Mardie. No girl on earth! What did Mardie think, anyway? Here she was, like in magazine stories, getting bossy with him already. Trying to dominate him. Well, she would simply have to learn that a man was a man, with a man's natural need to be himself. That was the dickens of falling for any woman; right away you had to stop being yourself and start being somebody else.

No argument, she had been riding him too much lately about what she called his gambling. Well, maybe not riding him, but certainly mentioning it.

And now she had begun riding him about his job. That was unforgivable. A job was a job; a darned swell thing to have these days. What if the hours were upside down? Wasn't he working when a lot of other men weren't? At cocktail time and at dinner time and at theatre time—that was when he was working, while other men played. And if anybody thought that newspaper work wasn't work they were nuts. It was keyed-up work, the hardest kind of work. So he was to spend his days off doing more work—was that it? Doing piffling little pieces for the magazines. Doing piffling little chapters on a piffling little book. Doing a play. As if all the half-baked newspapermen in the world weren't doing a play!

Tommy had reached his room by now. He tossed his clothes into his suitcase. He laughed aloud. No girl on earth was going to tell him...

George Lockwelter, huh? Tommy remembered George Lockwelter perfectly well. A tall skinny guy wearing horn-rimmed specs. A pleasant, sort of diffident, well-meaning guy. No steam to him. No steam at all. Why, Mardie could no more be crazy about that goof—

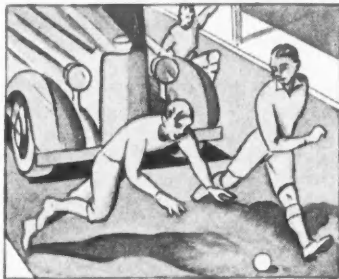
But of course! Tommy laughed again. He saw it all now. Mardie was simply using George Lockwelter as a stall. The very essence of woman stuff! Yes, that was it. Mardie was using George as a club, a whip, to bring Tommy into line. Just because she was mad at him for something.

Tommy thought he would call Mardie on the telephone, just to kid her a little about what she wasn't putting over.

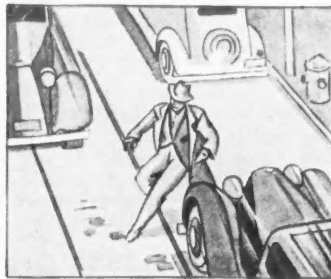
Mardie's line proved busy. It stayed busy. Over a period of twenty minutes Tommy tried the number a half-dozen times, while his irritation mounted. Finally he slapped the instrument back into

Stepping into the Beyond

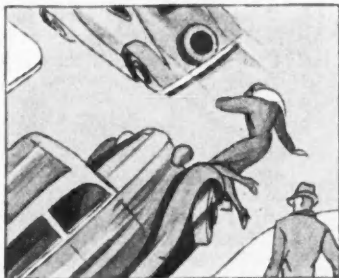
Here are the ten most frequent causes of accidents to pedestrians in Canada. How guilty are you?



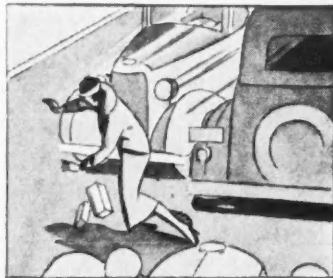
Children playing in streets. This leads by a large margin. As a playground, the street is next-door to eternity.



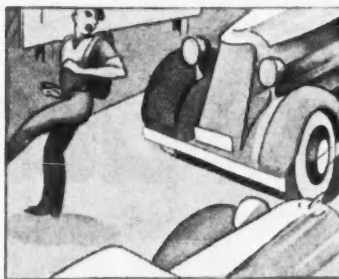
Crossing between intersections. This tops the list for adults. The herd instinct isn't so silly, after all.



Crossing without proper care at intersections without signals. Accidents at lightless street corners are double those at signal corners.



Coming out suddenly from behind parked vehicles or objects which obstruct the motorist's view.



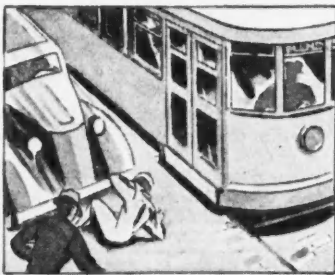
Walking on the highway, in the line of motor traffic, or crossing the highway carelessly.



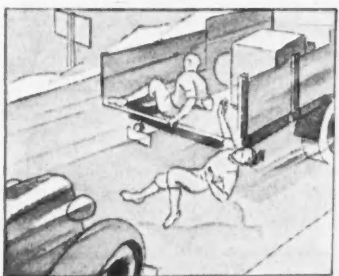
Crossing against the signal at corners where lights or other signals have been installed.



Working in the road during hours of heavy traffic.



Waiting for, or getting on or off street cars without proper care. Accidents are practically eliminated in safety zone areas.



Riding or hitching on vehicles. Hitch-hiking on the run is dangerous business.



Getting on or off a vehicle, and not watching for others approaching.

Do This For a Cold



1. Take 2 "ASPIRIN" tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.



2. If throat is sore, crush and stir 3 "ASPIRIN" tablets in $\frac{1}{2}$ glass of water. Gargle twice.

The Modern-Day Way to Ease Cold and Sore Throat Quickly



The modern way to curb a cold is: Two "Aspirin" tablets the moment you feel a cold coming on. Repeat, if needed, according to directions in box.

At the same time, if you have a sore throat, crush and dissolve three "Aspirin" tablets in one-third glass of water. And gargle with this mixture twice.

The "Aspirin" you take internally will act to combat fever, cold pains and the cold itself. The gargle will provide almost instant relief from rawness and pain, acting like a

local anesthetic on the irritated throat membrane.

Try this way. Your doctor will endorse it. It is quick, effective and ends the taking of strong medicines for a cold.

"Aspirin" tablets are made in Canada. "Aspirin" is the registered trade-mark of the Bayer Company, Limited, of Windsor, Ontario. Look for the name Bayer in the form of a cross on every tablet.



Demand and Get—

ASPIRIN

TRADE-MARK REG.

CRANKED CAR wrenched back

Salesman on job
same day thanks to
Absorbine Jr.



WRITES Salesman J.R.*: "I went out to start the car one zero morning and the engine was so stiff the starter wouldn't budge it. I got out and cranked and wrenched my back so badly I thought the pain would keep me in bed for days. But my wife rubbed in Absorbine Jr. at once and after a few applications I was ready to go out and sell my prospect."

Good old Absorbine Jr. comes in handy so often in the home to ease and comfort paining muscles. Strains, sprains, bruises, muscular rheumatic aches and similar ailments gratefully yield their soreness to its cooling, soothing kindness.

Also famous for Athlete's Foot, Absorbine Jr. is the friend of millions, recommended by many doctors and nurses for more than forty years. Your druggist has Absorbine Jr., \$1.25 a bottle and thrifty because a little goes such a long way. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 242 Lyman Building, Montreal.

*Based on actual letter in our files

ABSORBINE JR.

(MADE IN CANADA)

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot, sleeplessness

dollar against my five that I can guess odd or even on the first coin you pull out of your pocket. I'm giving you five to one. Is that fair?"

"Any time, boss," said the porter, showing signs of eagerness. He fumbled in his pocket, pulled out a coin.

"Odd," said Tommy decisively.

The porter held out the coin. Its date was 1932. Tommy handed over the five-dollar bill.

"Want to match double or quits?" suggested Tommy.

"Not me," said the porter. "The thing about gamblin' that's took me a long time to learn, boss, is to know when to quit. Reason I had to learn it, I got me a gal. We're goin' to be married."

Tommy bowed to George Lockwelter somewhat formally. Nothing else, he thought, could possibly happen to him. Enough had happened, plenty enough. He had just tossed away five dollars for no known reason on earth. He had tossed it to a colored porter who thereupon had given him a brief but pointed lecture on the ethics of gambling. But that wasn't the half of it, Tommy reflected. He had lost his lower berth. He had lost his girl. And the man who had taken his girl away from him had been a witness to all this humiliation. The only thing this other man didn't know—and maybe he did, come to think of it—was that Mardie had called the turn on him. Yes, Mardie had told him the truth, that he was a loafer, a staller, a drifter, a playboy, a show-off. Well, nothing more could happen to him now.

But something did. He felt a tug at his coat sleeve.

"Tommy, what's the matter with you? Have you forgotten I'm alive or something? Introduce me to the boy friend. Didn't I hear him say he was for the defense?"

Tommy had totally forgotten about Paula. But there she was. And very much alive.

He performed the introduction with the best grace he could summon. He said: "Miss Pilgrim, this is Mr. Lockwelter, the defense counsel on the trial we're covering. Mr. Lockwelter, Miss Pilgrim. If you want a nasty tabloid to give you a good break, George, she's the girl that can give it to you."

"Won't you sit down with us?" suggested Paula.

"Sorry," George Lockwelter said, measuring Paula with a sardonic eye. "Terribly sorry, but I've got to get right to work." He bowed himself away.

"But not you," said Paula to Tommy archly, and yanked him down beside her. "You and I are going to have a lot of fun," she said.

"Of course. Sure!" said Tommy vaguely.

THE TRAIN was moving without motion. There was a sense of sound rather than of movement. But lights were sliding by the windows. And then the sense of sound became more definite. Outside, as in another world, were motors and lights and tall apartments. People doing things. No, people who had done things; at least the male half of them. Not loafers and stallers and drifters but men who had worked. Women and men and children—and the women and the children were there, and they were living and they were eating and they were buying and they were laughing, because men did jobs in a world that was made of jobs to be done.

Tommy gulped. He said to Paula, thumbing: "This out here, in case you don't know it, is Toronto. And furthermore it's San Francisco, Chicago, London, Paris, and all the rest."

"I studied geography, too," said Paula. "Suppose, just for fun, that we tie a can to the deep philosophy and go up to the club car for a decent highball, with ice."

"Er—sure," said Tommy.

There came now a sort of heavy mumbling, a sort of dull smoothish stuttering from underneath the Pullman. Thought Tommy dully, "She's slowing down for a station."

Then, abruptly, he thought not dully. For the first time that evening, it seemed to him, he was thinking with complete clarity.

Without a word to Paula he flipped to his feet, stalked to the end of the car. It was the wrong end. The porter wasn't there. Nobody was there. But Tommy had been on Pullmans before. He twisted the little handle near the top of the door, he twisted the big handle which was set where a handle should be. The door whipped open. Tommy didn't even bother to raise the platform flap. He just jumped off while the train was slowing down.

Below, on the street, he called a taxi. He had eighteen dollars with him. His suitcase, his clothes, his raincoat, his hat—all were on the train going north to Plattstown. What of it? Tommy was happy. He was heading south.

Elsa met him at the door. "Sorry," she said coldly. "Mardie's in bed."

Tommy walked right through Elsa. Yes, Elsa had told the truth. Mardie was in bed and asleep. Tommy sat down on the edge of the bed, wrenching his knees crosswise so they wouldn't jam into the bureau.

Mardie, all dusky hair, came awake bewilderedly.

"Who?" she quavered.

"Me, honey. I've been an ass. I've been a fool. I've been everything you said. Only not any more. I'm ashamed of myself. I'll work so hard—"

Mardie sat up. She blinked. "Tommy?" she gasped.

"Not any more," said Tommy. "I'm two other guys. I don't know who I am but I know one thing. Tonight inside a couple of hours I've grown up. Adult! Whatever you want, whatever you want me to do—"

"How about letting her get up and get dressed?" remarked Elsa dryly from the doorway.

Out in the living room Tommy faced Elsa. Elsa gave him a long, long eyeing up and down.

"I'm beginning to change my mind," said Elsa then. "Only won't you lose your job if you don't get up to that trial?"

"Sure thing, but I can take the morning train. Plenty of time. I'll get there. Listen, Elsa, are you going to go technical on me? Can't you believe a man when he comes crawling in on his hands and knees?"

Mardie walked out in a bathrobe. Stiffly she said, "Why did you come here, Tommy?"

"To marry you. Right now. Tonight. The quicker the quicker. I'm not going to have any more of this mind changing."

Mardie just stood there, rigid. The ends of her fingers were working into her palms. The tears were glinting in her eyes. "B-but, Tommy," she said, "I've just told George—"

"Untell him," said Tommy. "You untold me, didn't you?"

"Yes, but what will I say?"

"Simple," said Tommy. "Simple as pie. Just tell him—well, just tell him anything."

"Tell him no," said Elsa crisply. "It's an easily pronounced two-letter word that every woman should memorize from babyhood. In practically all dealings with men—"

But neither Mardie nor Tommy heard what Elsa was saying. For the tears were flooding down Mardie's cheeks, and Tommy, holding Mardie tight, was industriously kissing them away.

Elsa turned her back. It seemed to be the thing to do. She straightened a lampshade, emptied an ashtray. Then she wheeled, smiled wanly, and addressed the room at large.

"Should I be here?" she enquired of the ceiling.

The ceiling echoed her answer, echoed it so instantly that it sounded like Elsa's own voice. The ceiling said, quite cheerfully, "No." So Elsa went out. It must have been at least ten minutes, maybe twenty, before Mardie and Tommy realized that they had been left alone.

CONSTIPATION MADE HUSBAND DRAGGY



HE just didn't feel like work or play. Always draggy and worn out—often cross and irritable. But like so many women, his wife knew about Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). She put him wise. He found out what an astonishing difference there was in this purely vegetable laxative. Not merely partial relief. Instead thorough, cleansing action that aided in ridding his system of poisonous waste, refreshed him, made him feel like a "million." Try NR Tablets yourself. Note how gentle they are and non-habit forming. 25 tablets —25 cents at any drugstore.

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

FREE: Beautiful Six-color 1937 Calendar-Thermometer. Also sample NR and Tums. Send stamp for postage and packing to the Lewis Medicine Co., 67 Crawford Ave., Desk 250B-18, Windsor, Ontario.

NEW Quick Way to Safely Conceal SKIN BLEMISHES

A touch with SPOT-STIK completely conceals pimples, moles, hickies, eye shadows, burns, other small discolorations and blemishes. 3 shades: light, medium or dark \$1.25. At cosmetic counters or direct from Cover Mark Ltd., Toronto 2.



GRAY HAIR! The Best Remedy is Made at Home

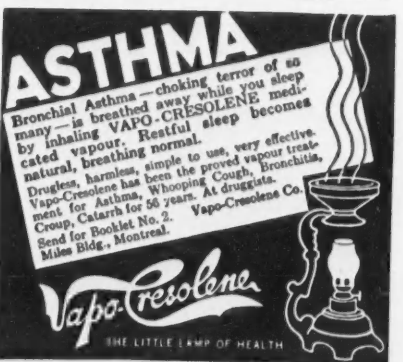
YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Orlax Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Orlax imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair when it is so easy to get rid of it in your own home.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning
Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Harmful poisons go into the body, and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't always get at the cause. You need something that works on the liver as well. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless and gentle, they make the bile flow freely. They do the work of calomel but have no calomel or mercury in them. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name! Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.



Pretty soon, a big dish of green ice cream was set down in front of Cecily Ann. She sat and looked at it, and poked it with the spoon while Larry Farris hung over her. She was glad when Nurse came with her blue coat and bonnet. It put off having to eat that ice cream a little longer.

"Oh, Mr. Farris," Nurse said. "Evans is in such a frightful rush with the party—he wants to take me home now. So if you wouldn't mind sending Cecily Ann out to her father when she's through with her ice cream—"

"Through with it!" groaned Larry Farris. "She hasn't even started it yet."

"Cecily Ann, I'm just crazy about you, but I can't spend the whole party out here," said Larry Farris. "How's about my feeding you that ice cream myself?"

He took the spoon, and dug it deep into the green blob on the plate. Cecily Ann felt inside like she did when she went down on the express elevator from Dad's office.

"Come, pixie, open your mouth," urged Larry Farris.

The spoon, dripping green, was right in front of Cecily Ann's nose. Horrible! She leaned forward and sank her teeth into Larry Farris' wrist.

She didn't understand the words he sputtered out, but she knew he was angry—angrier even than Nurse when a child did things Nurse called "naughty." He bounced Cecily Ann off the chair, and taking her by the shoulder, hurried her to the door.

"There's your father," he said, pointing across the lobby. "Go to him, and the sooner, the better."

He gave her a little push, and Cecily Ann had a hard time to keep from falling. She caught herself up, and stood swaying. The room was swaying too—down and up—down and up. Suddenly, she knew she

was going to be sick. She kicked open a small door at the side of the room, and stumbled out on the sand.

After that, everything was strange and mixed up like a dream. It was very black night, and the elevator was going down—faster—faster. Then it stopped, and Cecily Ann was in bed in a strange room, and she had the feeling of grownups bending over her. A light was on, a single bulb that hung down on a cord from the middle of the ceiling. The grownups were Katsy's mother, and a short round man, who smiled and looked stern at the same time. Katsy's mother was talking in a voice that was quite loud even though she was whispering:

"... Lying down all alone on the beach... The club closed up, dark as a pocket... We started to take her home, but she was so sick, and as our place was closest..."

"I phoned her house," said the short round man. "Her mother is coming right over."

"Hrrrrrrmp!" said Katsy's mother.

She put a soft hand under Cecily Ann's head while the short round man poured something down her throat that made her feel cool and sleepy.

NEXT IT WAS morning. Cecily Ann knew it was morning by the grey glow that came through her lids. She opened her eyes. Grownups were still bending over her, but this time, besides Katsy's mother and the short round man, there were Sheila and Dad.

"Look, she's awake," whispered Sheila. "May I kiss her, doctor?"

"I don't see why not."

Sheila went to Cecily Ann, and put gentle arms around her.

"Oh, my poor baby!" she cried. "Can you ever forgive your mother?"

"It wasn't your fault," said Dad. "It was mine. I should have known when Cecily Ann didn't come out, it wasn't because you wouldn't let her drive home with me."

"It was Larry Farris," said Sheila, her eyes hard. "He'd told me he'd turned her over to you, and, of course, I thought she was safe at the house. When I think what might have happened! Doctor, are you sure she'll be all right?"

"She's all right now." The short round man's answer was almost a chuckle. "There was nothing the matter with her but a good old-fashioned tummy ache. Eating her head off on the richest kind of food, and in her undernourished condition—"

"Oh, I know—malnutrition," broke in Sheila. "We've been so worried. We've had the very best advice, and tried so hard."

The doctor straightened up. "I have to tell you," he said, "this child's case is not so uncommon as you might suppose. I happen to belong to a clinic that made a survey of the children of this city, a few years ago. You'll probably be surprised to hear that we found there was a higher percentage of malnutrition cases among the young of the very rich than among families such as—" His eyes swept the room, and he turned to Katsy's mother. "Ever have trouble about your children eating?" he asked.

"Sure. But my trouble is—they eat too much." Katsy's mother laughed, and went bustling out of the room.

"You see," the doctor explained, "a rich child is often coaxed or forced to eat until the natural appetite is destroyed. There is too much of everything, and a food phobia is set up. Then, unless the paid nurse is exceptionally sympathetic and understanding—" He broke off, and

looked down speculatively at Cecily Ann.

"I see what you mean," Sheila was smiling brightly through wet eyes. "You can pay for sympathy and understanding, but no matter how much you pay, you can't always get them. But suppose I took care of Cecily Ann myself for a while—made mistakes even—?"

"You're an intelligent woman, Mrs. Wentworth. I don't think you'd make so many mistakes," chuckled the doctor. "And with your husband to help you—"

Sheila's eyes dropped. "My husband is a very busy man," she said.

"Right," cried Dad. "But very darned efficient. Now if I made it my business—our business—to put ten pounds on Cecily Ann in two months—"

"Six pounds in four months," corrected the doctor.

Dad turned to Sheila. "Think we can do it?" he asked.

"We can, dear," said Sheila firmly; and put her hand in Dad's.

Just then Katsy's mother came bustling in. She carried a glass of milk that looked beautiful. Sheila took it from her, smiling.

"Cecily Ann certainly knows how to pick friends," she said. "But—oh—I haven't asked about your little girl. She ate all that dreadful food with Cecily Ann, and she was sick, too."

"Oh Katsy, that brat!" said Katsy's mother. "She's up, and as full of the devil as ever. She wasn't nearly as sick as your poor darling."

It was then that Katsy's small greenish face came up from under her mother's elbow. "Wasn't I?" she asked in a disappointed voice.

Before anybody could answer, Cecily Ann raised her head weakly from the pillow, and, in triumphant imitation of Katsy herself, grunted:

"Huh!"

[The End]

THEM WE'D BOTH



DON'T LET UNDERFED BLOOD MAKE YOU FEEL "DONE UP"

THAT "all-in" feeling so many people have at this time of year is often a sign of a run-down physical condition.

Usually this tired feeling comes when your blood is *undefed* and does not carry enough of the right kind of nourishment to your muscles and nerves.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast supplies your blood with vitamins and other needed food elements. Your blood then carries more and better food to your nerves and muscles.

Eat 2 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, a cake about ½ hour before meals or at bedtime, plain or in a little water. Start now.

IT'S YOUR BLOOD THAT "FEEDS" YOUR BODY

ONE of the important functions of your blood stream is to carry nourishment from your food to the muscle and nerve tissues of your entire body.

When you find you get overtired at the least extra effort, it is usually a sign that your blood is not supplied with enough food for your tissues.

What you need is something to help your blood get more nourishment from your food.



FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST CONTAINS 4 VITAMINS IN ADDITION TO HORMONE-LIKE SUBSTANCES, WHICH HELP THE BODY GET GREATER VALUE FROM THE FOOD YOU EAT, AND GET IT FASTER-----



Buy Made-in-Canada Goods

Tummy Ache

(Continued from page 32)

beads. "Huh! I'll bet that stuff tastes awful. I'll see."

Cecily Ann didn't say anything, and Katsy took a toast square, and, after several bites, made a face. But she ate it all up, and took another one.

"Huh! Just what I thought. Awful!"

"If it's no good, what are you eating it for?" asked Cecily Ann.

"Huh!" grunted Katsy. "My mom says I can eat tacks. She says she never saw a kid with such an appetite. I can eat six potatoes, and a whole dish of turnips, and a lot of pork and apple sauce, and still I ain't filled up. Tonight, I ate four wienies and two ice cream cones and a big hunk of watermelon, and I can come over here and eat your truck, too." She reached for a chocolate-covered cake.

Suddenly, Cecily Ann couldn't stand the boasting any longer.

"I could eat as much as you if I wanted to," she said.

Katsy looked at her, and laughed scornfully. "You could not! My mom says she guesses you never ate a decent meal in your life. She says you're so skinny a breath of air would blow you clean out the window."

"I could eat just as much as you, if I wanted to," Cecily Ann repeated angrily.

"That's what you think!" taunted Katsy. "Tell you what—I'll eat you a race." She grabbed a crescent-shaped toast, striped with red, and stuffed it into her mouth.

Cecily Ann grabbed one, too. After the first bite, it seemed to stop the hurting feeling in her stomach. She finished it quickly. Before Katsy had finished hers.

"Huh!" said Katsy. "The race ain't who can eat the quickest, but who can eat the mostest." She reached for a patty shell filled with clotted cream.

Cecily Ann took one, too. Followed sausages spiked on colored toothpicks, little pearl onions on brown bread, sandwiches that tasted of peanut butter but more peppery, toasted ovals glazed with curled-up fish, paper-thin slices of ham, shrimps in cheese jackets, celery stuffed with green. And cakes. Lots and lots of little cakes.

Why eating was fun! Cecily Ann wasn't scared any more. Not of drying up or the deform school or anything. She felt warm and important and boastful. She'd made up her mind to out-eat Katsy.

Katsy took a long time at a squashy chocolate éclair. Before it was half done, she dropped it on the table, and pinched Cecily Ann's arm.

"Lookit that big pink spider. He's alive."

"He's not a spider," said Cecily Ann.

"He's a lobster. And he isn't alive. He's here to eat. I'll show you."

She broke off a claw the way she had seen grownups do, and began to gnaw. Katsy broke off another claw, and picked at it gingerly. After a minute, she put it back on the platter.

"I'm going back to my folks," she said.

"Then I win," cried Cecily Ann.

"Naw," said Katsy, rubbing her stomach. "I got lots more room. It's just that your food ain't no good. I'm going back to my own beach party and eat watermelon."

She turned, and ducked quickly out through the French window.

Cecily Ann looked at the table. She and

Katsy had certainly eaten a lot. The empty platters showed up ugly among the full ones. It would be a good thing to get out of that room in a hurry. Besides, her stomach was beginning to feel very queer. Perhaps it would feel better where there wasn't so much food to look at.

The party was going on now, all right. The club was so full of people it was hard to keep from bumping into them, and there were the sounds of grownups having fun; talk and laughing and the boom-boom beat of dancing.

Cecily Ann found Nurse in the lobby near the door, and there was Dad next to her. He was talking to Nurse very hard, and she seemed to be nodding "yes" to everything. His face lit when he saw Cecily Ann. He took her up and cradled her in long, strong arms. It made her feel better being held that way, pressed against his warm body.

"You didn't go away, Dad," she said. "You've come to the party."

"I went away, but it wasn't far enough. I'm going much farther away, on a long trip around the world," Dad said. "And I've been telling Nurse that she must take very good care of you while I'm gone."

"I certainly will," said Nurse. "I'm so fond of the little precious."

Cecily Ann thought it was funny how fond Nurse always was of her when there were grownups to hear. But she didn't want to be taken good care of by Nurse. She didn't want Dad to go away around the world. She clung to him tightly.

Dad said to Nurse: "Isn't it time she was home in bed?"

"It certainly is," said Nurse. "I was just going to call Evans."

"Why don't I drive her home myself," suggested Dad. "That would give me a little longer with her. I'm sure Mrs. Wentworth wouldn't mind."

"I'm sure she wouldn't," agreed Nurse. "Well, then, will you please tell her," said Dad. "And you'd better ride with Evans. I'm driving the roadster, and there isn't much room."

Cecily Ann knew there was plenty of room for three in Dad's big brown roadster. It was just that he didn't want Nurse to be with them.

Nurse took Cecily Ann by the hand, and said: "Come, precious, say goodnight to your mother. And be sure to tell her what a nice time you had at the party."

SHEILA WAS in the lounge, standing against the wall of flowers. Cecily Ann went up to her, did her little bow, and said: "Goodnight, mother, and I've had a very nice time at the party."

"You darling!" Sheila stooped down so she was close to Cecily Ann.

"Mr. Wentworth stopped by, and he asked if you'd mind if he drove Cecily Ann home himself," said Nurse.

Sheila straightened up, and all the party seemed to go out of her face. "Of course," she said, shortly. "I'm glad to have him do that." She bent over Cecily Ann again. "Darling, have you had your ice cream?"

Cecily Ann shook her head. Ice cream was about the only thing she and Katsy hadn't eaten. She didn't want any now, but she knew it wouldn't be polite to say so.

Sheila called out to Larry Farris who was standing near:

"Larry, be a dear, and give Cecily Ann her ice cream. It will save time." She turned to Nurse. "You go get her wraps, and tell Evans, please."

Larry Farris came over, all smiles. He picked Cecily Ann up, and carried her off, walking in a quick jerky way that made the floor sway. He put her down at a high table, and called a waiter.

BUT GRACE—I TOLD SURELY BE THERE—

GRACE WAS "TOO TIRED"
TO ENJOY THE CROWD



VITAMINS A. B. G and D



DOIN'S IN HARRISFIELD

by Anne Elizabeth Wilson

WHERE SPRING cleaning is concerned, Mirella always begins on the closets. "You better have that weddin' dress out again to air," she counsels; "last year they was a cocoon into it. My—I guess you was a little neater around the waist then than now. Oh, well, never mind, you're comfortable."

"Seein' your weddin' dress puts me in mind o' my own weddin'. It was nice, but catch me gettin' married agin! Not even fer the gettin' out o' bein' an old maid if I was one, I wouldn't go for it again."

"And it's a funny thing, ain't it, how any ole weasel, even if he can't get nothin' else, can always get him a wife? They was a ole fella back home used to be a reglar nuisance, no good to nobody and wouldn't work neither, but the girls was silly on 'im, and I couldn't tell ye why. If he looked at 'em sideways, they was half paralyzed. And if that good-fer-nothin' ole scamp didn't cock his greasy eye at one of the nicest little women that God ever made, and didn't she up and marry him. She had a little somethin' of her own, an' she worked an' slaved keepin' that there ole codger as sweet and neat as a baby, takin' his lip and meanness all the time and proud of it. O'course, he didn't last long, bein' nothin' but a wore out left-over when she got 'im, but she put up one of the nicest stones ye ever see, and kep' right on workin' hard for years to pay up for his funeral and all. And for anything ye could see, all she ever got out of it was the honor of havin' her own self inscribed as his relick and wearin' the same black dress till she got laid out alongside of him. That's the way it goes."

"Why, I got cousins—you wouldn't believe it—but I got twenty cousins with one father. O' course, I wouldn't put him down with that other fella, but this is what he done. When he was a young man, he married and settled down to raise a family, and by his first wife he had ten fine children. O' course, in them days they married young, and his oldest was just about squarin' himself around for to do the same thing, when my uncle lost his wife and got married agin. And by her, didn't he go and have ten more!"

"But he was a nice man in his way, and I guess, whichever way you take it, both his wives'd have to admit he didn't play no favorites between 'em."

"Maybe you think I'm agin' men. Well, maybe I am and maybe I ain't. If women is foolish about men, some men is foolish about women, too. They'd let women walk right over 'em. They got an idea women is different and nicer 'n men and you can't help it. You just got to treat 'em accordin'. Why, some men would just think it was girlish if their wife had dandruff."

"Now you take pore Mr. Tudhope. There was a bamboozled man. He was a real good pervider and a reg'lar churchgoer, but he got to talkin' so much about his troubles down to the factory where he worked, that they begin to think maybe he was kinda crazy. So they sent him up to Ole Doc for to see was he all right in his head. And it come out his wife had gone and forged his name and took out all their savin's and spent 'em, and that worried him, but he'd say: 'What can you do? You can't put your own wife in jail.' And then she got mad at 'im one morning while he was shavin', an' knocked him on the head with the stove poker, an' it paralyzed the side of his face so it always looked like he smelled somethin' bad. But he wouldn't have her run in, on account of what you couldn't go an' do that to your wife. An' finally, the thing that got to worryin' him the most was that the children was gettin' impolite to their mother. That was when they sent 'im down to Ole Doc to see if he was maybe a little off. But Ole Doc, he jest said he couldn't be puttin' that man in no asylum. He said he couldn't help him 'cause the kind of craziness he had nobody couldn't cure. He was just a dumb good husband."

"I get sick o' hearing all this talk about leap year, but I'd say it to any man's face as I'd say it behind his back, don't speak till you're spoke to. That's good advice for any year."

"I don't believe in divorce and separation and all like that. I'm a widow. I don't got to worry. But I tell you what I think. You read about them people that divorces this one and marries that one, an' keeps on doin' it. Don't they never learn? I read about one got married six times. Now the trouble with them people is they couldn't go and be happy with nobody. I say you got just as much chance to be happy with somebody you got in a game o' post office as somebody's been courtin' and sparkin' round for years."

And another thing. You might jest as well give up and stick it out, 'cause no matter what you do or where you go, there's one person you can't divorce an' that's your own self. Take me. I guess I could divorce twelve husbands if I was fool enough to lay myself open to marryin' 'em. But when I got all through, I'd be jest about back where I started. I'd still be looking for one that suited me. Better to quit strugglin' and save the bother."

"I don't like these here jokes about pants-pocket robbin'. It's the meanest kind of a joke because it's true. You may not sneak up and be a pickpocket, but there's many the sly trick a woman's got to

[Continued on page 62]

MORE NEW STOCKINGS! THINK I'M MADE OF MONEY?



CLEVER WIVES all over the country are cutting down stocking bills the easy Lux way. Luxing stockings after each wearing makes them last longer—helps to cut down runs. Lux saves the elasticity—then threads give instead of breaking easily under strain.

Soaps with harmful alkali and cake-soap rubbing weaken elasticity. Threads are apt to break when they're stretched—starting costly runs.

Lux has no harmful alkali and with Lux, there's no rubbing. A few cents' worth of Lux can save you dollars on stockings every month!

**Save stocking
E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y with**





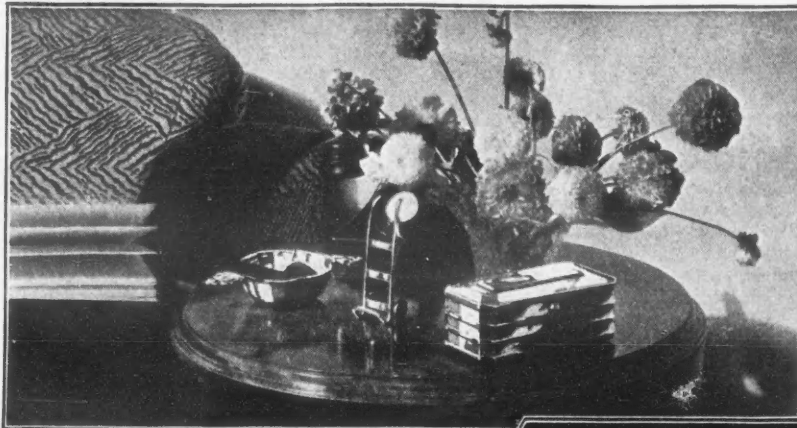
HER skin will, too, after a day outdoors in this bitter weather. It gets chapped, red, almost raw. That's when Hinds Honey & Almond Cream, with its beneficial Vitamin D, feels so good. Now, more than ever, its creamy richness softens dryness, soothes tender, cracked knuckles, lubricates hands abused by chapping, cold winds, housework. Every creamy drop of Hinds—with its Vitamin D—does your skin more good!

DAILY RADIO TREAT—Ted Malone—inviting you to help yourself to Happiness as you help yourself to Beauty. Monday to Friday, 12:15 p.m. E.S.T. over Columbia Broadcasting System and CFRB, Toronto.

Hind's Cream Contains Vitamin D—The "Sunshine" Vitamin

HINDS
HONEY & ALMOND
CREAM

TRADE MARK REGISTERED
IN CANADA



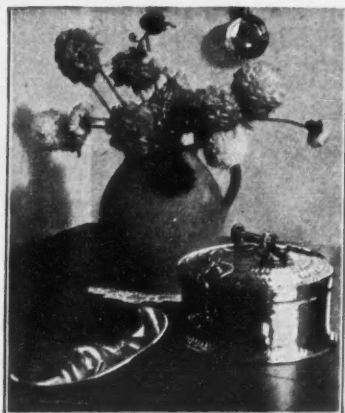
An old tobacco box, trolley match-holder and ash-tray, all in brass, form a bright group on this reading table

Burning Questions

by Edyth Travers

GONE ARE the days of the velvet smoking cap when papa was permitted to indulge in his meerschaum only in one room in the house. Gone are the days when the woman who smoked at all was considered "fast." Today we rarely hear the words "No thanks, I don't smoke" and practically every room in the house is a smoking-room. We smoke as naturally as we breathe. It is part of our everyday lives, our hospitality. Yet often as not we never give the rites of smoking a second thought.

So cigarette packets sometimes lie about when they could be housed in decorative boxes. The same thing is apt to happen with tobacco tins. Pipes are put down anywhere—and left. It seems to be a masculine convention that anything will do as an ash-tray. Men who are quite nice otherwise will drop cigarette ash in flower-



Modern brass combines brightness with bright ideas.

pots and coal scuttles. You find cigarette ends on tiled hearths and the yellow stain they leave is difficult to rub off. And there is the old, old joke that cigarette ash is good for carpets.

In antique shops, or modern brass shops, you will find dozens of novel ideas in copper and brass. These pieces will not only prove extremely useful but also they will provide little glittering touches that



Two lovely pieces in brass—a wine-stoup which serves as an ash-tray, and a spice-box as a cigarette box.

will hold together any color scheme, giving it life and contrast. Copper and brass are the happiest of metals—as many of us have recently discovered—and they give an air of homeliness, transforming the dull formality of a room into open friendliness.

First of all there is the pipe and tobacco problem. A copper bowl is an admirable thing in itself and it makes a perfect place to keep pipes. When you have collected all stray pipes in this shining piece a few times, it will gradually dawn on the male intelligence that this is where he should keep his pipes.

You will never begrudge the very little trouble required to keep these delightful shining things as bright as your house-ride requires. A modern liquid metal polish will soon make them mirror-bright. An occasional touch is all that is needed.

For a real sunspot in any room, nothing can compete with a brass tobacco box. Genuine seventeenth-century specimens, dating from the days when tobacco was still a great novelty and luxury, are rare. They often resemble snuff boxes. Some are flat, elegant ovals, their lids engraved with the name of their owner and perhaps a verse on the joys of tobacco. After these came more capacious oblong boxes made for rope tobacco—one I saw recently had a lid engraved with a chessboard pattern. Later tobacco boxes, made at the beginning of the last century, are in the form of slim cylinders. But oriental spice boxes are the perfect thing for storing tobacco. These are in all manner of shapes—rounded, bulbous, octagonal and square. Nearly all have air-tight lids and so keep the tobacco quite fresh. Nothing will outshine one as a birthday present for the man who feels "lost without his pipe."

You will gain much pleasure from these gleaming pieces. Not only will you have gained your end in making smoking at home a cleaner and tidier business, but you will have done so without appearing to be a martinet. You will have the fun of placing these shiny things so that they look ever so casual yet just right. Your rooms will be cheerier and have more character.



An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a pleasant-tasting, alkalizing solution which contains an analgesic (sodium acetyl salicylate). You drink it and it does two important things. First, because of the analgesic, it brings quick, welcome relief from your discomfort—and then because it is also alkalizing in its nature Alka-Seltzer helps correct the cause of the trouble when associated with an excess acid condition.

AT ALL DRUG STORES—35c and 75c Packages

Mercolized Wax



Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

Powdered Saxolite
Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.



INVISIBLY MENDS FURNITURE, CHINA, IVORY, GLASS, TOYS, LEATHERWORK, ETC. SOLD EVERYWHERE 5, 15, 25 and 35¢. BECK BROS. & TURNER LTD., MONTREAL, Can. Agents



AE KUNDERD INC. 240 Lincoln Way W. GOSHEN, IND.

The Family Counsellor



Do you feel as though you had come up against a blank wall? Your particular problem just wouldn't work out? Are you having difficulties with other members of your family . . . with finances . . . with life itself?

Write to the Family Counsellor, care of CHATELAINE. He is a man fitted by years of experience as an adviser to people of all walks of life, to give you help. Hundreds of Canadians are bringing their troubles to him each month.

Dear Counsellor. Before marrying and going to live on a homestead, I had a good position in the city. Things went so badly at first that we were forced to accept relief, but now my husband is making sufficient to keep us. We have three small children.

I get very depressed as we have no social life (I have no close neighbors) and we cannot afford to go to the city. My husband is good and kind, and my children are dear to me. But I want something more out of life than the merest existence. Could you help me?—Mrs. E. L., Alberta.

Answer. It is the pioneering pluck of such as yourself and your husband that has made Canada what it is today. The courage you displayed in sticking and struggling along is an inspiration to those who have every advantage on their doorstep, but if you continue to pioneer and stick to what you are attempting, at the same time keeping your eyes open for a new chance of advancement, I predict that it will not be necessary for you to remain there indefinitely.

Have you a radio? If you have not electricity available, why not get a battery set? It will keep you in closer touch with what is going on outside. It will help you spend the evenings. The thought that you have lovely children who really care for you and need your guidance should be a great consolation to you. If you were suddenly transplanted into another environment I know you would not be as happy as you are today.

You are doing your part at home while your husband is out trying to improve conditions for you.

Do you do any reading? What efforts are you making to improve your mind? I feel that your background should be kept up by reading.

Do not get depressed; thank God for what you have—children and a husband who loves you—and do not lose faith.

Must She Support Parent?

Dear Counsellor. What claim has a parent for support from a married daughter? My husband supports his own parents as well as our children. My brothers and sisters have no children, yet do nothing to help our mother. While we would like to help her as much as we can, we wondered if children are compelled by law to support their parents.—R. D., Quebec.

Answer. The legal aspect as to whether there is a law to force you to support your parent is one I must ask you to consult your solicitor about.

There is, however, the other side of the whole question and I would refer you to the fifth commandment: "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." I am sure that if you will keep this commandment, you and yours

will never want. You will only prosper to the extent to which you share what you have with others.

Speak to your brothers and sisters and try to bring them to realize the needs of your family, and at the same time sit down and discuss the whole matter with your husband. Tell him you know what you are asking him to do, but that you will try to make up in other ways. I am sure he will be reasonable.

When Sister Resents Beau

Dear Counsellor. For the last 12 of my 29 years I have been keeping house for my father, and for the last number of years have nursed my sister, who was a semi-invalid. Twice a week my boy friend came in the evening to see me from 7.30 to 10. She said having him in the house made her nervous, so this winter I stayed out in the car as much as possible—but couldn't do that all of the time, so have entertained him in a neighbor's house. He has a good position. Should I quarrel with her and leave home and marry him as he wishes me to do? She would then have to look after herself.—A. L., Ontario.

Answer. Your sister is most unreasonable. She apparently does not realize that you have made a sacrifice for her and if the young man is respectable there is no reason why he should not visit you in your home. You are quite entitled to that.

It is possible that your sister is jealous of you, fearing that she is going to lose the assistance you have been giving her, but you must not let this interfere with your future. If the young man is worthy of you and you want to marry him, he is worth fighting for. I think it advisable that you have a very straight talk with your sister. Have you discussed the matter with your father? If not, you should do so.

Loved by Older Man

Dear Counsellor. A man many years my senior is being quite attentive to me. I like him but do not love him. I am 40 years of age, and single. Should I discourage him?—D. C., Alberta.

Answer. It never costs anything to be friendly, and if you feel you would like to retain this friendship, and can be of any help to the old gentleman, you will derive a lot of happiness therefrom.

I can see no objection to you allowing him to come to the house if it helps him. You can avoid any embarrassing situation such as a proposal, by carefully planning the time you are together, that is if you are not prepared to accept it.

Husband Attracted by Other Woman

Dear Counsellor. I am in the very trying situation of a wife who finds her hus-

"Daddy says my future is well worth a few cents a week"



IN THE MUTUAL FAMILY NOW....

"I heard Daddy tell Mother last night that it took a big load off his mind to know that he has started something definite for my future, and that when I grow up I'll be mighty thankful the Mutual Life agent told him about the Educational Policy.

"I don't understand it now but he said he had put me in a family of 155,000 Canadians who have grouped together for mutual protection, who own their Company and receive 100% of the profits.

"He thinks that no father should neglect making his boy's future secure when he can do it for so small a sum, and in so strong a Company."

May we tell you how little it will take periodically to obtain an Educational Policy or one of our other plans of life insurance.

MUTUAL LIFE
OF CANADA
Established 1869

Head Office - Waterloo, Ont.
"Owned by the Policyholders"

The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada, Waterloo, Ontario.

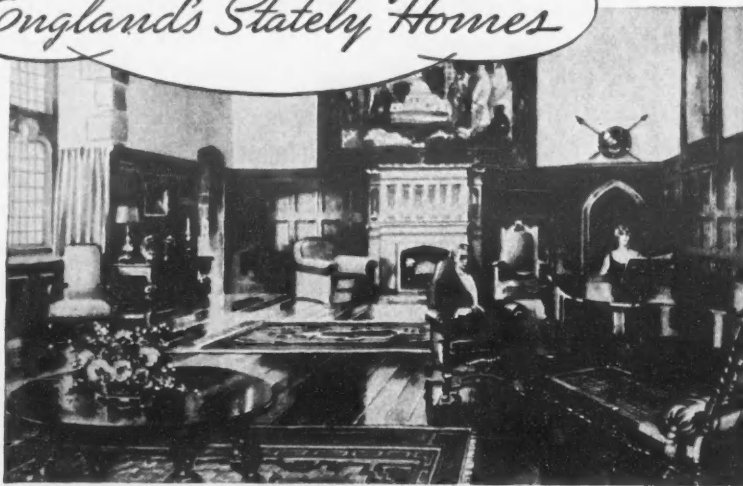
I am interested in your Educational Policy ☐ Other Plans ☐ and would like to receive literature.

My age is _____ Ages of children _____

Name _____

Address _____

The Charm of England's Stately Homes



The mellow radiance of the fine old homes of Britain is a constant source of admiration—especially in the glowing beauty of the floors—to which the centuries have been kind. Canadian floors, too, will respond to the right treatment.

POLIFLOR has antiseptic properties that quickly destroy harmful dust germs while giving a sparkling polish that is easily applied.

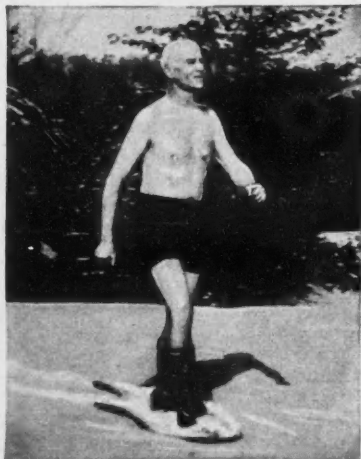
Poliflor

For Bright and
Healthy Homes

WAX

Nugget Products of Canada Ltd., 1000 Amherst St., Montreal, Canada

"HOW ARE YOU THIS WINTER, DOCTOR?"



I have built up complete resistance to cold.

CONSTANTLY people all over the continent, knowing I'm nearing my 80th year, ask "How are you this winter, Doctor?" I always answer: "Fine!"; "Never better!"; "Younger each year." I never have a cold—haven't had for 23 years. I don't even mind the cold as I go around lecturing in all weathers and I wear no underwear, vest nor overcoat. I may be in Winnipeg when it's below zero, next month in Florida where people swelter, as unconcerned one place as the other. Again, "How do you do it?" Before every audience I defy fatigue, old age, disease and premature death. Again, "How do you do it?" "Simply through understanding, will and obedience." I am created by a Perfect Creator, therefore created in perfection. The purpose? That my bodily perfection shall demonstrate the perfection of its Creator. To that end my Creator surrounded me with health laws which I obey. My reward is a perfect body which can defy old age, fatigue, disease, colds and premature death.

The most important part of my health program is proper foods—the kind the Creator intended. Four-fifths of my foods are natural, vital and rich in minerals.

Our food canal is formed to function perfectly only upon natural foods. It can do so only when we use natural foods.

Natural foods are vital and vitalizing and build in us vitality, youthfulness and resistance.

Mineral rich foods build in us "A normal mineral reserve, our first defense against fatigue, old age, colds, disease and death." Here is a great fact, believe it or not—it matters not a finger snap to me. Roman Meal, Bekus-Puddy, Lishus and Kofy-Sub are sources of the minerals that build my normal mineral reserve, also by far the richest source of blood-building iron known to me. If you doubt write me for proof which cannot be doubted.

You are "smart and can't be cajoled by an advertisement"? Well, I care not. I have not the least urge for you to live as I live. I only point the way to a better, saner, more exultant and exuberant life, and allow my readers to do as their best intelligence directs. I know positively this: Those who use my foods persistently for a month will be willing to swear I have told the truth. Write for free booklet "How to Keep Well" and other literature. Address Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., 516 Vine Ave., Toronto. 1-37

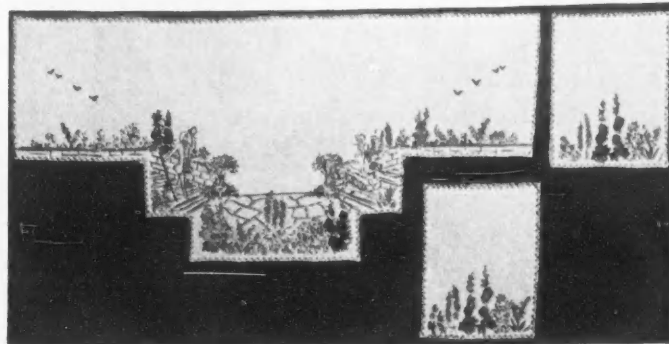


Robt. G. Jackson, M.D.

The photographs in this advertisement are taken from the Talking Picture "One Young Man," featuring a day in the life of Dr. Jackson.

To Work in Beauty

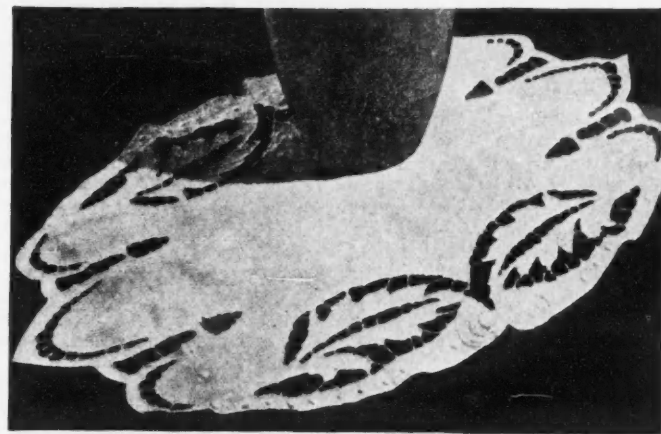
by Marie LeCerf



C485—"Lovers' Meeting" Vanity Set. And matching scarf. Centre mat 12 x 26 inches, the side mats 6 x 8 inches. The scarf (not illustrated) measures 15 x 36 inches. Stamped on white or cream Irish linen, vanity set and scarf are priced at 65 cents each, or the complete set at \$1.25. Cottons for working either, are 25 cents or for complete set, 40 cents.

C486—(Below) Oval Cutwork Cloth. In graceful leaf design. Size, 17 x 26 inches.

can also be supplied in the same design. Stamped on finest white or heavy cream linen, to be worked in two shades of blue. The 36-inch cloth and four serviettes, \$1.75. The 45-inch set, \$2.25. Cottons for working either, 25 cents. Tea cosy 55 cents. Cottons for working, 10 cents. Tray cloth, 15 x 24 inches is 65 cents. Cottons for working, 20 cents. White linen huckaback towels, 18 x 30, are \$1.25. Cottons for working, 15 cents. This is one

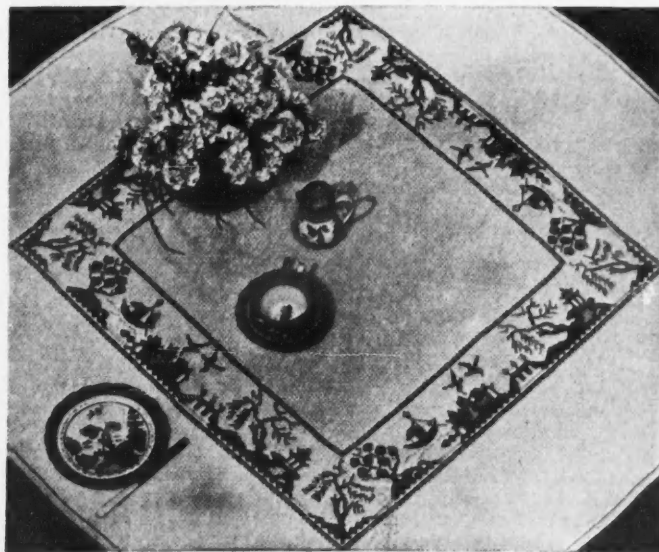


Ideal for tray cloth, tea wagon, tea table cover, or centrepiece. Stamped on heavy cutwork linen in white or cream. Please state preference. Price, 75 cents. Cottons for working, 25 cents.

C337—The most enchanting of all designs—the Willow pattern—portrayed in a very lovely luncheon set. In cross-stitch, with matching tea cosy. Towels

of the most beautiful and effective designs—and very easy to do.

Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, enclosing postal note or money order. If sending cheque kindly add fifteen cents for bank exchange. Articles from previous issues can always be supplied. Full directions for working are sent. Prices include postage.



Dear Counsellor. The eldest girl in an orphaned family has been left in charge of a sixteen-year-old brother. They are provided for financially, but she is finding the lad getting out of hand. Could you suggest someone to whom she could go for help and advice?—M. S., Ontario.

Answer. The sixteen-year-old's energy should be diverted to useful channels that it will be burned up. Most boys of his age look up to some man, in most cases their own father. His father being dead he has not had that opportunity and would be better for some male influence. I would suggest that his sister visit the Big Brother Association. I am sure she could find a businessman who would interest himself in the boy and give him the attention he has lacked for so many years.

Girl Wants to Earn Living

Dear Counsellor. I have had the offer of a loan of money to cover expenses for a course I may wish to take. I have recently lost, through no fault of mine, a position of nine years standing. Would you suggest interior decorating, in which I am interested, or stenography, hairdressing, or what? I like cooking and do a great deal of fancy work.—N. A., British Columbia.

Answer. Interior decorating is a long course and it requires years to become recognized. Besides, you would have to go to a city to live. There is a surplus of stenographic help. I would suggest a course in practical nursing, as there is a great demand for practical nurses these days and one can earn about three dollars a day. From your letter I would imagine that this would be work which would suit you. What about getting married? Don't lose track of that important thought!

Thinks She Loves Two Men

Dear Counsellor. I am a teen-age girl in love with two men. One was very devoted until recently. As I cannot go to all the dances, and other affairs, he has been thrown with other girls and seems to be colder and more indifferent. The other watches me wherever I go, and I believe I could win his love. What shall I do?—R. H., Alberta.

Answer. It seems to me you are overly anxious to become engaged. I think you would be well advised to stick to the first young man. The fact that you are not cheapened by being allowed to attend everything that comes along should make

him admire you more. Do not show any great anxiety toward any male.

How to Meet Failure at School

Dear Counsellor. I am fifteen years of age and have just learned that I have failed my entrance examination. Shall I go back to school? I live in the country, three miles from the village. I don't like to go back because I am so old.—L. L., Port Dover.

Answer. Return to school and don't let school get the better of you. The fact that you failed should make you all the more determined to master the subjects you failed in. If you do not conquer yourself now you will have difficulty all your life.

The Other Woman

Dear Counsellor. I am in love with a man twice my age and have been going with him for three years. There is a married woman also in love with him, and although he tells me it does not mean anything, he does not give her up. Don't you think if he loved me he would not hesitate to tell the other woman?—F. N. S., British Columbia.

Answer. As long as you allow yourself to be made a football of, so long are you going to be unhappy. Take a firm stand, and if he refuses to tell her, simply decide you wasted three years of your life but aren't going to waste another five minutes. Talk the whole question over frankly with him, and find out whether he really intends to provide a home for you.

Religious Difference in Marriage

Dear Counsellor. I am a girl of nineteen and very much in love with a young man six years my senior, and of a different religion. He is very good and thoughtful. My father objects to him on religious grounds. I am not happy at home and wonder if I should leave and try to work for a living?—E. R., Alberta.

Answer. Mixed marriages as a rule have not proved a success. However, yours might be the exception. Are you sure that your eagerness to leave home has not been caused by your father's attitude toward you in your love affairs? We must not forget that we have a responsibility to our parents and very often we do not like their advice or discipline. Do not leave home in a vindictive spirit; it is your parents' love for you that causes them to interest themselves in what you do.



"A whole joint wouldn't yield the amount of gravy they expect each day at dinner"

Martin Chuzzlewit
Chas. Dickens

What a pity there was no Bisto in those days to help them out. For with Bisto the smallest roast can be made to yield lots of thick, rich appetising gravy that will satisfy the heartiest appetites

BISTO
MAKES
DELICIOUS GRAVY



NOTICE Concerning the Use of the name CHATELAINE

CERTAIN MANUFACTURERS have placed upon the Canadian market articles bearing the name Chatelaine.

● In one case the name of the product has been lettered in a style closely resembling the established name-plate of this magazine.

● The Publishers desire to call attention to the fact that, with the single exception of Chatelaine Patterns, Chatelaine Magazine and the Chatelaine Institute maintained by it have no connection whatever with commercial products sold under the same name.

BRING A NEW EXCITEMENT TO YOUR COOKING

With these culinary secrets from the Chatelaine Institute

Five New Service Bulletins

28 COOKIE RECIPES
Price 10 Cents — No. 2,200

MAN-MADE MEALS
Price 5 Cents — No. 2,204

FAVORITE DESSERTS OF THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE
Price 15 Cents — No. 2,201

Ask for Them by Number

WEDDING ETIQUETTE
Price 5 Cents — No. 400

SWEET AND SAVORY SAUCES
Price 5 Cents — No. 2,203

CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETINS, 481 University Avenue, Toronto

1 HIDES FACE AS ROMPING HUSBAND SPILLS TOBACCO ALL OVER HER JUST-CLEANED RUG.

2 TELLS HUSBAND TO GET VACUUM—BUT ON SECOND THOUGHT DECIDES TO TRY HER NEW BISSELL INSTEAD.

3 THANKFUL THAT BISSELL'S HI-LO BRUSH CONTROL AUTOMATICALLY ADJUSTS ITSELF AND CLEANS RUGS OF ANY NAP-LENGTH.

4 REACHES UNDER CHAIRS AND LOW FURNITURE EASILY. DELIGHTED THAT STAY-ON BUMPERS PREVENT SCRATCHING.

5 DECIDES TO USE HER HANDY BISSELL EVERY DAY—AND SAVE HER VACUUM FOR ONCE-A-WEEK CLEANING. THEN....

6 **Phones Friend:**
 "My Bissell is so light and handy! Just the thing for daily quick clean-ups—and it saves my vacuum for heavy-duty cleaning. Bissell's Hi-Lo brush gets the dirt from any rug—it fully adjusts itself to high or low nap." See the colorful new Bissells at your dealer's.

BISSELL
 The really better sweeper
 Niagara Falls, Ont.

Models from \$4.75 to \$7.45

MADE IN CANADA

SUCCESSFUL BRIDGE PARTIES
 Price 15 cents — No. 101

Are your bridge parties always really successful? What about setting up the tables? Arranging players? Serving refreshments during the game? Prizes? What will you serve to eat after the morning, afternoon or evening party? All the important details in making your bridge parties successful from every point of view are given in this Institute Bulletin. 15 cents. Write

CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETINS
 481 University Ave., Toronto

1937 CATALOGUE
NOW READY

Send for your copy today

DOMINION SEED HOUSE
 GEORGETOWN ONTARIO

band flattered and drawn by the attentions of an unmarried girl. She has quite a reputation, and although he tells me there is nothing to it, she seems bound to have him, and he is tremendously drawn to her when they meet. I have been a good wife and mother for many years. What shall I do?—M. S., Nova Scotia.

Answer. Carefully watch and avoid any mention of this to him as it will only aggravate the situation. Let him feel you have confidence in him, that is the strongest weapon you can use. If you do this you will probably find that he will tire of her and her artificiality. The fact that you bring the subject up only makes matters worse, for when a woman openly attempts to run the life of her husband and to dictate to him as to his words and actions, she is playing a losing game, and is apt to make an imaginary breach in the home into a serious one.

You won your husband in the first place, now I ask you to use the same judgment in helping your husband and protecting him from the influence that he is apparently being subject to.

Earning Money at Home

Dear Counsellor. I would like to get work at home, as I am a good typist, and wonder if it is possible to get envelopes to address or mail advertising work? I have one more child to finish school and nothing to help him with, and we are saving every dollar we can make to pay his tuition fees. —Mrs. J. L., British Columbia.

Answer. Time has brought about such a change in our advertising methods that, with the more common use of the multi-graph and other machines, the type of work you speak of is not as much in demand as it was some years ago. The only work of this kind that is done at the present time is in smaller firms and it is generally done in the spare time by the stenographer.

I would suggest that you get in touch with the largest firms in your city—department stores, wholesale grocers and other firms and they may be able to give you some work. It is possible that an ad. in the newspaper might bring you part-time work.

Careful Budgeting

Dear Counsellor. I was interested in the budget presented by "Budgeteer," also your answer, in the December issue of *Chatelaine*.

Here is a copy of ours, and I would appreciate comments on it. I notice you stress the necessity of savings. Just where could we find them in this budget? We live in a small town and have two small children. The present income has been ours for three years and we always manage to live within it but cannot save, it seems. What about it?

Yearly Budget

Income, \$10.00 per week and a little commission.....	\$600
Shelter (payments on house and taxes).....	140
Debts and obligations.....	36
Fixed expenses (Insurance)....	30
Household running expenses (fuel and light).....	60
Food allowance.....	260
Clothing.....	40
Personal allowance and holidays.....	34
Total.....	\$600

—Mrs. G. C., Saskatchewan.

Answer. In the budget plan you have been operating under, you have apparently been unconscious of the fact that you have been effecting a saving within this budget.

The payments you are making on your house together with the life insurance payments are really savings and can be considered as such. I think you are doing exceptionally well in the planning of your income.

[Continued on next page]

HERE'S TONIGHT'S SALAD .. ALL PLANNED!

SURPRISE the family tonight with this simple yet delightful salad.

ASPARAGUS TIP SALAD
 Soften 2 tbs. Cox's Gelatine in cold water for 5 min. Carefully remove Asparagus tips from can, add water to juice to make 2½ cups. Add 6 asparagus tips, 1 tsp. salt, ½ tbs. chopped onion, 1 cup chopped celery vinegar, and bring to boiling point. Strain until dissolved. Mix with softened Gelatine. Stir until dissolved. Arrange remaining asparagus tips on bottom of wet mold fill with Gelatine mixture, freeze in refrigerator. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise.

Try Cox's Gelatine for entrees, salads, desserts and candies. It's pure, wholesome, and economical. Send for FREE Recipe Book. Box 73F, Montreal.

COX'S GELATINE
 MADE IN SCOTLAND FOR 100 YEARS

SOUP...

becomes
Super-Soup
 when you add
 a few drops
 of
Lea & Perrins
SAUCE
 THE ADDED TOUCH THAT MEANS SO MUCH

Keeping silverware in beautiful condition is simply a matter of cleaning with

"Goddard's"
Plate Powder or Plate Polish
 In Boxes In Tins

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers
 J. Goddard & Sons, Ltd., Leicester
 England

Chatelaine's Baby Clinic



Healthy children, if allowed to do so, will choose an adequate diet from a well-supplied family table.

"DOCTOR, HE WON'T EAT!"

by Dr. JOHN McCULLOUGH

I AM FREQUENTLY asked by mothers what to do if their children do not eat the food placed before them.

Too many parents are carrying on an ineffective and harmful struggle with their children in order to make them eat.

The doctor enquires about the child's appetite and frequently the mother's answer is: "I can't get him to eat vegetables," or "He doesn't like meat," or "I can't get milk down him," or "I have to force him to eat an egg." The trouble is that modern mothers still pray that their children will be fat and that they will be thin. When the child happens to be hungry and eats a good meal, the parents rejoice and say: "Good child, that's the way to eat your dinner." The child then understands how valuable his mealtime behavior is as a weapon. Every healthy child will eat an adequate meal if it is provided for him and if his food education has been carried along sound lines.

What are sound lines of diet in the child?

The secret is not to force any article of diet to which the child has an aversion. For example, Mary, aged eleven months, was brought to me because she was refusing milk, although she was taking vegetables, cereals, orange juice, cod-liver oil and eggs. The mother was advised to omit the milk until the child showed signs of wanting it. The milk bottle was placed where the child could see it. At the end of two weeks the child voluntarily went back to milk.

It is an old and true saying that "hunger is the best sauce." Don't force food on a child. If the child refuses its regular meals and seems otherwise well, place its food before it. If the food is refused, put it away until the next regular time. Hunger will likely cure the problem.

It is not a bad plan to permit the child to choose from the dishes of a well-supplied table. He may go strong on desserts and sweets at first, but he will come back to rational foods in a week or so.

Some things to remember:

1. That for practical purposes one vegetable is as good as another. A carrot is a sample of root vegetable, spinach of the leafy.
2. That the important foods are meat, milk, vegetables, eggs and fruits.
3. That vegetables should not be overcooked and that the water in which they are cooked should be used to make soup, since it contains valuable minerals.
4. That meat has no substitute except fish.
5. That cereals are no better than bread.

6. That not every child requires a quart of milk daily.

7. That a temporary loss of appetite may mean nothing more than that the child is not hungry; but it may mean the beginning of illness.

Your Question Box

Question—My little boy, seven years old, is backward in talking. He is otherwise well and has a good appetite. It is only in the last year that he has been able to put sentences together. He drools at the mouth a good deal. Is there any book that would help me to teach him?—(Mrs.) L.A.H., Wayne, Alta.

Answer—It looks very much as though your boy was mentally backward but one could not be certain without seeing him. The best book I know of for your purpose is "Opening Doors," by the late Dr. John Thomson, of Edinburgh. McAinsh & Co., Book Publishers, 388 Yonge St., Toronto, or Eaton's, of Winnipeg, would be able to procure the book for you.

Question—My baby, five months old, after recovering from measles takes cold very readily. Is there anything I can do to prevent this?—(Mrs.) J.J.M., Georgetown, P.E.I.

Answer—Give the baby one teaspoonful of cod-liver oil before each of four feedings and in summer very gradually expose her to the sunlight, until she is tanned all over. Be careful not to get her sunburnt. The signs you mention are rather common following measles.

Question—Your column is very helpful. Please give diet for an 11-month-old baby and send baby book.—(Mrs.) N.J.K., Winnipeg, Man.

Answer—I regret that I cannot send you a baby book as the Ontario Dept. of Health no longer distributes these books.

Diet 10 to 12 months:

6 a.m.—8 oz. milk.

9 a.m.—One ounce orange juice with equal water.

10 a.m.—8 oz. milk. One to two tablespoonfuls of cooked cereal. Rusk or Zwieback. Cod-liver oil, 1 teaspoonful.

2 p.m.—Clear meat broth, 1 to 3 oz. This to be replaced at 10½ to 11 months by 1 to 3 oz. vegetable soup; 4 to 6 oz. milk.

6 p.m.—8 oz. milk. One to two tablespoonfuls cooked cereal. Yolk of raw, soft- or hard-boiled egg.

10 to 12 p.m.—8 oz. milk, if hungry.

Children's Hour

SPECIAL CARE IN EVERYTHING...

FROM SPECIAL TOYS THAT TEACH... TO A SPECIAL LAXATIVE THAT'S WHY CHILDREN THRIVE BETTER TODAY!



SEE THAT TOY?

It's a special toy... made to teach children how to think and use their hands. Doctors tell us that practically everything children get today should be made especially for them... even their laxative.



It's common sense, isn't it? For a child's system is tender... too delicate for the harsh action of an "adult" laxative. So when mothers seek professional advice on this subject, doctors usually prescribe Castoria—the laxative made especially and only for children.

Castoria works chiefly on the lower bowel. It gently stimulates the muscular movement. It clears



away the waste without any harsh irritation, without any violence. Castoria can never upset a baby's

tender stomach. It doesn't rush turbulently through his tiny system. And it won't cause diarrhoea or cramping pains. You see, it contains no harsh drugs, no narcotics. Only the purest of pure ingredients. A famous baby specialist said he couldn't write a better prescription than Castoria.

And important as anything else... Castoria tastes good. Children love it—think it's a treat. Some mothers are inclined to overlook the importance of pleasant taste in a laxative. They forget that forcing a child to take a bad-tasting medicine can completely and seriously upset his entire nervous system.



So stay on the safe side, as millions of mothers are doing, and keep a bottle of Castoria on hand, always. You can get it at every drug store in the country. Ask for the Family Size bottle. It holds more... lasts longer... and gives you more for your money.

CASTORIA

The laxative made especially for babies and growing children

Castoria trade-mark registered in Canada

Peggy Ann and Her Puppy, Peter

A Cut-out for Children
by PEGGY WESTOBY

Here's a nice little doll and her jolly wee dog to play with. Cut Peggy Ann and her puppy and dresses out and paste them on strong paper or thin cardboard. Isn't she sweet in her party frock and bow? and how funny she looks in her white clown suit with the black pompons! Be careful not to cut off the little white tabs that fasten Peggy Ann's clothes on her!



Under Age Suggestions

690

691

688

692

These are Chatelaine patterns, priced at 15 cents. Patterns may be ordered from leading stores or direct from Pattern Service, 481 University Avenue, Toronto. Descriptions on page 83

Princess lines are particularly suited to the very young. For play gingham or school cottons and jerseys, rough or figured or plaid weaves follow the lead in the grown-up world. Get the zestful new swinging theme into your children's clothes, too.

"We have a model baby now..."

"He's so lively and happy and good. St. Charles Milk has been marvelous for him."*

MANY a healthy baby owes his grand start in life to St. Charles Milk. It's so much easier to digest—and it's irradiated by the finest method known to science for an extra supply of Sunshine Vitamin D.

St. Charles is fresh... evaporated just a few hours after milking time. Borden safeguards its quality and purity by the strictest standards in the dairy industry.

That's why St. Charles Milk is better for babies—and better for cooking and table use. Get St. Charles from your grocer today.



*Made in Canada since 1899

Borden's ST. CHARLES MILK
THE BETTER IRRADIATED EVAPORATED MILK

It's **BOVRIL** you need



If you are easily tired and get that "middle of the morning" feeling, try taking a cup of Bovril daily. As soon as you drink Bovril you feel its invigorating action on the system. Bovril is quick to check fatigue and restore vitality.

BOVRIL

prevents that sinking feeling

37-6



STEEDMAN'S KEEP CHILDREN HEALTHY

Four generations of mothers have used Steedman's Powders for their children, to promote regular bowel action, cleanse the system, and to relieve colic and feverish conditions. A safe and gentle laxative for children from teething time to twelve years of age.

Mothers Praise Steedman's

"I wouldn't be without Steedman's—have used them with all my four children."

"If my boy is feverish and cross at night I give him Steedman's. The next day he is well and lively."

"Your powders certainly turn a cross, restless baby into a contented one."

Valuable Booklet and Sample

FREE—Send for your copy of our famous little red book, "Hints to Mothers." It contains many valuable aids for treating children's ailments. Sent free with sample of Steedman's Powders. Write to John Steedman & Co., Dept. 8, 442 St. Gabriel St., Montreal.

Give STEEDMAN'S
From Teething to Teens **POWDERS**
Insist on Steedman's—look for the double EE symbol on each package

SNAP Superfine POWDER

MAKES Housework Easier

You can tell the minute you use it, that Snap Superfine Powder is different from any other cleanser. No scrubbing or hard rubbing—one easy sweep and everything is bright and shining. Soft and superfine in texture

—cannot scratch or dull the finest surface.

Wonderful for windows, mirrors, bath-tubs, sinks, and all household cleaning.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF SNAP THE GREAT HAND CLEANER



A CANADIAN PRODUCT



To Lasting BEAUTY

Now... you can cut waxing time and work in half with the new, easier-polishing Old English Wax—it LASTS weeks longer! At all dealers.

Old English PASTE WAX

Doin's in Harrisfield

(Continued from page 55)

play jest to make change, I tell ye. I've done it myself, and there's many like me.

"I well remember once at our Fair, there was some grand rugs the women had been hookin' an' crocheting all winter, and they was so cheap it broke your heart.

"One fella from town, he brought his new wife down, an' she wanted one o' them little rugs. You could just see her eyes eatin' it up. It was a real bargain too, not more'n a dollar maybe.

"It's jest the thing for the bedroom," she kep' sayin', an' he wouldn't buy it fer her.

But before they left, he bought her one o' them worthless imitation ivory fans with v'lets or some such painted on it, and you'd have thought he was givin' her the

crown jools the way he talked about it.

"It jest seemed to him, I guess, he had to buy her somethin' to git that look off her face, and it never crosst his mind he could jest as easy git her somethin' worth havin' or somethin' she wanted, even if it was cheap. There's lots o' men thinks a woman's jest foolish anyhow, and you might as well give 'em one fool thing as another.

"Now that there fella was trainin' his wife up to be a boss pants-pocket robber, and serve him right.

"Well, here's yer dress, all nice and fresh. I'll jest slip it in the bag agin. That blue paper'll keep it white. There was a lady back home wore her weddin' dress for her golden weddin', and though she'd gone up and down with the years, she got all shrunk up at the last and got into it as slick as ye please. Don't let nothin' I said discourage ye. But say, did you read in the paper about that lady that jest waited to celebrate her golden weddin', and then if she didn't go off and leave her husband flat? If you ast me, I call that carryin' sentiment too far."

The King's Wife

(Continued from page 11)

parents' absence in Australia this child held the stage; their return was a riot of excitement for the many "fans" of the most satisfactory family we possess in public life. His second child was born three years after the first, and the Duke—that man still of few words—spoke, "Please let me bring up my children in some privacy."

The press realized his appeal was justified; and we heard little of the household at 145 Piccadilly and later, at Royal Lodge, for some time: in fact, so little was written that the cruel (and entirely unfounded) rumor got about that Princess Margaret Rose could neither talk nor hear. Those who have heard her do the former and seen her do the latter, can deny it most emphatically.

This, then, was the quiet triumph of our Queen. A husband who has thrown off illness and handicaps, an effective, triumphant king. No one could describe him lately as once did, I believe, his friend, Mr. Logue, as a "slim, quiet man with tired eyes and all the outward symptoms of the man upon whom habitual speech defect had begun to set the sign." These words, quoted in a Sunday paper, give one some idea of the intensity of the struggle, and the greatness of the victory—for his Queen.

Come behind the scenes and forget that limelight is considered the measure of success; forget the innumerable silly stories that we hear and read about Royalty; forget our own amazing tendency to regard, so unflatteringly, anything a King and Queen do that is normal, and human, as surprising!

"Our home life is just like any other happy home," the Queen is reported to have said; yet in the light of what we know she has done for her husband, we must cease to regard her as just a "dear little Duchess" and realize that here is a mature woman of tremendous purpose and unfaltering energy who has brought the joy of life to a rather grim young man.

THIS HAPPY home life? The Duke and Duchess, having each other, rarely needed to go out, except when it was a duty engagement. Mostly you would find them sitting at home, reading, listening to the radio, possibly even thinking over something the Duchess had written. For I am told she can write amusing verse.

A true Scots wife, she centres her cares on the comforts of her man, arranges his diet so that any delicacy of digestion that remains is catered to and manages her house through her most efficient staff. Both father and mother really do spend as much time as they can with the children. It is said, but I do not know with what truth, that from his Naval days there persists in "Bertie" the talent for making cocoa; and that when he and his wife come home late they dispense with outside help, and the Duke makes hot cocoa for them both. That this has almost grown into the ceremony. Whether this be true or not (and it probably is!) it is significant that this is the sort of family we love—the homely simple folk. In Scandinavia, and now in Britain, we have the pleasant sight of democracy's own type of kingly family.

Their former life was very carefully planned: at 10 a.m. sharp, the Duke was in his office, which, by the way, was officially outside 145 Piccadilly, and down the road toward Victoria, though few knew this. Here he read the newspapers, prepared speeches and met visitors. It appears that whenever he could, he went out with his wife for a walk, or shopping. When they could they played tennis—at which the Duke was extremely good. The Duchess loved entertaining her friends (every born housewife does that), and her informal luncheons and dinners were always successful. In fact, imagine the day of any busy husband and wife, who are supremely happy in each other's company, and you have their day. Time snatched together as much as possible, time with the children, and time to read!

What is her home like, this Duchess who has become Queen, and who so soon must move to the rather desolate grandeur of Buckingham Palace? Perhaps the morning room, downstairs, is the most used room, and it is used by the children as well. It is plainly furnished, with books and a wireless and gramophone; with a corner for toys and, behind a screen, the famous dustpans and brushes with which the heiress to the greatest Empire the world has ever seen and her baby sister sweep that room's carpet every morning.

Her own rooms show the Queen's personal taste. As may be expected, they are not modern and they are done throughout in pastel shades of green, blue, old rose and other characteristic colors. For she remains exactly the type of woman she always was, timeless in style, essentially the wife and mother; quite definitely not the "smart socialite." One remembers the charming remark of her father, which I believe to be authentic. On hearing comments on his daughter's engagement to the King's son, the Earl of Strathmore said: "We are simple people, we never aspired to court circles—but he's a fine, clean young man and I like him."

STOP BABY'S COLD BEFORE IT GETS WORSE

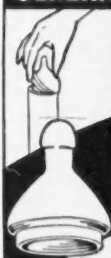
A FIREMAN will tell you big fires are little fires when they start. That's why they always hurry to put them out. Don't let your baby's little cold develop into a "big cold" or something worse. Be in a hurry to check it. Let Mrs. G—, of Winona, Ont., tell you how. "I have five healthy children and used Baby's Own Tablets for all of them. When I see a cold coming on, I give the tablets and in a day or so they are quite well again. I think there is nothing better."

Baby's Own Tablets are safe and sure in their action. They correct the cause of Baby's trouble. Yet they are utterly free from opiates or stupefying drugs. An analyst's report is given on each package.

Effective in clearing up teething troubles, constipation, simple fevers, diarrhoea, upset stomach, colic and summer complaint, irritability, simple croup and other of "baby's" ailments.

Your druggist will return your money if you are not satisfied with Baby's Own Tablets. Try them, 25 cents.

"GENERAL HEALTH" NIPPLE It LOCKS on the bottle!



Comfort and safety in baby feeding! The non-collapsible "General Health" Nipple slips on easily and the special inner ring locks the nipple securely on the bottle. Baby can't pull it off. Yet mother can easily remove it. Can be boiled repeatedly without injury. In two sizes—25c and 10c—ask your druggist for it by name.

"GENERAL HEALTH" NIPPLE

Distributors LAURENTIAN AGENCIES, MONTREAL

Combination Pacifier and Teething Ring

Hygienic—Soothing Non-Collapsible



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To keep our representatives in all parts of Canada advised as to expiration dates is impossible, so when called upon—

If In Doubt Consult Your Label



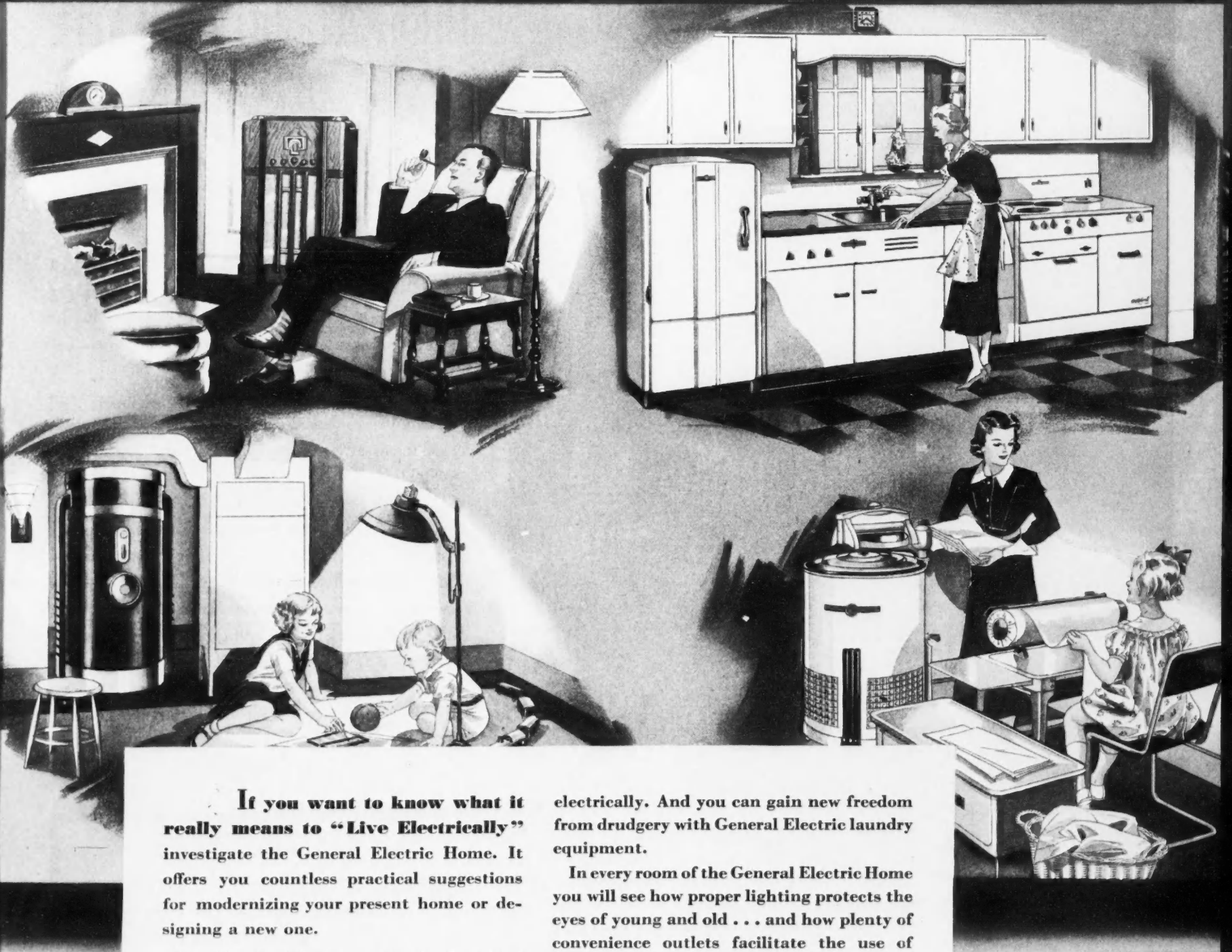
A CANADIAN PRODUCT

BEST FOR CARPET SWEEPERS, WASHING MACHINES, WRINGERS, HINGES, LOCKS, TOYS, ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES, ETC.

3-IN-ONE OIL LUBRICATES • CLEANS • PREVENTS RUST

Yours can be a **GENERAL ELECTRIC HOME**

WHETHER YOU BUILD OR RENOVATE



If you want to know what it really means to "Live Electrically" investigate the General Electric Home. It offers you countless practical suggestions for modernizing your present home or designing a new one.

You'll enjoy life more with the healthful comfort of General Electric Winter Air Conditioning. You'll find new thrills in preparing meals in a G-E Kitchen where everything from cooking to dish-washing is done

electrically. And you can gain new freedom from drudgery with General Electric laundry equipment.

In every room of the General Electric Home you will see how proper lighting protects the eyes of young and old . . . and how plenty of convenience outlets facilitate the use of modern electric servants.

We will be glad to send you an illustrated booklet telling you how *your* home can be a General Electric Home. Mail the coupon below for your free copy.

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212 King St. West, TORONTO

Please send me, without obligation, free copies of the illustrated booklets: "The General Electric Home" and "The New Art of Living". KM-17C

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A DEPARTMENT OF HOME MANAGEMENT
CONDUCTED BY HELEN G. CAMPBELL

PLAY GAMES At Your Party

by KEN GRAY

Get things going . . . and your party's a success.

Ever try Celebrities, — Funny Faces—Smells—Murder?

They're first aid to the Winter hostess and fun for all!

ALL THE world loves a real, honest-to-goodness party with frothy theses and theses, gay-colored jellies, sugary nothings and plenty of lively, mirth-provoking games. Games are saviors at many parties; the party for the 'teen-ites, still self-conscious of their dancing; for the not-so-naïve who are bored with continual dancing; and for the many family gatherings where differences in ages and tastes complicate matters. There is no use in planning an evening's bridge when Uncle Tom would never abide it, or a night's dancing when Grannie can barely hobble and Dad's repertoire ends abruptly after the polka, old-fashioned waltz and minuet are over.

So there is nothing for it but to have an evening of peppy party games. First how about

CELEBRITIES

This is a good icebreaker for any party and gives you an opportunity of expressing personal opinions about the high mucky-mucks of today's world. Before the *soirée* you (the organizer) write the names of celebrities such as Mae West, Walter Winchell, George Bernard Shaw, Mussolini, Greta Garbo, Al Capone, Cleopatra, Mackenzie King, Sally Rand, Anthony Eden, Crippen, Frankenstein or who you will, on cards.

As the guests arrive, pin cards on their backs and tell them to find out who they are by asking questions to be answered by other guests by "yes," "no" or "I don't know."

When all have discovered the celebrities they repre-



February is a special party month — with St. Valentine's a colorful theme.

sent, ask them to give impersonations and the best one wins a small prize.

Now we're started. Let's try

FUNNY FACES

Set the chairs in a circle and elect an "It" to go into the centre. The idea is to smile when "It" smiles at you; laugh when "It" laughs at you, but the moment "It" stops laughing and makes a funny face at you you must keep deadly serious. If you fail to keep a straight face it is your turn in the centre, but if you succeed in keeping a serious face

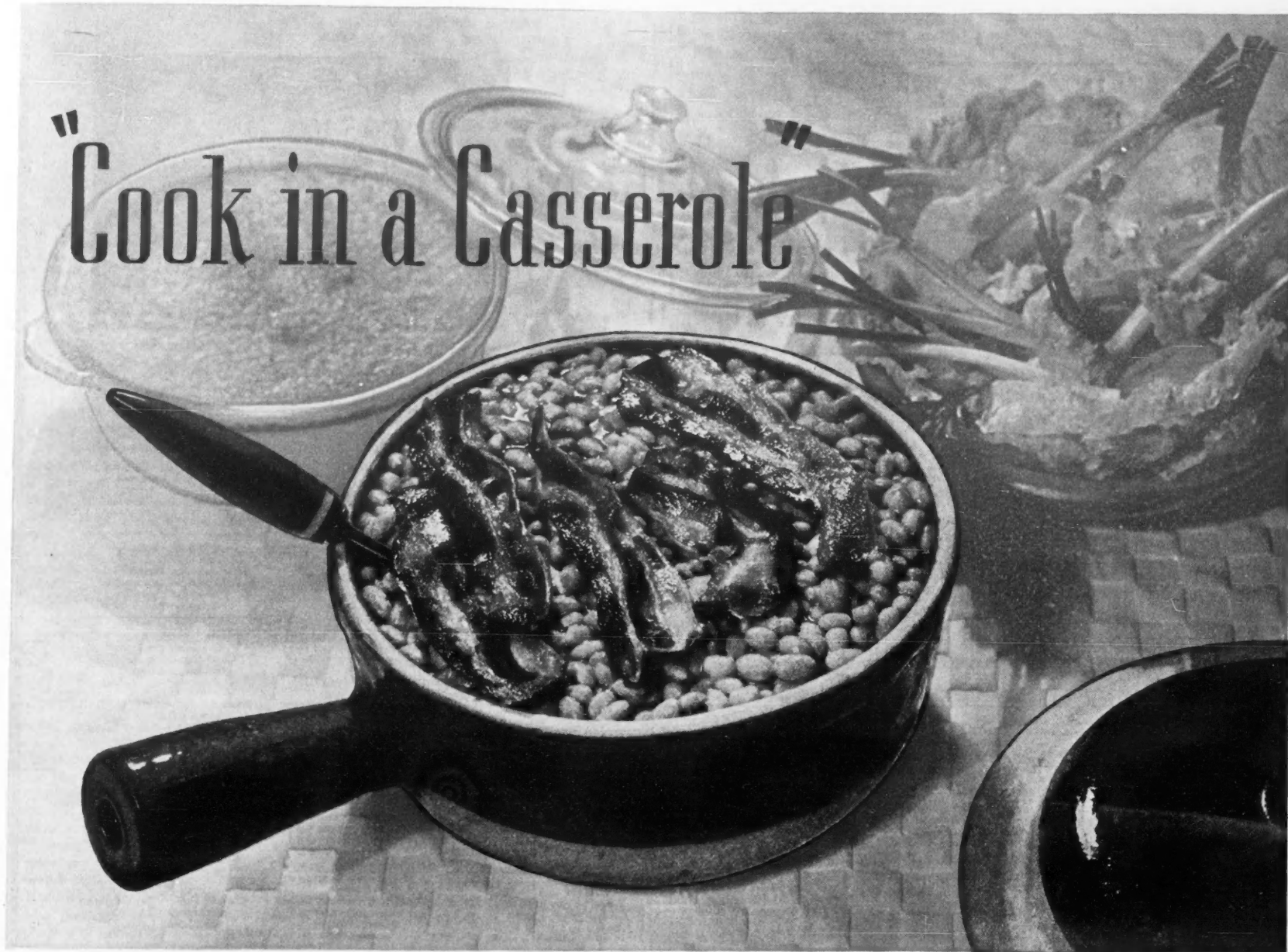
for at least thirty seconds "It" must pass on to the next player in the circle. While "It" is tempting his victim the others can laugh as much as they wish.

Next get the windbag of the party to blow up the balloons and start a game of

BALLOON BALL

Put a string waist high across the room and detail a team to each side of the string. The idea is to bat the balloon over the "Net" and when it is on your side to keep it from touching the floor. A hit counts [Continued on page 71]

"Cook in a Casserole"



AS A TIME, labor and money saver, give me the unassuming casserole. It scores on all three counts, and if that isn't enough to endear it to any housekeeper, I don't know what is. Unless, of course, one considers the good things that come out of it.

Think of the thrifty aspects of casserole cooking. You can take a round of any of the cheaper meats, put it with some very ordinary vegetables, add an appropriate bit of seasoning, and in due course have a dish which shames many of the most expensive, as regards flavor and real nutritive value. Or you can do clever tricks with other foods and combinations of them to produce something in the best of taste for your dinner's main course.

Left-overs are right down its alley, and often appear as delicious scalloped dishes after a brief heating en casserole. Raggy ends of roasts or the sad remains of a steamed fish are completely rejuvenated and their reappearance is hailed with cheers when they are carefully prepared, combined, seasoned and served in this handiest of all dishes. Left-over vegetables, a bit of cooked rice, the remains of Sunday's bird—any of these will inspire a good cook to concoct a delectable casserole meal. And while she's about it, she will quite likely make use of an egg yolk or white that was left over, that hard end of cheese, a bit of gravy or soup and those old pieces of bread which she reduces to crumbs and sprinkles over the top of her mixture. There's no doubt about the economy of dishes like these.

Time saving? You prepare one dish instead of two or three and that saves some time, doesn't it? Even if you are preparing two or three, the one in the casserole requires a minimum of watching, and of course being able to take the casserole right to the table reduces the serving time and cuts down on dishwashing.

I suppose to be perfectly correct, we shouldn't say anything about desserts when we're discussing casseroles. True casserole dishes are really supposed to be meat, cooked for a long time in a cleverly seasoned sauce. But since we've already branched out and now include vegetable dishes and other savory combinations as a matter of course, it's only fair to let desserts take advantage of this time- and labor-saving method of cooking. All kinds of

STAKE YOUR COOKING REPUTATION ON THIS VERSATILE UTENSIL

Perform magic with the sturdy fat-handled baking dish and your limp looking leftovers. Families go for spicy baked beans latticed in sizzling bacon, dishes of scalloped ham and vegetables, and such unexpected concoctions as lamb surprise, savory potatoes with cheese and scalloped noodles and stuffed eggs.

You'll create an awful stir with escalloped oysters, as a party supper dish, and the one-dish dinner (chopped steak, corn and tomatoes, in decorative layers) was made for bridge or maid's-day-out meals.

For a special splurge, bowl everyone over with Maryland chicken en casserole.

Dessert specials are the baked banana pudding and coconut bread pudding with jam and meringue.

Stake your cooking reputation on a casserole.

baked custards, cereal puddings, desserts with a cake basis, many fruit preparations and others can be baked and taken to the table in the casserole. They're sure to taste good and they certainly look their best.

Menus built around casserole dishes should give a thought to color contrasts, to consistency and to form. For example, if you serve baked beans in one of those sturdy pottery casseroles with a fat, stubby handle, an excellent follow-up course would be a crisp green salad with a light, sharp dressing. Naturally there would be brown bread to

go with the beans and perhaps a bottle of chili sauce or tomato catsup for an added fillip. For dessert, a baked fruit "crisp," diced fruits molded in a tart jelly or a light-as-air lemon pudding.

A casserole dessert tops off many a meal in a thoroughly appreciated fashion. Take the coconut bread pudding, for instance, complete with delicately browned coconut meringue and brought to the table in its good-looking oven-glass baker. Serve it after a meal of grilled steak or chops, baked tomatoes and spinach molds or buttered carrots, and I'll guarantee there will be no complaints.

Get out your casserole for some of these delicious combinations.

Spicy Baked Beans

2 Cans of pork and beans (18 oz. can)	¼ Teaspoonful of ground ginger
¼ Cupful of water	½ Teaspoonful of mustard
1 Tablespoonful of sugar	Celery salt
½ Teaspoonful of salt	6 Strips of bacon

Mix the beans with the water, sugar and spices. Put in a buttered casserole and lay strips of bacon over the top. Bake in a moderate oven, 375 deg. Fahr., for 20 minutes. Serves six.

Liver and Spaghetti en Casserole

4 Tablespoonfuls of chopped onion	½ Tablespoonful of chopped parsley
1 Tablespoonful of fat	½ Teaspoonful of salt
1 Cupful of beef or pork liver (diced)	Pepper
¾ Cupful of tomato pulp	½ Cupful of spaghetti
	Boiling salted water

Add the onion to the melted fat and cook until lightly browned. Add the diced liver, parsley and seasonings, and cook for ten minutes. Add the tomato pulp obtained by forcing partially drained canned tomatoes through a sieve, and simmer for twenty minutes. Pour this mixture over the spaghetti which has been cooked until tender in the boiling salted water, drained and turned into a buttered casserole. Sprinkle with grated hard cheese and place in a moderate oven until the cheese is melted.

[Continued on page 74]



A M E R I C A N C A N



More wonderful than Aladdin's Lamp

*Even in
Mid-Winter*

**YOU CAN NOW ENJOY
VARIETY, DELICIOUSNESS AND
NEW WHOLESOMENESS IN MEALS**

● Yes, you have greater magic than Aladdin's—because it's *real*.

For even the richest Croesus of not so many years ago would have considered as luxuries beyond imagination the great variety of delicious foods that can grace *your* table today.

Thanks to the modern canning industry, vegetables and fruits, for instance, that were picked at their peak of summer freshness, *keep* that summer goodness *perfectly* in your pantry. Canned meats, fish, soups, milk—these, too, are ready for you to choose for any meal... with a great saving of time and effort... and of money, as well; for there's no waste in canned foods.

Take full advantage of this modern magic that *you* have at your finger tips. Keep your pantry stocked with all of the good and wholesome foods the modern miracle of canned foods provides.

DID YOU KNOW THIS?

Due to modern, scientific methods, nature's vitamins are conserved in *high degree* in commercially canned foods... more successfully than in foods cooked the usual way *at home*.

Furthermore, food minerals which are soluble in water and ordinarily *lost* at home when cooking water is thrown away, are *retained* by the canning process. The fresh food is *sealed* in the cans, then *seal-cooked*, locking the goodness *IN*.

C O M P A N Y



Montreal, Que. Hamilton, Ont. Toronto, Ont.
American Can Company, Ltd., Vancouver, B. C.

Play Games

(Continued from page 64)

six and first to get 30 points wins the game.

When the game is over hand spoons around and tell your guests to form a ring. Put a balloon on a spoon and pass it to the next player who passes it to the next. Hands are barred and balloons can be recovered only by skilful juggling with the spoon. If the balloon hits the floor the player is eliminated, and last in wins.

Now we're ready for hilarity of a more restful sort. Blow your noses, for the next game is

SMELLS

Arranged beforehand, ten or more numbered bags (cloth is better than paper) confront the guests who are supplied with paper and pencils. The guests are asked to go down the row smelling each bag, noting the number, and naming the commodity they think exudes the particular odor.

Kippers, cinnamon, cloves, gasoline, ammonia, coffee and wintergreen are favorites. Over-ripe cods' heads, however, are barred. The one with the correct, or nearest to correct, list wins.

How about some indoor speed "skating" or, as we shall call it

SEALER RACING

This must be done on linoleum or hardwood. Select four sealers of the same size and put the names of your guests in a hat. The names are drawn out in pairs and each pair has to race over a stipulated distance balanced on sealers. By balancing on the left foot and sealer, the right foot is free to move ahead the right sealer. Then by balancing yourself on the right foot and sealer, the left foot is free to move ahead the left sealer and so on. The idea is the same as with stepping stones, except that in this case you have only two "stones" or sealers and must move them ahead one at a time with the feet. If the sealers tip over, as you will find they have a nasty habit of doing, the competitor must restart at the starting line.

Winners of each race proceed to the next round and so on until the champion is declared. It's breath-taking and lots of fun.

NOSY

Here again two teams are chosen and lined up in columns, each player behind the other, facing the same direction. Two small matchbox covers (the inside container is not needed) should be in readiness. These covers are placed on the noses of the "firsts" of each team. A starter calls "go" and the "first" turns to the "second" and manipulates the cover off his nose on to his teammate's. He turns to the player

behind him, and so on down the line until the last man has the matchbox cover perched on his nose. He rushes to the top of the line and sends it down the line again. The first original "first" to get into his initial position wins the game for his side.

When the cover falls to the floor it may be picked up—but only by the nose!

Getting near supper-time. Smell those good things or haven't you recovered from that whiff of gorgonzola you ran your nose up against during "Smells?" Let's get a good appetite up with

BALLOON LACROSSE

Two wastepaper baskets or cardboard boxes are placed at each end of the room. Teams are picked and "armed" with folded sheets of newspaper to act as "nets" or "rackets." The idea is to bat the balloon with the paper to the opponent's basket and vice versa. Goals totalled for each side decide the winner.

After such strenuous exercise you'll be hungry for the goodies of the party supper. Supper over, here is the ideal grand finale. It is

MURDER

Beforehand, take the same number of playing cards as there are guests and be sure that three of the cards are the jacks of spades, diamonds and hearts. Before dealing the cards explain that those receiving the red jacks are to be the detectives and the person receiving the jack of spades is to be the murderer. Impress upon the guests the fact that the player receiving the jack of spades should not smile, or wink, or do anything that might lead the others to think that he or she is to be the murderer, for the enjoyment of the game depends on the murderer keeping the rest guessing. Deal the cards.

Now, explain that the detectives are to remain in the living room, while the rest scatter over the house. Lights will be turned out and the murderer will touch his victim and murmur: "You are murdered." The victim must scream on hearing this and fall to the floor. The scream is the signal for the detectives to leave the living room and get to work. After the scream all players must stand where they are, only the murderer being allowed to move at the risk of being seen by the detectives.

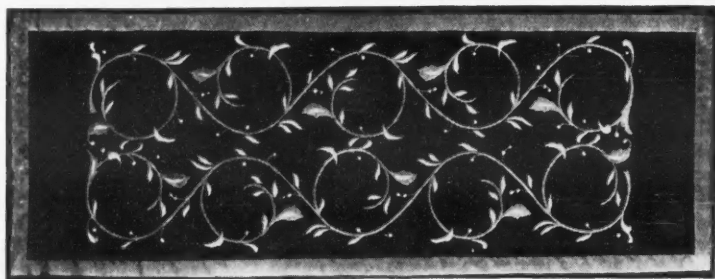
Now let us say the crowd has scattered over the house. The lights are cut off at the main to add to the thrill. Suddenly a scream rings out, the lights go on and the detectives get busy.

They note the position of the suspects and of the body. Then they permit the guests to assemble in the living room. Here the detectives question the suspects and all answers are "Yes," "No" or "I don't know." All must tell the truth, save the murderer. The victim cannot be questioned.

A time limit is set for the solving of each crime and in that time the detectives must produce their murderer.

You will find yourselves playing this game on into the small hours.

A Handsome Jacobean Panel

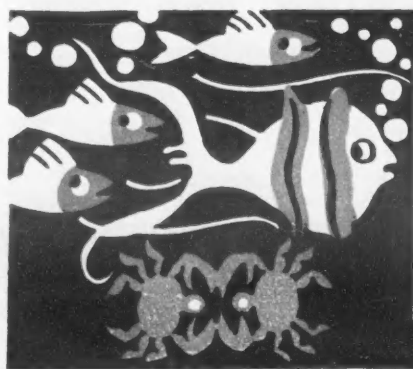


C481—Runner or Wall Panel. In beautiful old Jacobean design worked in soft shades of green with touches of cherry red and gold. Stamped on heavy taffeta silk in black or light navy with three-

quarter-inch binding in blue. Very handsome, yet made almost entirely with the simplest of chain stitches. Size, 17 x 45 inches. Complete materials including backing, \$2.25.

Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.





Meals of the Month

Twenty-eight Menus for February



1	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER	15	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
	Sliced Bananas Cereal Jam Tea	Curried Chicken with Rice Baked Peaches with Coconut Cake Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Boiled Potatoes Butterscotch Tapioca with Chopped Peanuts Coffee Tea	Apples Bread and Hot Milk Corn Muffins Coffee Jelly Tea	Ham à la King on Toast Egg Garnish Lemon Tarts Tea Cocoa	Sirloin Steak French-fried Potatoes Mashed Turnips Coconut Bread Pudding Coffee Tea	
2	Stewed Figs Bread and Milk Bran Muffins Marmalade Coffee Tea	Cheese Fondue Sweet Pickles Fruit Jelly Whip Tea Wafers Cocoa	Roast of Pork Apple Sauce Browned Potatoes Harvard Beets Chocolate Cottage Pudding Marshmallow Sauce Coffee Tea	Orange Juice Cereal Bacon Marmalade Coffee Tea	Kidney Stew Hot Rice Molds Mixed Fruit Cup Sweet Rolls Tea Cocoa	Rolls Roast of Lamb Browned Potatoes Buttered Carrots Lime Bavarian Cream Coffee Tea	
3	Half Grapefruit Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Bean Loaf Tomato Sauce Head Lettuce French Dressing Apple Sauce (from Tuesday) Frosted Cake (use left-over cottage pudding) Tea Cocoa	Celery Soup Cold Roast Pork Mashed Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Baked Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea	Stewed Apricots Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Codfish Balls Tomato Sauce Head Lettuce Salad Hot Biscuits Tea Cocoa	Julienne Soup Cold Roast Lamb Scalloped Potatoes Asparagus (canned) Pineapple Shortcake Coffee Tea	
4	Oranges Cereal Toast Coffee Conserve Tea	Canned Corned Beef Mustard Potato Salad Hot Biscuits Tea Maple Syrup Cocoa	Scalloped Oysters and Noodles Cabbage, Green Pepper and Pimiento Slaw Steamed Raisin Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea	Pineapple Juice Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee Tea	Casserole of Lima Beans (with left-over meat, if any) Chilled Apricot Whip Tea Wafers Cocoa	Baked Sausages Creamed Potatoes Boiled Shredded Cabbage Apple Crisp Coffee Tea	
5	Baked Apple Cereal Coffee Coke Honey Tea	Codfish Cakes Chili Sauce Potato Chips Pineapple, Celery and Nut Salad Tea Cocoa	Onion Soup with Cheese Spinach with Poached Eggs Baked Potatoes Buttered Carrots Cranberry Pie Coffee Tea	Tomato Juice Cereal Brown Toast Coffee Conserve Tea	Cream of Vegetable Soup Crackers Banana, Grapefruit, Cheese and Nut Salad Tea Cookies Cocoa	Steamed Salmon Loaf Egg Sauce Baked Potatoes Harvard Beets Gingerbread Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea	
6	Cereal with Chopped Dates Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Small Sausages Sauerkraut Canned Apricots Ginger Cookies Tea Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlets Au Gratin Potatoes Individual Baked Custards Coffee Peas Tea	Prepared Cereal with Sliced Bananas Raisin Scones Coffee Jelly Tea	Baked Corn Custard Hard Brown Rolls Apple Compote Left-over Gingerbread Tea Cocoa	Baked Dressed Heart Mashed Potatoes Creamed Onions Fruit Ice Cream Sponge Drops Coffee Tea	
7	(Sunday) Pineapple Juice Bacon and Eggs Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Cream of Mushroom Soup Jellied Vegetable Salad Hot Rolls Cream Puffs Chocolate Filling Tea Cocoa	Roast Goose with Dressing Mashed Potatoes Turnip Fluff Fruit Cup Coffee Fancy Cakes Tea	(Sunday) Grape Juice French Toast Bacon Coffee Syrup Tea	Peppercorn Soup Crackers Assorted Sandwiches Pickles and Olives Canned Peaches Sponge Cake Tea Cocoa	Fried Chicken Potato Puff Spinach Cranberry Tapioca Whipped Cream Coffee Tea	
8	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee Jam Tea	Bacon Scalloped Potatoes Canned Berries Nut Bread Tea Cocoa	Clear Tomato Soup Cold Roast Goose Potato Cakes Creamed Onions Apple Dumplings Coffee Tea	Orange Halves Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Finnan Haddie Cooked in Milk Brown Toast Peach Trifle with Almonds (use left-over peaches and juice) Tea Cocoa	Hot Beef Loaf Riced Potatoes Buttered Parsnips Baked Apples with Raisins Coffee Tea	
9	Prunes with Lemon Cereal Toasted Nut Bread Coffee Jam Tea	Rice Croquettes Cheese Sauce Grated Carrot, Onion and Green Pepper Salad Fresh Jelly Roll Tea Cocoa	Pot Roast of Beef Boiled Potatoes Beans Blanc Mange with Fruit Sauce Coffee Tea	Prunes with Lemon Scrambled Eggs Coffee Toast Tea	Celery Soup Cold Meat Loaf Mustard Pickles Hashed Brown Potatoes Fruit-flavored Junket Crisp Wafers Tea Cocoa	Baked Pork Chops Scalloped Potatoes Cole Slaw Johnny Cake Coffee Maple Syrup Tea	
10	Tomato Juice Pancakes Coffee Syrup Tea	Scotch Broth Canned Salmon Salad Prune Whip Tea Cocoa	Cold Sliced Pot Roast Pickle Relish Baked Potatoes Stewed Corn Steamed Ginger Pudding Hard Sauce Coffee Tea	Apple Sauce Cereal Broiled Smoked Herring Coffee Toast Tea	Frankfurters Baked Potatoes Prune (from Tuesday) and Orange Salad Sweet Rolls Tea Cocoa	Clam Chowder Baked Stuffed Eggs French-fried Potatoes Apricot Pie Coffee Tea	
11	Cereal with Raisins Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Shepherd's Pie Tomato Catsup Baked Apples with Cream Tea Cocoa	Liver and Onions Creamed Potatoes Rice Pudding with Grated Lemon Rind Coffee Tea	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Honey Tea	Grilled Kidneys and Bacon Relish Raisin Scones Tea Apple Sauce Cocoa	Beef Stew Dumplings Jellied Vegetable Mold on Lettuce Baked Chocolate Custard Coffee Tea	
12	Lemon and Orange Juice Cereal Bran Muffins Coffee Honey Tea	Baked Beans Brown Rolls Diced Fruits in Cherry Jelly Custard Sauce Tea Cocoa	Poached Fillets of Haddock Duchess Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Quick Maple Pudding Coffee Tea	Half Grapefruit Waffles and Syrup Coffee Tea	Cheese Soufflé Head Lettuce French Dressing Cranberry Water Ice Cookies Tea Cocoa	Oven-fried Fish Steaks Parsley Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Steamed Fig Pudding Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea	
13	Sliced Bananas Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Creamed Eggs on Toast Celery Curis Canned Plums Cookies Tea Cocoa	Hot Baked Picnic Ham Mashed Potatoes Buttered Cauliflower Orange Junket Coffee Tea	Orange Juice with Lemon Cereal Bacon Coffee Toast Tea	Spanish Rice Hard Brown Rolls Baked Pears in Maple Syrup Tea Cocoa	Lamb Chops Mashed Potatoes Glazed Carrots Pineapple Upside-down Cake Coffee Tea	
14	(Sunday) Half Grapefruit Cereal Grilled Smoked Fish Toast Coffee Tea	Celery and Oyster Patties Cranberry Jelly Squares on Lettuce Angel Cake Tea Chocolate Sauce Cocoa	Fresh Vegetable Soup Cold Sliced Ham Pickled Crab Apples Candied Sweet Potatoes Green Peas Hot Mince Pie Coffee Tea	(Sunday) Chilled Cranberry Juice Savory Omelet Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Chicken Shortcakes Sweet Gherkins Assorted Small Tarts Fruit and Nuts Tea Cocoa	Consommé Dressed Tenderloin Baked Sweet Potatoes Braised Celery Oranges, Bananas and Grapes in Lemon Jelly Coffee Tea	

*The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks
are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month*

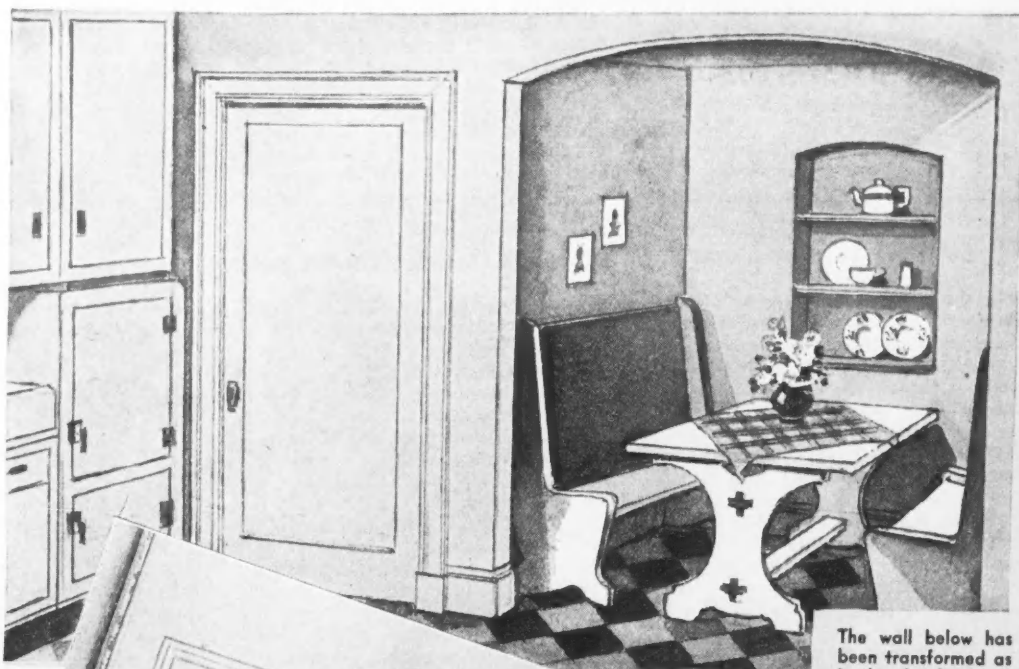
An Old House

This old-fashioned house offered many possibilities both outside and in for startling improvements.

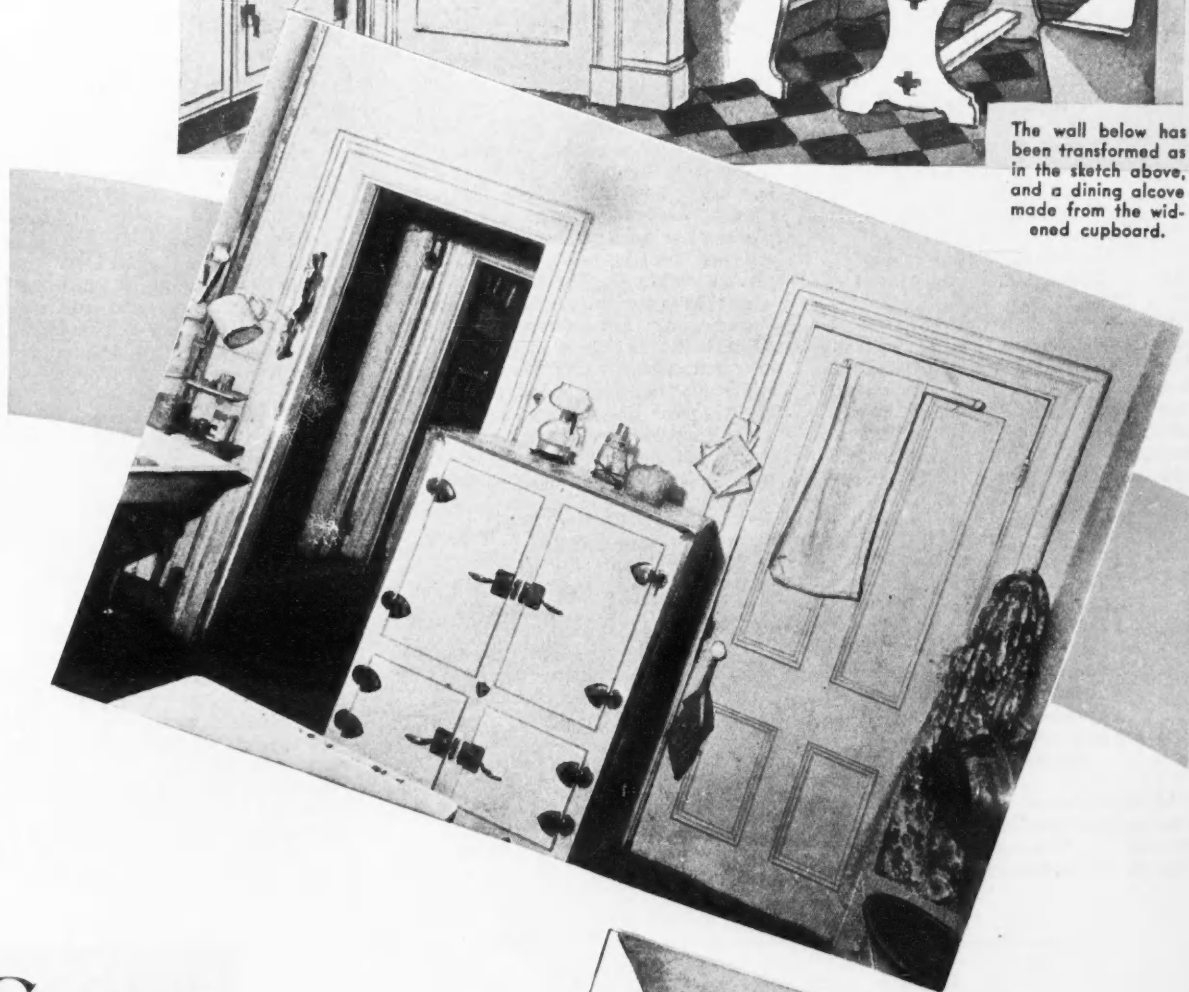
Illustrated by E. D. Harris

dingy room. Now it has trim cupboards and a gleaming new sink. One of the kitchen walls illustrated in the photograph shows its original state. The sketch above shows how cleverly a dining alcove has been introduced by slightly widening the cupboard and utilizing this space.

A large, antiquated trellised arch between the living room and dining room has been replaced by modern French doors. Gas grates have been removed from both rooms which now function as open fireplaces. New radiators, covered by a window seat, have been provided under the windows in the living room. Just as striking changes have taken place upstairs. The out-moded bathroom with its dust-catching wood wainscot and obsolete appliances has been replaced by a completely new and modern bathroom with built-in fixtures and blue and white tile floors. Each bedroom is now supplied with ample cupboards, and the unwieldy linen cupboard which formerly stole most of the hall space, is now replaced by an unobtrusive, but very generous one opening from the space between the hall and the bathroom. Wouldn't your house be infinitely more livable with some of the improvements that have given this old house a new lease on life? The \$2,000 borrowed for such an improvement plan would be paid back over a period of twenty years.



The wall below has been transformed as in the sketch above, and a dining alcove made from the widened cupboard.



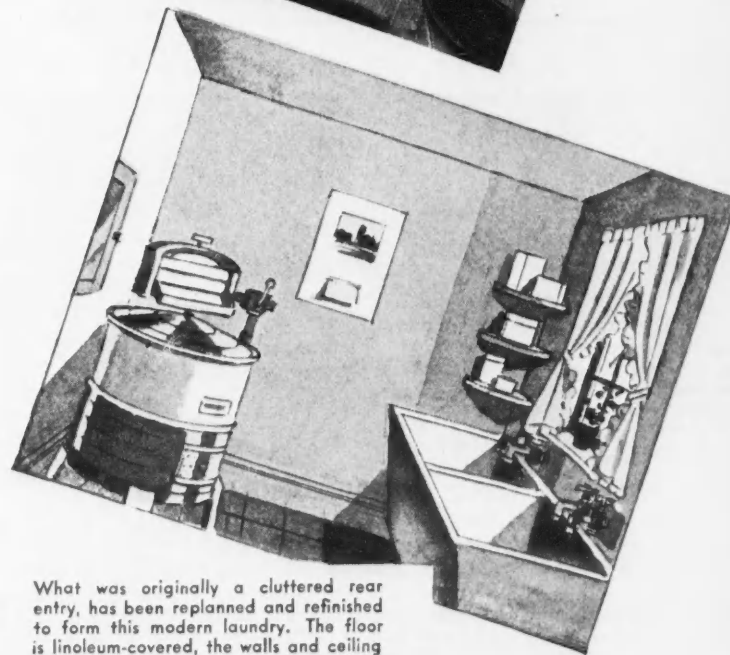
Improvement Contest

Photograph your renovations, and submit them in our new Home Improvement Contest. There's a prize every month.

The first month's contest will close March 30, and the prize-winning photographs will be published in the first possible issue of *Chatelaine*, and month by month afterwards. Each month's contest will close at the end of the month.

Remember that it doesn't matter how small or how large your renovation is — *Chatelaine* wants good pictures of interesting ideas. Snapshots will do, or sketches of the old plans. But they must be clear enough for reproduction. The judges' decisions as to the winners will be final.

Send your entries to
HOME IMPROVEMENT DEPARTMENT
CHATELAINE INSTITUTE
481 University Ave., Toronto.



What was originally a cluttered rear entry, has been replanned and refinished to form this modern laundry. The floor is linoleum-covered, the walls and ceiling tinted, and the woodwork given three coats of paint. An ironing board, a new window, and a ceiling light are provided in addition to the laundry tubs and the washing machine.

Modernizing

Here's the story of one interesting modernization achievement as developed under the Government's Home Improvement Plan.

by Richard Fisher
(B.Arch., M.R.A.I.C.)

YOU'VE SEEN dozens of down-at-heel old houses, like the one photographed on this page, in your own town or city, haven't you? Here is one that has been completely rejuvenated from cellar to roof, as a sample of what can be accomplished under the Government's Home Improvement Plan. The remodelling is a demonstration carried out in Montreal by the Canadian Institute of Plumbing and Heating, W. George DeBelle, architect.

In addition to the striking changes shown in the illustrations on these pages, every room in the house has been painted and redecorated; the heating plant has been modernized; and the exterior walls and shingles have been refinished to look like new. All this has been done within the \$2,000 loan limit set by the Government in its new plan.

Take the outside. Would you have believed that removing a dark old verandah, and making the walls gay with white paint, leading the windows and using gay colorful window boxes could have made such a difference? Now it is a house that attracts instant attention.

But it is within doors that the greatest changes have been made. The clean, delicately tinted walls and freshly painted woodwork would probably be the first thing to strike your eyes. The kitchen was an inconvenient dark and



Gay flower boxes, white painted brick-work, newly stained roof and the removal of the old porch help change the "ugly duckling," below, into this fine modern house.



The photograph shows the original entrance to the house. The sketch shows what has been evolved by doing away with the old wooden verandah, and replacing it with a small cement and brick terrace. The new, modern entrance door is infinitely more attractive than the old-fashioned double wooden door originally on the house. The windows have been leaded in plain glass.

.. Chatelaine's Home

Every month, beginning March, Chatelaine will pay \$25.00 for the best example of home improvements submitted each month.

Throughout Canada home owners are planning renovations assisted by the terms of the Government's Home Improvement Plan.

Month by month, beginning March, Chatelaine will pay \$25.00 for the best before-and-after photographs showing actual renovations undertaken by readers. In addition, interesting photographs that may not win the monthly prize will be bought by Chatelaine at usual space rates.

The amount of money you spend is not important. It's ideas we want — and actual photographs or sketches illustrating those ideas. Attach with your photographs a brief outline of the cost and details of the plans involved.

The contest is for readers of Chatelaine anywhere in Canada, except employees of The MacLean Publishing Company and their immediate families.

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"Your soups are always delicious, but I think this is the best you've ever made."

"My dear, I wish I could say I *had* made it, but I didn't really—it's a Heinz Soup."

Gusto!
—which means the difference
between "just eating" and
keen enjoyment of one's food

SOME OF THE 57

Cream of Asparagus	Vegetable Beef
Cream of Celery	(Beef Broth)
Cream of Mushroom	Scotch Broth
Cream of Spinach	Vegetable Soup
Cream of Tomato	Chicken with Rice
Cream of Onion	Chicken with Noodles
Cream of Green Pea	Corn Chowder
Bean Soup	Ox Tail



EVEN A brief gesture of afternoon hospitality calls for a wise choice of food. And in the selection of soup for luncheon or dinner, an ever increasing number of women turn with confidence to the Heinz shelf. When they serve a Heinz Soup they know there is *one* course which is bound to be an unqualified success. And when the soup is superb it lends glamour to each succeeding course.

There's always a best and second best in everything. The few cents more you may pay for Heinz Soups make *so* much difference. Almost any soup *will do*; but Heinz Soups—generous with the quality and savour of fine selected meats, choice flavoursome vegetables and delicious with real cream—are the kind you can eat

with gusto. Every spoonful is appetizing, rich, satisfying, with the home-made flavour that comes from patient, skilful, *complete* cooking.

Each Heinz Soup is of the finest quality, enticing in taste and so completely *finished* that you need add nothing—just heat, pour and enjoy. There's a variety of Heinz Soup to suit every occasion—your dealer has them for you.

HEINZ BOOK OF SALADS AND MEAT RECIPES

Over 100 pages of recipes with many illustrations. Salads — dressings — canapés — sandwiches — meat dishes — carving suggestions. Send 25 cents. Or only 10 cents with labels from 3 tins of Heinz Soups. Address H. J. Heinz Company, Dept. C48, Toronto.

Canadian plant established at Leamington, 1909.

H E I N Z H O M E M A D E S T Y L E S O U P S

Cook in a Casserole

(Continued from page 67)

Scalloped Ham and Vegetables

In the bottom of a greased casserole place small pieces of left-over cooked ham. Cover with a layer of thinly sliced raw potatoes, then a layer of thinly sliced onion. Continue the layers thus until the dish is filled, having a layer of ham on the top. Season with pepper, paprika, a dash of sage and thyme and a little mace. Blend two tablespoonfuls of flour with two cupfuls of milk and pour over the materials in the casserole. Bake for one half to three quarters of an hour in a moderate oven—375 deg. Fahr.

Lamb Surprise

- 3 Cupfuls of cooked rice
- 1½ Cupfuls of diced cooked lamb (left-over)
- 2 Slices of chopped bacon
- Grated cheese
- 1½ Cupfuls of canned tomatoes
- Buttered bread crumbs

Place the rice in a buttered casserole. Make a hollow in the centre and fill with diced lamb to which chopped bacon has been added. Grate cheese on the top and pour over it the canned tomatoes. Spread with buttered bread crumbs and bake in a moderate oven, 350 deg. Fahr., for 45 minutes.

Savory Potatoes With Cheese

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1½ Cupfuls of milk
- 1 Cupful of grated cheese
- Salt and pepper
- 1 Small onion, finely chopped
- ½ Green pepper, finely chopped
- 1 Pimiento, finely chopped
- 4 or 5 Medium-sized potatoes, boiled and cut in dice

Melt the butter in the top part of a double boiler, add the flour and cook over low heat, stirring constantly until blended. Add the milk gradually and cook over hot

water until thickened, stirring to prevent lumping. Add the cheese and stir until melted. Season with salt and pepper to taste, then add the finely chopped onion, green pepper and pimiento. In a greased casserole put alternate layers of the diced cooked potatoes and the sauce, having the sauce on top. Bake for 20 minutes in a moderate oven, 350 deg. Fahr., and serve hot.

Scalloped Noodles and Stuffed Eggs

- 1 Package of noodles (4½ oz.)
- Boiling salted water
- 6 Eggs
- Salt and pepper
- Mustard
- Vinegar
- Milk to moisten
- 1½ Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Cupful of boiling water, mixed with
- 1 Cupful of evaporated milk
- Grated cheese

Drop the noodles into a large quantity of boiling salted water and boil briskly until tender. Drain and rinse. Place in the bottom of a buttered casserole. Hard-cook the eggs, peel and cut in halves lengthwise. Remove the yolks, mash and season with salt and pepper, mustard and a little vinegar. Add milk to moisten. Refill the whites with the mixture and place the stuffed eggs on the noodles in the casserole. Melt the butter, blend in the flour and salt, and gradually add the mixed water and evaporated milk. Cook, stirring constantly until the mixture is thick and smooth and pour over the eggs and noodles in the casserole. Sprinkle grated cheese over the top and brown in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.

One Dish Dinner

(chopped steak, corn and tomatoes)

- 4 Tablespoonfuls of fat
- 2 Medium green peppers, sliced
- 1 Medium onion, chopped
- 1 Pound of chopped round steak
- 1—1½ Teaspoonfuls of salt
- ¼ Teaspoonful of pepper
- 2 Eggs
- 2 Cupfuls of corn (niblets)
- 4 Medium tomatoes (sliced)
- ½ Cupful of buttered bread crumbs

Melt the fat in a frying pan, add the sliced green peppers and the chopped onion and cook until delicately browned. Add the chopped steak and the seasonings and cook until the meat is browned. Remove from the heat and stir in the slightly beaten eggs. Put one half of the corn in the bottom of a buttered casserole, cover with half of the meat mixture and then a layer of sliced tomatoes. Repeat with another layer of corn, meat and tomatoes. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake for 35 minutes in a moderate oven—375 deg. Fahr.

Maryland Chicken en Casserole

- 1 to 3 Pound chicken
- 1 Egg
- 1½ Teaspoonfuls of salt
- 2 Cupfuls of bread crumbs
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 6 Slices of bacon
- Sprigs of fresh parsley

Clean the chicken and cut into suitable-sized pieces for serving. Beat the egg well, add the salt and cover all parts of the chicken with the mixture. Then roll each piece in the bread crumbs until the entire surface is covered and arrange the pieces in a well-buttered oval casserole. Dot with bits of butter and bake in a hot oven, 425 deg. Fahr., for approximately one and one-quarter hours. Serve from the casserole garnished with the bacon which has been cooked to crisp curls and with sprigs of fresh parsley. This is a convenient and delicious way to prepare chicken and will serve five or six persons.

Escalloped Oysters

- 3 Tablespoonfuls of quick tapioca
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt
- Pepper
- 1½ Cupfuls of scalded milk
- 1 Cupful of oysters, cut in halves
- 1 Egg
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of cracker crumbs
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter

Combine the tapioca, salt and pepper with the scalded milk and cook over hot water until the tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add the halved oysters and continue cooking for five minutes. Separate the egg yolk and white and fold the slightly beaten yolk into the stiffly beaten white. Combine with the oyster and

tapioca mixture, remove from the heat and turn into a greased casserole. Sprinkle with the cracker crumbs and dot with the butter. Bake in a moderate oven, 350 deg. Fahr., for 35 to 45 minutes or until nicely browned. Four servings.

Baked Banana Pudding

- 4 Bananas
- Juice and grated rind of ½ lemon
- ¾ Cupful of granulated sugar
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- Sifted dry bread crumbs
- 3 Eggs
- 1 Cupful of evaporated milk
- 1 Cupful of water
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Teaspoonful of vanilla

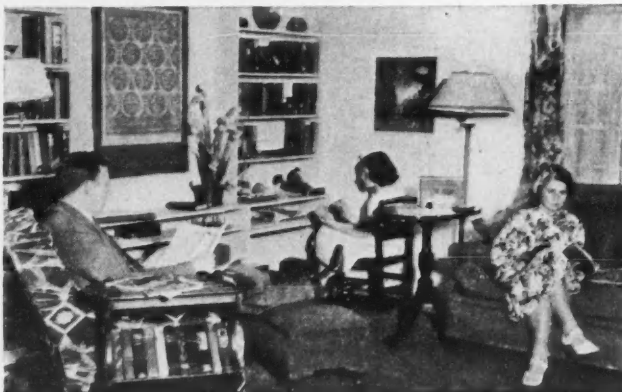
Place a layer of thinly sliced bananas in the bottom of a well-buttered casserole. Sprinkle with lemon juice and grated rind and ¼ cupful of sugar. Dot with small bits of butter. Cover with a thin layer of the finely sifted bread crumbs. Repeat until the dish is three quarters full. Beat the eggs slightly and combine with the evaporated milk and the water. Add the remaining sugar, salt and vanilla, mix well and pour over the bananas in the casserole. Place in a pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven, 300 deg. Fahr., or until the custard is set. Eight servings.

Cocoanut Bread Pudding With Jam and Meringue

- 1½ Cupfuls of stale bread crumbs
- ½ Cupful of shredded cocoanut
- 4 Cupfuls of scalded milk
- 3 Egg yolks
- ½ Cupful of granulated sugar
- Plum, strawberry or apricot jam
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of sugar (for meringue)

Soak the bread crumbs and the cocoanut in the scalded milk until soft. Add the slightly beaten egg yolks which have been mixed with the sugar and combine thoroughly. Turn into a casserole, set in a pan of hot water and bake for about one hour in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr. Cool and spread with a thick layer of jam. Top with the stiffly beaten egg whites to which the sugar has been added, sprinkle with shredded cocoanut, if desired, and return to the oven until delicately browned. Serve hot or cold, with or without cream.

Small daughter has a corner of her own in this comfortable room.



A proper light for each unit is an all-important part of the modern home.

A Living Room for Everyone

THE LIVING ROOM has been metamorphosed from the old-time parlor with its stiff tidy-covered chairs and fantastic ornaments to the comfortable, convenient room of today. As an example, this living room above, as shown at the A.C.W.W. convention in Washington, groups the fur-

niture to accommodate old and young, with proper lighting facilities, and due allowance made for the hobbies of each member of the family. To preserve the effect of orderliness the larger pieces of furniture are parallel with the lines of the room, and include two built-in cabinets

with closed doors for children's toys, games and books. The ornaments are only those serving some useful purpose. Father has a comfortable chair close to his books and magazines. Small daughter has her own corner and shares a good light with mother's corner on the chesterfield. Mother's sewing table is in close reach. A living room such as this, planned to serve the interests of each member of the

family, is definitely "the heart of the home."

The other photograph shows how simple it is to arrange proper working units in the family with the right lighting and furniture grouping. Mother has a good light for reading or sewing; the son of the house can do his lessons at a table which can be lowered during the day. Father's chair, too, is well lighted and convenient.



Mrs. Hendry, of Bala, Ontario, whose plans for \$500 improvement in her kitchen won the first prize of \$100 in Chatelaine's Kitchen Idea Contest.

Paging the Winners in Chatelaine's Kitchen Idea Contest

by Helen G. Campbell

FIRST PRIZE:—

Mrs. J. W. Hendry,
Bala, Ontario.

SECOND PRIZE:—

Mrs. C. McEown,
Saskatoon, Sask.

SIX PRIZES:—

\$25.00

Mrs. E. John Seager,
Toronto, Ont.
Mrs. Herman Schillinger,
Wilcox, Sask.
Mrs. C. H. Luke,
Edmonton, Alta.
Mrs. Fred Taylor,
Toronto, Ontario.
Mrs. Mary M. Winch,
Varsity View P. O., Man.
Mrs. Teddie Meeks,
Raymond, Alta.

20 PRIZES:—

\$10.00

Mrs. Muriel E. Massie,
9912-106 St.,
Edmonton, Alta.

Mrs. Mabel Grove,
111 Terrace Hill,
Brantford, Ont.

Mrs. Robt. Blackwood,
11303-72nd St.,
Edmonton, Alta.

Miss M. Hazel Cox,
Middleton, N.S.
Mrs. J. E. Fraser,
Duncan,

Vancouver Island, B.C.
Mrs. Iris M. Hamilton,
642 Huron St.,
Toronto, Ontario.

Miss Viola Payton,
395 Walton St.,
Peterborough, Ont.

Mrs. Eleanor M. Kerr,
224 Brookside Ave.,
New Glasgow, N.S.

Mrs. John A. McLeod,
Box 135,
Lake Megantic, P.Q.
Mrs. J. H. Merry,
11 School St.,
Moncton, N.B.

Mrs. John F. Gordon,
42 Pasmore St.,
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Mrs. Mary G. Moodie,
25 Heath St. W.,
Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. C. V. Nickolson,
Leamchail, B.C.
Mrs. Anne H. McMakin,
Havelock, N.B.

Mrs. H. E. Goddard,
Kayville, Sask.
Mrs. W. H. Cumberland,
Decker, Man.

Mrs. E. J. Wagar,
105 Lack St.,
Peterborough, Ont.

Mrs. Edna Whitehead,
Hydro, Ont.
Mrs. C. E. Barrett,
52 Lavinia Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. Edna J. Tarbolton,
167 Windsor Ave.,
London, Ontario.

THE JUDGES had a time of it with the hundreds of entries in *Chatelaine's* Kitchen Idea Contest and twenty-eight winners to be picked from the lot. Each one was studied, appraised and passed upon, according to the problem and the solution presented. Here are the lucky women—from every province as it turned out—who have imagined and thoughtfully planned the transformation of city, farm or village kitchen into a more agreeable and efficient home centre.

Dozens, or rather hundreds, of other housekeepers deserve great praise for the way they have redesigned their present kitchens to overcome faults and make the most of good features. Every woman had something different to start with, and her improvements were designed to meet her own conditions and fulfill her own requirements.

The alterations planned by housekeepers are as varied as the original backgrounds where they now do their work. They have enlarged the room or divided it as the case demanded, have remodelled inadequate windows, closed up or cut in doors or changed the position of these openings as seemed advisable. They have built commodious cupboards, provided grand counters for preparing and serving food, bought various new appliances and arranged their equipment in more labor-saving sequence. They have had water "laid on," wired for electricity, removed trap doors, built dumb-waiters, arranged for garbage disposal and made any number of major and minor improvements to fit the case.

It seems that all, or almost all, women with an old-fashioned pantry want to be

rid of it. The majority turned this space into a breakfast nook. Some used it for a laundry or a milk room and others to enlarge adjacent rooms. Nearly everyone invested in new linoleum, most housekeepers painted their kitchens, and the majority changed their color schemes. The number of women who want a red geranium in the window!

ONE AFTER another told of planning to put their ideas into effect. Quite a few have started already and some are rejoicing in a finished job. From one—"I hope to win a prize and coax my husband to modernize my kitchen; I won't be satisfied till it is all changed. See what you have done with your contest!"

Here's the Prize Kitchen

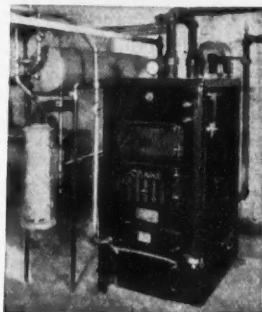
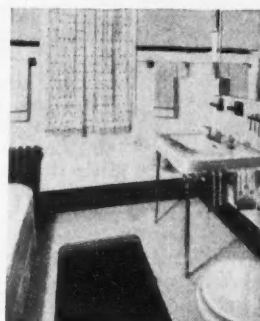
(Continued from page 23)

this entry at the top of the hundreds submitted. Most of her ideas are original, some are garnered from magazines, commercial literature and other sources of information which she has studied and pored over. Here's one woman who loves to remodel and redecorate in imagination if not in actual fact.

And thanks to all those other housekeepers who took part in the contest and sent most interesting ideas. Many of these will be featured in following issues and other clever solutions to kitchen problems presented.

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YOU'VE been *planning* the ideal kitchen for your home: why not make your dream come true? You can do it so easily today...arranging payment either through your banker under the Home Improvement Plan or through your plumber under the NEW CRANE BUDGET PLAN, which offers the *same low rates of interest.*

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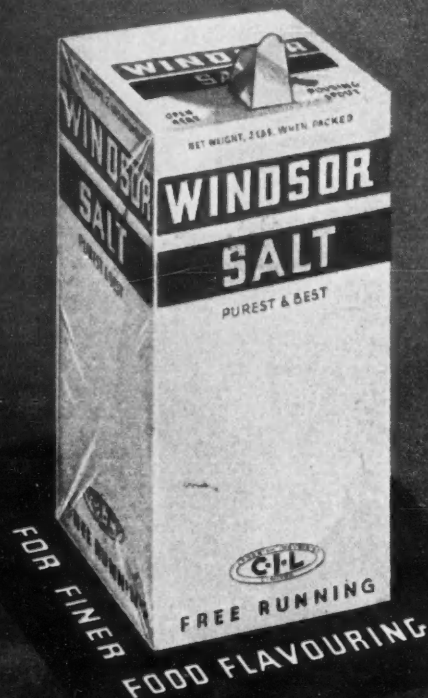


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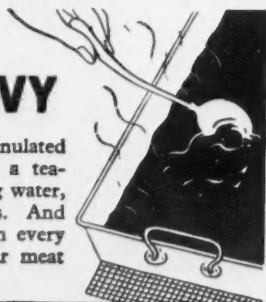
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Mrs. W. P. Mulock's Favorite Fish Recipe

PLANKED WHITE FISH

AS THE wife of a prominent Parliamentarian and grand-daughter-in-law of Canada's former Chief Justice, Mrs. W. P. Mulock is a busy and distinguished hostess. Her charm and hospitality make her home—in Toronto and the Capital—a popular rendezvous of her hosts of

friends from every corner of the Dominion. Mrs. Mulock has named a Planked Whitefish as one of her specialties and offers the recipe to *Chatelaine* readers. It will do credit to your table either at a simple family dinner or on some important social occasion.

PLANKED WHITE FISH

Select a three- to four-pound white fish, remove the head, fins and scales. Lay it open, skin side down and with a sharp knife cut down the centre back, to, but not through the skin. Leave the tail on but trim the uneven edges at the top, using the scissors. Lay the fish, skin side down, on a well-oiled plank and sprinkle the surface with salt and pepper. Cover thickly with fine dry bread crumbs and sprinkle the crumbs liberally with cooking oil. Place in a very hot oven for 5 to 7 minutes, remove from the oven and decorate the

edge of the plank with mashed potatoes forced through a pastry tube. Return to the oven until the fish and potatoes are nicely browned (10 to 15 minutes). Remove and garnish with hot broiled or grilled tomatoes which have been hollowed out and filled with oysters. Garnish also with sections of lemon and with a sprinkling of finely chopped parsley over the fish.

Serve Maitre d'Hotel or Tartare Sauce separately, as an accompaniment.

THINK OF IT!

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You'll love this adorable doll—the very image of her famous namesake. Soft, golden curls—pretty hazel eyes that will close—and the cutest frock, exactly like one of Shirley's own.

This Shirley Temple Doll is 13 inches long. It will come to you with a Shirley Temple Button and a naturally tinted 8" x 10" portrait of Shirley with signature, confirming that this is the one and only Shirley Temple Doll, approved by Shirley and her mother.

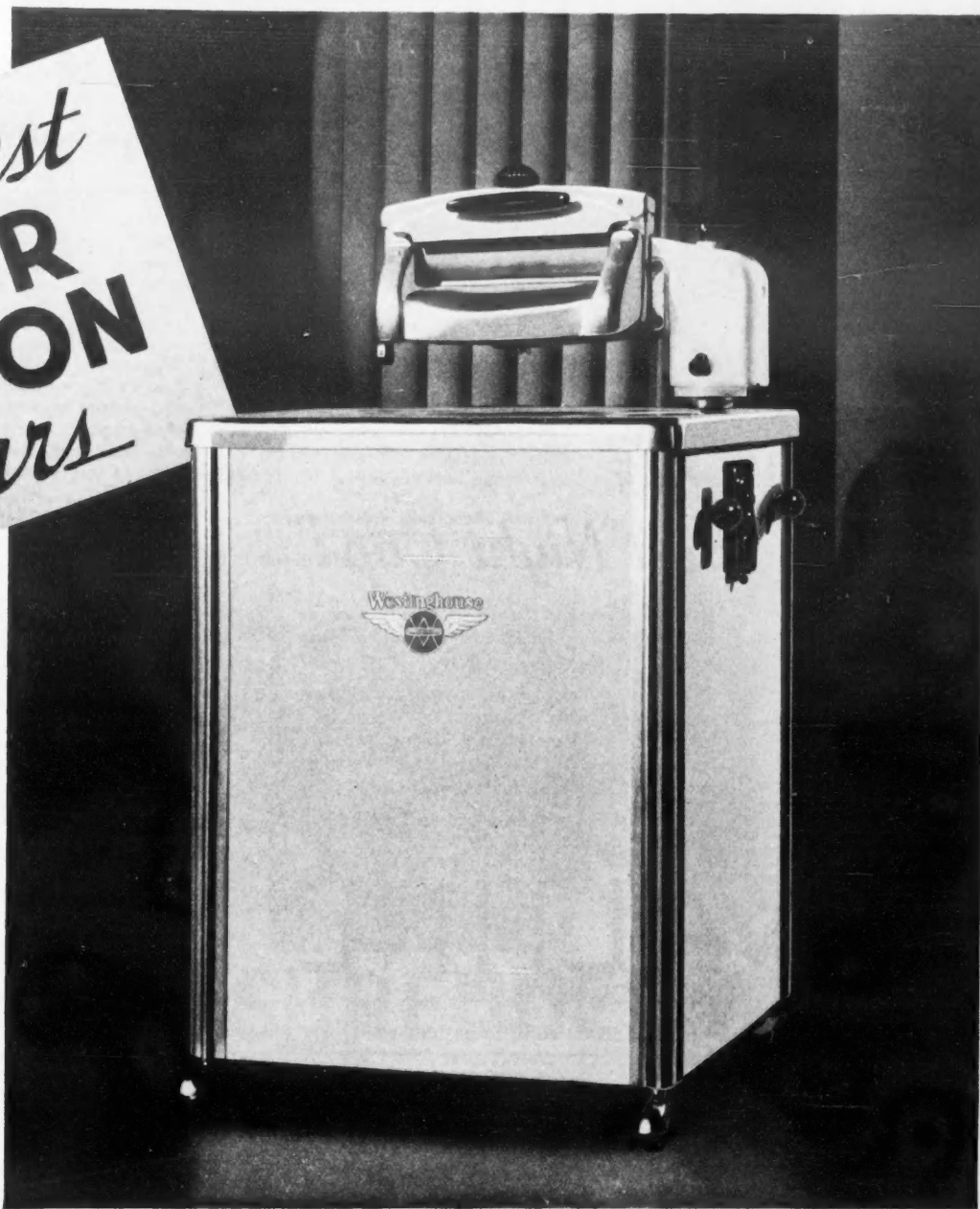
Best of all, you can have this lovely doll **WITHOUT COST**. From your friends and neighbors you can easily secure new subscriptions to *Chatelaine*, to make a total of \$4.00. You can get four One-year subscriptions, at \$1.00 each; or two Two-year subscriptions at \$1.50 each, and one One-year subscription at \$1.00; or two Three-year subscriptions, at \$2.00 each—or any combination of these that will make a total of \$4.00. But please remember, these must not include a subscription from your own home, and they must not be paid for by the person who sends for the doll. They must be from other people, and this lovely doll is your reward for securing them from us. Write the names and addresses of the subscribers plainly and your name and address, and attach a clipping of this announcement. Forward with the \$4.00, and we will send you the Doll at once.

JEAN TRAVIS, CHATELAINE, 481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO

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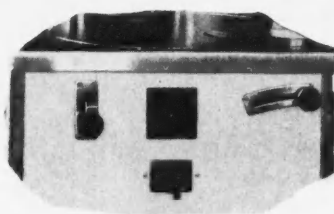


STRIKINGLY NEW IN DESIGN... yet even its smart modern form with brilliant white finish and gleaming chrome trim can scarcely prepare you for the difference it makes on laundry day.

Automatic time-control eliminates watchful waiting, insures correct duration of washing action. Exclusive Sentinel safety switch ends fuse bother, prevents accidental damage to the mechanism. Automatic power pump and Lovell adjustable pressure wringer save time and provide the utmost in efficiency and safety. No oiling is needed anywhere. And Westinghouse Cushioned Action washes clothes faster and better. It is an exclusive development of Westinghouse engineers to save clothes from the harsh, wrenching action of ordinary washers and to do the finest washing job possible.

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Trial by Marriage

(Continued from page 31)

pretend I had something to tell Stephen—"Well—we have."

Ann crossed to the phone and called the laboratory. Her eyes smiled at Kerry, smiling to hear Stephen's voice. "Stephen—come home, will you? Something nice has happened."

She crossed the room again, wondering as she did so that she had no wish to prolong this moment alone with Kerry. After all, there was nothing much to add to it. She was not going to lose him again. He would be here tomorrow again; and what was not said today could be said another day, thought another day, felt another day, each day living itself out in a continuous stream. They were together, the three of them again.

She sat at the piano, and began to play, lifting her eyes to Kerry's, seeing the affection freely displayed in them, answering them freely with her own. Here was no disastrous, stirring emotion. That had been absorbed into this deeper thing, this acknowledgment that they needed each other, that they must keep each other at all cost, certainly at the cost—if it was cost—of burying that thing that had risen between them only to hurt them and drive them apart.

They were just finishing together, "And when Irish eyes are smilin'" when Stephen opened the door.

Kerry stopped suddenly, and Ann turned on the piano bench. Stephen just stood there, looking at them. Kerry was the first to stir, and then both men were clasped together in the centre of the room, and Ann lost them in a blur of tears.

THE NEXT FEW weeks did seem to give Ann just what she had hoped. There was great happiness in capitulating, in telling herself how wrong and unjust she had been. She would not admit to herself that the days held too great intensity, too great a strain, to be called happy. She was so glad to be able to accept them just as they were. Only, she wished she could say to him: Don't, Kerry, ask of women more than you are free to receive. We are too tender, too loving. We are not men. We don't too clearly separate sex from its sisters, tenderness and compassion. You are not making a conquest of us, you are only disturbing us, rousing in that deep seat of our emotions the wish not to be satisfied merely, but to satisfy.

One day she was mounting Duna, preparatory to riding out in the open trail. Sergeant was holding her horse.

"You ain't goin' to be ridin' your favorite horse much longer, now, Mis' Farrington. Whyn't you ask Major to sell you Duna? He would, I'll bet. He knows he can't jump her as good as you can, and she makes him mad now. She's a swell horse for you. I bet he'd sell her cheap."

"But she's still cheaper for me if I don't have to buy her, and the Major boards and feeds her. You've got to admit that, Sergeant."

"Well—but he's leavin' here now in a coupla weeks."

"For army manoeuvres, you mean. But we're going away ourselves. We're talking of the seashore. Want to come, Sergeant, as nursemaid?"

"Who—me? I never was no good as nursemaid, no sir. When they yelled at night, I just covered up my head with the blanket. Gimme a gun or a horse, and I'm all right, but not—not—"

"Diapers?"

Sergeant blushed. Fortunately, Kerry came in just then for his horse.

"Told Mis' Farrington I bet you'd leave her Duna. What you want with Duna in Montreal? She ain't worth five dollars to

you. I'll bet Mis' Farrington won't miss you half as much next year as she will if you take Duna."

Ann, laughing, looked at Kerry and was startled at the savage look on Kerry's face, looking at Sergeant. As they rode off together, she turned the matter over in her mind, and then a dart of fear shot through her.

"Kerry, what did he mean—Montreal, and next year?"

Kerry didn't answer. Ann could feel him hunting for something to say, and not finding it.

She reined her horse suddenly. "Kerry—you've been transferred?"

Kerry struck his boot savagely with his crop. He did not look at her.

"Yes, Ann."

"You mean—you're going in a couple of weeks—for good?"

"Yes." He looked at her. "Forgive me, Ann. I didn't want to tell you and Stephen till I had to."

"But Kerry"—she hardly dared think what she was feeling—"must you be transferred? Are you always? I thought—"

"You are—sometimes."

"You asked for it, Kerry!"

"Not exactly, Ann." His voice came with difficulty. "Shan't we ride on?"

She rode beside him, silent, stung. But most of all she knew she was frightened.

"I mean, they asked if I'd be willing to go, and I accepted."

She rode along, her heart pounding in a tumult. "When was this?"

"I got my notice—the day I first came to see you."

"So that's why you came?"

"That's why I had courage to come. And then you—and then I just couldn't bear anything to come in that might make us less happy. The thing was done. I couldn't change it."

"If I hadn't quarrelled with you so, you wouldn't have done it!"

"Best I did, Ann."

"How can you say it!" Ann spoke with such violence that Duna shied. "Oh, Kerry, what does it mean? That you care for me, really? That you and I care for each other? That you're afraid of something? That I really hurt you? What is it? There—you see I'm asking the things I swore I'd never bring up. I'm just what you called me, Kerry—possessive."

"When people care, they are possessive. It's one of the marks, isn't it?"

"Kerry, do you really care for me? Is that it? I beg you to tell me!"

But Kerry rode on, his face set forward, not answering. If he meant to answer, she never knew, because after a while she burst out, "No! Don't answer me. Even if you say yes I'll be afraid you're just saying it because you are going away, because it will save my face; and I'll always be afraid afterward that you'll think of me as just wanting to know, out of curiosity, out of pride, to have some small triumph over you. And yet it isn't that, Kerry, believe me! Let's not talk of

CHATELAINE, FEBRUARY, 1937

it any more! Let's not let anything hurt this last two weeks! Shall we ride?"

BUT IT WAS impossible to say that the last two weeks were not hurt. They were shadowed for all of them by parting, no matter how gay they were made, no matter how intimately the three clung together. It was every day, and every day, and another day gone; a week; ten days; and the days were full, for Ann, of a kind of desperate silence on her part, and what seemed to her an inevitable silence on Kerry's. He couldn't say what she wanted to hear, so he said nothing. He knew this had all meant something to her that it had not meant to him, and that the kindest thing was silence.

At last it would be tomorrow and he would be gone, and all the story would be in, the last words said, or unsaid.

He stayed with them long that night, and Ann's heart was full, and unbelievably sad, because so much was said, so much else would never be said.

As he left, she said, half desperately, "Let's not make this good-by, Kerry. Stop by tomorrow before you leave."

But she knew how that would be; the last final stereotyped words of good-by, the last inanities banally repeated.

SHE HOPED desperately he would come while Stephen was at class but she could not ask him. It seemed almost a miracle that he did, as if he, too, wished it so, this last time. How much she wanted to believe that! And yet, all he did was stand a moment by her, holding her hand, looking into her eyes, as she, desperately, looked into his, trying to read in them their message, to hold that message, to believe in it, always. Nothing else mattered.

And then his kiss was brief, if real, against the corner of her mouth, and he was picking up his cap, and with a last look he was gone. But he was not quite gone, yet. He turned to say, at the door, "Say good-by to Stephen for me. I'm not good at this sort of thing. Ann, I'm leaving you Duna. Accept her from me, won't you?" One long blue look, and the door was shut behind him.

When she could move she crossed to the window, looking down into the sunlight; the tears that blurred her eyes she hastily brushed away. She must see him for a last good-by. She might never see him again.

And there, below, was Stephen. She watched that meeting, that firm clasp, that reluctant reserved manner that men show to each other who are too deeply friends to find a way of adequate expression. More than he cared for her, Kerry cared for Stephen. It was in his bearing now, the thing he never showed her.

Suddenly it seemed small of her, all her reservations. It was important that Kerry should know, for sure, how she felt. Why should she ask from him what she wouldn't give? Honesty! It should be full, complete. There was no other kind. [Cont'd on page 80]

Prayer for a Blind Child

by Lillian Collier Gray

She cannot see, dear Lord.

O grant to her

That inner vision of

The sweet and pure;

With eyes forever closed

To ugly things.

Give to her seeking soul

Clean, swift, strong wings.

Behind those blue sky eyes

That look in vain,

Paint pleasant pictures void

Of earthy stain.

And then, one day, dear Lord,

When she goes Home,

And opens wondering eyes,

O leave Thy throne,

And take her waiting hand,

And show her all

The things she has not seen

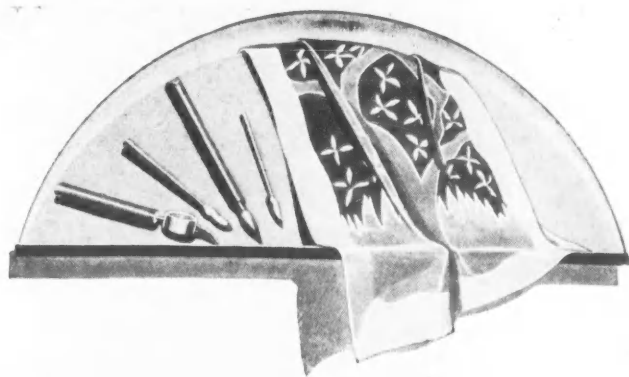
In darkness' hall.

I pray — here may she see

With inner sight,

But O, dear Lord, some day

Let her see light.



A Fascinating Home Craft

Batik is becoming more and more popular with women who want to develop a home interest in making beautiful things

BATIK AS a homecraft is becoming more and more popular and its uses are manifold. Many women are interested in it not only as an inexpensive and attractive method of decorating their home and their wearing apparel, but as a fascinating means of moneymaking. There is an appeal to Batik that cannot be rivalled.

There are six different methods of home-dyeing that will produce six different effects and may be classed in the realm of Batik. The first is known as mottled or Ombre Batik. The equipment necessary for the production of this type includes a medium-sized camel's hair brush for each color to be used; one bottle each of blue, black, brown, yellow, scarlet and cherry red Batik dyes; and a frame. For large articles such as yard goods, scarves, or curtains, a curtain stretcher

to the equipment used in Ombre Batik. Scarves, coat linings, handkerchiefs and cushion tops are the most popular articles produced by means of this method.

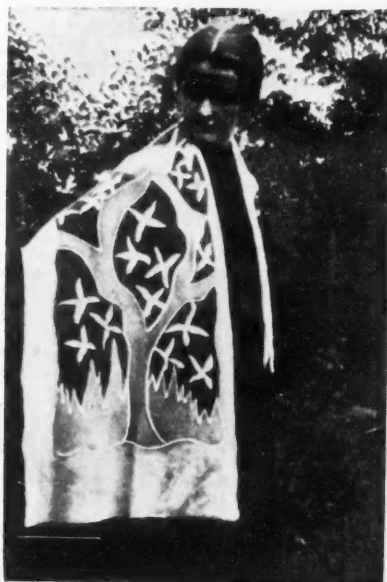
Stretch the material on the frame as before, but do not apply the warm water. Arrange a perforated pattern on the material and rub powdered chalk through the perforations with a piece of flannel or a school eraser. Trace this pattern with the extra brush, using molten wax to produce the line. With the dyes selected for the design fill the colors in the fenced-in spaces made by the waxed outlines according to the color scheme planned. Allow the work to dry thoroughly. Then remove it from the frame, and lay it on a pad of newspapers. Press it with a hot iron until the wax has all been absorbed into the paper pad. For heavier materials if some of the wax persists in stiffening the material, dip it in clean gasoline.

This method may be applied to wood, cork or parchment to make novelty boxes, picture frames, table mats or lamp shades. The process is the same as when applied to textiles until the wax removing process. To remove the wax, scrape it from the surface after the dye has dried in well. Then rub the remainder into the surface with a cloth slightly dampened with turpentine.

The third type is known as Serpentine or Spatter Batik. This is useful particularly for handkerchiefs, scarves, dress lengths, linings or curtains. Stretch the material tightly on the frames. With the waxing brush well laden with molten wax, spatter drops of wax over the entire surface. Remove the work from the frame and dip it into a dye bath of some light shade. For instance, if you want a brown color scheme, the first color may be tan, yellow, pink or peach. Reframe the work or hang it on a waxed line to dry. When the work is thoroughly dry repeat the process, dipping it into a darker tone or color of the same family. If you have chosen yellow for the first tone, the second shade may be a deeper yellow, or pink (to make peach), or orange, or a light tone of brown. Repeat the process until as many tones as are desired have been introduced. Rinse in a solution of cold water and fuller's earth and dry. Remove the wax by the same process as is used by the Commercial type of Batik.

The fourth type is known as the original Javanese type and is the most difficult of all. Many professional artists of today are adopting this method for their means of artistic expression, but in its simplest forms the art may be adopted by any modern housewife who will apply herself to it. It may be applied to almost any material. Attractive cushion tops, table runners, panels or lamp shades may be made by this method, and they will add a distinction and old-world charm to the home that hold their own appeal.

The material should be tightly stretched. The average housewife will need a perforated pattern for her design. This is applied in the same manner as for the Commercial type of Batik. After the powdered chalk pattern has been laid on, it must be traced with a light color of tailor's chalk. Then with the



With Batik you can make beautiful scarves in your own design.

is very convenient. Small, strong sticks, clamps and thumb tacks may be used for framing smaller articles like handkerchiefs, book covers, small pictures or purse lengths.

Stretch the material—crêpe de Chine, georgette crêpe, flat crêpe, satin or velvet may be used—on the frame very tightly. With warm water wet the material thoroughly and with the assortment of colors you have chosen to use, dash the dye on to the cloth with the camel's hair brush in a manner that, when the colors have blended themselves one into another, a balanced color effect is produced on the entire length of material. Allow the work to dry thoroughly while stretched.

The second method is known as the Commercial Batik and is the most commonly used today. For this a small electric toaster, a package of paraffin wax, a pan for melting the wax and a brush similar to the dye brushes for applying the wax must be added

Worth calling for!

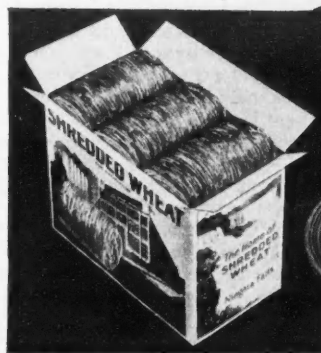
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Trial by Marriage

(Continued from page 78)

She flew down the stairs, terrified lest she should miss him. She ran up to the two men, catching Kerry by the arm, turning him to her.

"Kerry—listen to me. I lied, that time in the winter. I've known you knew I lied. I want to tell you now. I do love you. I always will, somewhere inside of me, down deep, where I can never express it. I never could express it, Kerry. You can take that with you as a gift, a good-by gift. Only Kerry—I don't love you as much as I love Stephen."

He was looking into her eyes, her face. His own face was set squarely hard, as if in pain. But when she finished he took her hand, and with it tight in his, spoke directly to her.

"Then will you believe me, Ann, if I tell you that everything in my life seems trivial, now, compared with you, and Stephen. I love Stephen. And love you, too. You must believe me. I've made a lot of mistakes. But the most terrible thing in the world it would be to me if you didn't believe me now. But you must understand, as I understand you—I don't care for you as much as I care for Stephen's respect."

He waited a minute, while she searched his eyes. This moment had come to her that she had wanted. He was begging her not to belittle his affection. "You see how it is, Ann. I have to go, because if I came to care so much for you that I was not entitled to Stephen's respect, I should hate myself, perhaps you."

She clung to his hand. "Oh, Kerry, surely we could be so happy, we three! I can't bear it that you are going!"

For a moment more he looked down at Ann, and then he looked up at Stephen, and smiled a little. The hands of the two men met.

"I think perhaps it's just as well. 'By, Stephen, and good luck."

"Good luck, Kerry," said Stephen.

Kerry climbed into his car, and backed it out. As the car started slowly forward, he looked at them both, first at Stephen, then at Ann; he saluted with his free hand, and smiled; and then he was gone.

Ann followed the car with her eyes. He was going. At the corner his hand—beautiful, muscular—waved them a last good-by. The road was empty.

So he was gone! Over the warm sunlight, stillness lay.

Ann half whispered, "Anyway, he'll fall in love again—soon, I hope."

She slid her fingers into Stephen's hand. It closed on hers, tight. There was a curious, relieved peace in her heart, standing in the empty road, in the sunlight with Stephen. Perhaps too much peace. Perhaps escape.

With her eyes on the empty road, she said, "I shall be happier now."

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Teach Them Success

(Continued from page 4)

He should be able to lace his shoes, tie a bow, fasten a buckle, and button anything he can reach.

Train him, also, to eat his breakfast, which should include a hot cereal, promptly at the same hour every morning, and to go to the toilet immediately afterward. Train him to return to the toilet at ten and at 2.30. Primary teachers send their pupils to the lavatories at ten o'clock, but children not trained to take advantage of this, find it necessary to leave the classroom during the session. In doing this your child is sure to miss something, very often an important point, the lack of which will cause him trouble later.

During the last winter before he goes to school, the child should learn to put on

and take off his outdoor clothing. Practising this will provide entertainment for more than one stormy afternoon. Teach him to count his outdoor garments and to hang, or put each in its place. A peg, low down where he can reach it, should be assigned to each child and he should form the habit of putting things there. His name, Christian and surname, in good large print, should be placed over this peg.

About this time, his name should appear also on his other possessions so that he may learn to recognize it. Teach him also to tell his father's name and address. When spring comes, show him the way to school. Walk with him to it. Instruct him in how to cross the street, or highway and watch him practise waiting till all cars are out of sight and then hurrying across. When he knows the way to school, give him time tests in going there, to train him not to dawdle, but to go and return promptly.

Giving your child the training described above will not be easy but it is infinitely worth while. By such training you make him independent, expectant of success, and master of the initial school situation.

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No. 728. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 34 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch lining for jacket. The short-sleeved dress requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 727. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 34 requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material for long-sleeved blouse and $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material for the skirt.

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No. 739. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 34 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 725. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and

44. Size 34 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material and 7 yards of ribbon or trimming.

No. 723. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 34 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 39-inch contrasting.

No. 733. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 34 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 731. Sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years and 30, 32, 34 and 36. Size 34 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material without nap and 4 yards of binding for separate jumper. The blouse requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material without nap, with or without collar.

No. 737. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 34 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material for separate three-quarter-sleeved dress, and $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material, 3 yards of 39-inch lining for separate coat.

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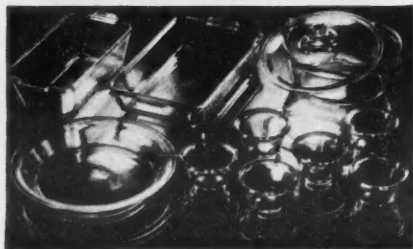
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molten wax cover the entire surface of the portions of the design you wish to have remain the ground color. Remove the material from the frame and dip in the first dye-bath as in the case of the Serpentine Batik. Repeat this process, reinforcing the wax each time until the design is complete and the entire color scheme is worked out. One may use as many dippings as are desired, but three or four will produce a very attractive work. After the final dipping rinse the work well in a solution of cold water and fuller's earth as in the case of the Serpentine Batik.

In any of these wax types of Batik, if velvet is used it is not a wise plan to attempt to remove the wax oneself. A reliable cleaner will do the work very reasonably without the risk involved when doing it oneself. All work must be done on velvet on the wrong side of the material, great care being taken to see that the wax and the dye thoroughly penetrate through the pile on the underside.

We will discard the wax and the wax paraphernalia at this point and take up what we may call Tapestry Batik for the fifth type. Crêpe de Chine or flat crêpe is the best material to be used.

Soak the material in a warm water and cream of tartar solution for a period of about two hours. Then stretch it tightly on a frame and apply dyes with either a camel's hair brush for each color, or a djegoel, which is made by wrapping Red Cross absorbent cotton on the end of a toothpick or a small stick of wood. The designs are applied freehand, using the naturalistic shadings and colorings as when painting a picture. The brush or djegoel must be almost dry, containing just enough dye to produce the color, and the material must be wet during the entire process until the de-

sign is complete. The work should then be allowed to dry thoroughly before the next step is attempted.

Prepare a tinting bath of cold water and fuller's earth and a dye that will produce a tint in harmony with the rest of the color scheme. When the work is ready to be removed from the frame, rinse it in this dye-bath, keeping it on the continual move until the tint is sufficiently deep. Squeeze it out lightly, and shake it as one would a rug until all surplus moisture is gone. Iron immediately.

The sixth method is known as the Tie-dye method and we can now discard the frames and brushes, too. We may add, however, buttons or beads, tape and elastic bands. Any kind of material that is not too heavy may be used for this method. It is a very attractive work and may be done by either tie-dyeing or tie-bleaching. To find design one may either tie knots in the material or tie buttons or beads into the material with the tapes or rubber bands. The work is dipped into cold water, then into a dye-bath of the desired color. This may be repeated any required number of times. The work is untied and ironed while it is still wet.

For tie-bleaching an attractive effect is found by first dyeing the material by the Ombre method, tying the material as for the tie dyeing and boiling it in a solution of hot water and hydrosulphite of soda made in the proportion of one tablespoonful of soda to one-half gallon of water. Rinse well and iron while still wet.

As in any craft, care, patience and practice will produce very satisfying results, and individuality will find its own outlet in Batik that will give your work its own distinctive features.

WITH YOUR CUP OF TEA

by ISABEL FORWARD

For the Chatelaine Institute

"IF YOU'LL just excuse me a minute, I'll make you a cup of tea." And the young chatelaine whisks away to the kitchen to prepare a cheering cup and a little something to go with it.

The tea is quickly prepared, but the accompaniments take a little more time or previous preparation. So a word to the wise. Be prepared so you won't have to desert your guests too long, or they may have time to see the dust on the piano.

If you can definitely plan ahead of time you might have some small cheese or tomato biscuits, or cheese straws, in the refrigerator ready to pop into the oven. Have you ever tried those surprise pastry shells with hot mushroom sauce filling? Grand and easy. Easier still if you use undiluted mushroom soup for the filling.

Most cooks stand in awe of yeast breads nowadays, but really, they aren't so complicated at all. And everybody loves them, especially the sweet ones for afternoon teas. Pecan butterscotch rolls are something to rave about, cinnamon rolls and currant buns are good old-fashioned favorites, so are Swedish tea rings, raisin twists, poppy-seed crescents, and brioche.

I know one hostess who keeps a supply of tart shells on hand, ready for last-minute filling. Lemon butter is her favorite and she keeps a supply in the refrigerator just for this purpose. At this time of the year fresh ground cranberries left standing with sugar are scrumptious, when served with whipped cream. The filling may be hot, such as savory salmon, mincemeat and mushroom, or it may be ice cream, fresh fruit, jellied pumpkin, nut paste, jelly, butter filling or just jam.

REFRIGERATOR COOKIES are veritable treasures. You have an easy mind if you can take out of the refrigerator a roll of fresh dough that has been wrapped carefully in waxed paper a week or more previously, slice and bake it. It may be the usual crisp cookies with nuts or cocoanut, or it may be checkerboard cookies, made by adding chocolate to one half of the recipe, fashion-

ing it into small squarish rolls and fitting them together alternately with the plain. Those will be held together a little more securely if you moisten the edges with milk as you are doing them. Pinwheel cookies are somewhat similarly made, by putting thin alternate layers of brown and white, then rolling and slicing. Thin cheese wafers are even better for a chilling, and if you have not tried peanut-butter cookies, you really must do so.

You will love dressing up little cakes to make them look special. Tuck a red or a green cherry, plus a blanched almond, inside a macaroon mixture and watch your guests smile when they discover it. You have your choice of macaroons: oatmeal, peanut, corn-flake, cocoanut, date and nut, puffed wheat, and so on. Little cup cakes are created by dividing your cake butter in half, adding green coloring matter to one half and pink to the other. Ice the green cake with pink icing and the pink cake with green icing. Or any other colors if you like. Ice pieces of rich white cake and roll in cocoanut.

SPONGE CAKE or angel food and jelly rolls are light and tempting. So are ginger-bread cup cakes with cheese icing. Have you ever tried dipping fingers of day-old bread in condensed milk, then rolling in cocoanut? Don't tell a soul it isn't cake!

To fill in between these frivolous touches we have good old stand-bys like thin bread and butter, date and orange bread, coffee cake, rye bread with caraway seeds, crisp oatmeal cookies with date filling, Chinese chews, chocolate sticks, hermits and small jelly doughnuts.

There is an endless variety of little cakes, cookies, date bars, Roman rocks, nut squares, butterscotch fingers, ginger creams, cinnamon stars, stuffed meringue shells, gumdrop cookies, brown sugar crisp, and so far, far on into the night.

I am not suggesting that you serve all these at once; you'd scare your guests and give them indigestion. One good old stand-by and one or a choice of frivolous bites or maybe just one hot number.



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Beverley Baxter

REVEALS

WHY EDWARD QUIT

Reprinted from Maclean's Magazine.

"Edward abdicated because in his own opinion his actions rendered him unfit to occupy the throne"

(Copyright)

IT IS WITH no desire to revive the torrent of gossip, conjecture and dispute about the tragedy of Edward VIII that I write this letter. I know what a deep personal hurt it has been to Canada, because he was more in tune with the tempo of Canadian life than with that of any other Dominion.

Yet I think I should set down the facts of this unhappy thing, since it was inevitable that, as a Member of Parliament and as a journalist, I should see the unfolding of the drama from its beginning to its incredible end.

Let me admit that no man can read another man's heart, and that the ex-King may have retained a secret there that no one can read. But so far as a close observer can unravel events, this is the truth as it emerges from the smoke screen of controversy.

I refuse to believe, with the sentimentalists, that this is a love affair of such depth that even the story of Tristan and Isolde loses some of its glamor in comparison. On the lady's part, I have yet to be convinced that love is even an important factor.

We should face the truth. King Edward did not abdicate the throne in order to marry Mrs. Simpson. He abdicated because, in his own opinion, his actions rendered him unfit to occupy the throne of Britain any longer.

I am not pleading mercy for him. I only am asking for understanding. When everyone in London was asking if he were mad, if he did not realize the wretched fate of an exiled king, he was gazing into the fire, seeing his future with honest, unflinching eyes.

"I have no place to go," he said to a friend a few hours before his departure. "I shall have little money; nothing to do. I shall brush up German and keep myself busy."

The words might be the innocuous remarks of a businessman half humorously contemplating retirement. But the bitter self-denunciation of his voice robbed King Edward's words of any such suggestion.

In the early hours of the morning, while the skies were still black with night, he stood alone on a destroyer and watched the dark coast line of England fading from sight. Napoleon on the *Bellerophon* was a less pathetic figure. There were still thousands of Frenchmen who would have died for the fallen Emperor. Yet, four hours previously I had sat in a theatre where Edward's farewell broadcast was relayed, and not one cheer greeted the last words of the former King.

A little before that, I was in the House of Commons when Colonel Wedgwood, with tears running down his face, declared that sometimes he would drink a toast to "the King across the water," and the House received it with frigid silence.

"He Ensured His Own Defeat"

THE IMPLACABLE spirit of Cromwell had risen from the grave and entered the soul of a man named Baldwin. The challenge of the King was not to the rights of Parliament but to the moral standards of the nation, and Parliament, as the nation's spokesman, closed its ranks as it did when the threat came from Charles I. There was no difference between Socialist, Liberal and Conservative. Churchill and one or two others tried to raise the cry of personal loyalty to the King, but Parliament turned on them with cold anger and declared that loyalty was to the Monarchy and to a King who was true, not false, to his own throne.

Beaverbrook and Rothermere misread the portents and thought the country would demand the King's personal happiness. They declared in their newspapers that we are



"Something will be done" — Edward in South Wales.

living in changed times. They also believed that at last Baldwin would go crashing down against the personal popularity of the man who was the idol of the people. They could not have been more wrong. At the first cry of a "King's Party" the nation rallied to Baldwin, and whatever hope the King had was gone.

Let me put on record the thought that of the many agonies Edward had to endure, nothing hurt him more than the attempt to raise the cry of "King against Parliament." Much as he deserves the censure of history, he behaved with the sensibility and loyalty of a statesman and a gentleman throughout the crisis. His determination to do nothing unconstitutional ensured his own defeat, but guaranteed Parliamentary stability.

There was one other factor. For the first time, the Dominion Governments were consulted about what would formerly have been a purely domestic business. The people of England looked up with certain astonishment, then approval. Canada was declaring its attitude toward the King's marriage, as were Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. Mr. Baldwin was able to say to the King, "The Dominion Governments advise against your suggestion."

The machinery of Empire was facing an entirely new situation, and working as smoothly as if constitutional problems were an annual affair. No wonder that the King gazed at the ring of devoted but determined nations over which he ruled and decided that the end was near. And, as

if that were not enough, the Church was making its voice felt in no uncertain terms. The Archbishop of Canterbury, as head of the Established Church, informed His Majesty that he would not permit any of his priests to solemnize the marriage.

Finally, there was the sinister shadow of that most unEnglish institution, the King's Proctor, who has power to cancel any decree of divorce during the probation period of six months after it has been granted, if he decides there has been any collusion or if the applicant has been guilty of adultery before the divorce or during the period of probation.

"A Sea of Implacable Friends"

AGAIN I REPEAT, we must condemn the King for the blow he dealt at the true interests of the country, but in human fairness did ever one man face such a sea of implacable friends? Yet, if he had wished, he could have wrested an immense victory from the jaws of defeat. Once the bishops and the provincial press forced the issue into the open over the ill-advised but self-imposed silence of the London press, the King had only to say, "As a man, I desire to marry the woman I love. As King, I cannot go against the advice of my Ministers here and in the Dominions. Therefore I renounce my private happiness for the sake of my people." One needs little imagination to understand the wave of emotion which would have swept the Empire,

When Beverley Baxter's article "Why Edward Quit" was published in Maclean's Magazine for January 15, the newsstands were swept clear of copies in a few hours, so intense was interest in the article. Believing that Chatelaine's readers would find this article of compelling interest, we reprint this copyright feature with the co-operation of Maclean's Magazine.




The pleasing Grosvenor design utilizes a motif of the Adam Period. The makers of this Community Plate suggest Silvo for your silver.

SILVO

keeps your
silver always
new!

So gentle, so quick, so easy, Silvo encourages you to enjoy the daily use of your treasured silverware. For Silvo renews and maintains the glowing lustre—keeps each lovely piece radiant always.

Write us for free sample of  73

Silvo

LIQUID SILVER POLISH

RECKITTS (Overseas) LIMITED, 1014 Amherst St., Montreal



Hair OFF

Face Lips Chin

Happy! I once had ugly hair on my face and chin... was unloved... discouraged. Tried depilatories, waxes, liquids... even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty, love, happiness with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, 93-95 Church Street, Dept. C677, Toronto, Canada.



CORNS COME BACK BIGGER, MORE PAINFUL unless removed Root* and All

Thousands are praising this new, scientific Blue-Jay method that ends a corn forever. Blue-Jay, the tiny medicated plaster, stops the pain instantly—then in 3 short days the entire corn lifts out Root and All.

Blue-Jay is easy to use. Held snugly in place by Wet-Proof adhesive. Can't stick to stockings. 25¢ for a package of 6. Get Blue-Jay today.

BLUE-JAY

Bayer & Black Scientific
CORN PLASTER

*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.



MAKE IT IN A MINUTE

MAKE IT in a minute—just like that! In they go, all the ingredients together and out they come, a smooth creamy blend—delicious mayonnaise.

This way of shaking up a dressing any time is one of the modern shortcuts in cooking. It is a sure-fire method too, so you can be certain of success even the first time.

Put the following ingredients into a pint jar, starting with the vinegar or lemon juice and ending with the last bit of seasoning. Fasten the top, then give the jar a right good shaking for two minutes. That's all.

Or if you haven't eaten any of your last season's preserves and every last jar in the house is full, use a bowl and stir everything together well.

Be sure to use sweetened condensed milk for this—not evaporated; there's a difference you know, and it is important to have the right one.

There are times when a salad plate is the perfect choice for lunch or supper. And, in fact, there's hardly a day when a collection of greens, a fruit or vegetable combination or some other variety of salad is not appropriate. That being the case, the dressing is something to consider, and here is one which will often give the final touch of perfection—

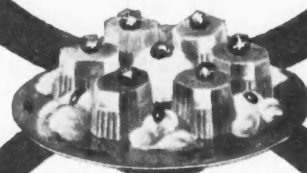
Ingredients

- 1/4 Cupful of vinegar or lemon juice
- 1/4 Cupful of salad oil
- 2/3 Cupful of sweetened condensed milk
- 1 Egg yolk (unbeaten)
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of dry mustard
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- Dash of cayenne

Chatelaine's February Index of Advertisers

Absorbine, Jr.	50	Kundered, A. E., Inc.	54
Alka-Seltzer	54	Lady Esther Face Powder	43
American Can Company	66	Lake of the Woods Milling	70
Annette Lanzette	84	Laurentian Agency, Montreal. .	62
Baby's Own Tablets	62	Lea & Perrins	58
Bauer & Black	84	Lever Brothers (Lifebuoy and Rinsol)	3rd Cover
Bayer Aspirin Tablets	51	Lewis Medicine Co.	50
Bissell Carpet Sweeper	58	Libby, McNeill & Libby... 2nd Cover	
Bisto	59	Lux	52
Borden's Eagle Brand Milk	71	Lux Toilet Soap	32
Borden's St. Charles Milk	63	Magic Baking Powder	69
Bovril	63	Maybelline	42
Bristol-Myers—Mum	1	Mercolized Wax	54
British Consols Cigarettes	46	Metropolitan Life Ins. Co.	30
Brownatone	42	Midal	48
C. B. Q. Tablets	82	Mutual Life of Canada	57
Campbell's Soups	19	Old Dutch Cleanser 4th Cover	
Campana's Italian Balm	47	Old English Wax	62
Canadian General Electric	64	Orelx	50
Canadian Spool Cotton Co.	38	Ovaltine	80
Canadian Westinghouse Washers	79	Palmolive Soap	5
Carter's Little Liver Pills	50	Pepsodent Tooth Powder	27
Chevrolet Motor Car	45	Phillips Milk of Magnesia	49
Covermark	50	Poliflor Wax	56
Cox's Gelatine	58	Pyrex	82
Crane Limited	77	Regent Knitting Co.	80
Cream of Wheat	25	Richard Hudnut Co.	44
Cuticura Remedies	46	S. O. S.	78
Dominion Seed House	58	Sani Flush	82
Dominion Textile Co.	38	Shredded Wheat	81
Dr. Jackson's Roman Meal	56	Silvo	84
Fels Naptha Soap	31	Sloans Liniment	46
Fleischmann's Bakers' Yeast... 28,	53	Snap	62
Fleischmann's Health Yeast... 52,	53	Squibbs Adex Tablets	43
Fletcher's Castoria	61	Steedman's Powders	62
Fry-Cadbury Limited	83	Sweet Caporal Cigarettes	83
Gillett's Lye	80	Symington's Gravy	76
Goddard's Plate Powder	58	Tangee Lipstick	42
Grove's Bromo Quinine	32	Tate & Lyle's Golden Syrup... 83	
H. J. Heinz Soups	75	Tenasitine	54
Hinds Honey & Almond Cream	54	Three-in-One Oil	62
Jergens Lotion	37	Tucketts Buckingham Cigarettes...	6
Johnson, S. C. & Son	83	Vapo-Cresolene	50
Kenneth Macdonald Seeds	81	Vicks VapoRub	3
Kleenex	34	Virginia Ovals Cigarettes	48
Knox Gelatine	84	Windsor Salt	76
Kotex	35	Woodbury's Facial Powder	36

Spanish Cream is a Canadian Favorite



SPANISH CREAM OR MOLDED CUSTARD

(6 Servings—uses only 1/4 package)

- 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
- 3 cups milk
- 1/2 cup sugar, scant
- 1/4 teaspoonful salt
- 1 teaspoonful vanilla
- 3 eggs

Pour milk in top of double boiler and sprinkle gelatine on top of milk. Place over hot water, add sugar and stir until dissolved. Pour slowly on yolks of eggs, slightly beaten with the salt; return to double boiler and cook until thickened somewhat, stirring constantly. Remove from stove, add flavoring and fold in lightly the whites of the eggs, beaten until stiff. Turn into one large or individual molds that have been rinsed in cold water, and place in refrigerator. (This will separate and form a jelly on the bottom with custard on top—if you do not wish this separation in two layers, allow custard to cool somewhat before adding the stiffly beaten egg whites.) When firm, unmold and serve with whipped cream, sliced oranges or any fruit or fruit juice.

KNOX is the real GELATINE

Thousands of families have told us so and Spanish Cream is only one of hundreds of good recipes that will be sent you free if you just write Knox Gelatine, Dept. "C", 140 St. Paul St. W., Montreal.

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED

481 University Avenue,
Toronto 2, Canada

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I KNOW THE WASHER YOU SOLD ME WORKS WONDERFULLY, BUT WHY AREN'T MY CLOTHES WHITER?

IT CERTAINLY DOES! RINSO GIVES RICH SAFE SUDS THAT GET CLOTHES 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER AND MUCH BRIGHTER

DON'T TELL ME A MERE SOAP CAN MAKE SO MUCH DIFFERENCE

I'M SORRY YOU WERE DISAPPOINTED WITH THE WHITENESS OF YOUR WASH. BUT IF YOU USE THE SOAP I RECOMMENDED I'M SURE YOUR CLOTHES WILL BE SNOWY

NEXT WASHDAY

AT LAST MY WASHER PROBLEM IS SOLVED! MY CLOTHES ARE DAZZLING WHITE AND THE COLOURS LIKE NEW. NO WONDER WASHER EXPERTS INSIST ON RINSO

I'M ONE OF THE HOME-MAKING EXPERTS OF 338 LEADING NEWSPAPERS WHO ADVISE WOMEN WITHOUT WASHERS TO SOAK THEIR CLOTHES SNOWY AND BRIGHT IN RINSO SUDS

Rinso
THE GRANULATED SOAP

MILLIONS USE RINSO IN TUB, WASHER AND DISHPAN

IT'S A FACT! Millions of women know from actual experience that Rinso gets clothes whiter and brighter from tub or washing machine. The makers of 24 famous Canadian washers recommend Rinso. And for tub washing, Rinso is every bit as marvellous. It gives richer, longer-lasting suds—even in hardest water. Active suds that soak out dirt in as little as 10 minutes—without scrubbing or boiling. Yet you can

soak your wash in Rinso suds for an hour, overnight—or as long as you wish—and be sure that the clothes will be absolutely safe. Clothes come 4 or 5 shades whiter and colours much brighter from Rinso's lively suds. Easy on the hands.

Rinso is grand for dishwashing, too. Its thick suds quickly absorb grease—get rid of every bit of it completely. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

ALL WORK AND NO PLAY FOR JANE *until...*

GRAND DECORATIONS, JANE! AND YOU DID MOST OF IT! WHAT ARE YOU WEARING TONIGHT?

I'M NOT COMING... I USUALLY GET ALL MY FUN OUT OF THIS PART OF THE PARTY

JANE'S A BEAUTIFUL GIRL! SHE OUGHT TO HAVE DOZENS OF BEAUX

SHE WOULD—IF SHE WERE ONLY A LITTLE MORE CAREFUL—YOU KNOW, "B.O." BUT WHO'S TO TELL HER?

I'M NEW HERE. I WONDER IF I DARE TAKE A CHANCE. I'LL RUN ALONG AND HAVE A TALK WITH HER

SHE CERTAINLY WAS FRANK! BUT I'M GLAD SHE WAS. I'M USING LIFEBOUY FROM NOW ON. WHAT A GORGEOUS LATHER!

"B.O." GONE — *Jane dances every dance!*

JANE LOOKS WONDERFUL. SHE HASN'T MISSED A DANCE! YES—SHE'S HAVING THE TIME OF HER LIFE. AND SHE OWES IT ALL TO THAT LITTLE TALK I HAD WITH HER ABOUT LIFEBOUY!

JANE, HOW I ENVY YOU YOUR LOVELY COMPLEXION. WHAT DO YOU USE?

LIFEBOUY SOAP—IT'S THE BEST BEAUTY TREATMENT I KNOW

LIFEBOUY contains a special purifying ingredient not present in any other popular toilet soap. This ingredient increases cleansing power, insures a lather mild enough for even sensitive baby skin. "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women prove Lifebuoy is 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps" and "baby soaps."

Now that we're indoors more, be extra wary of "B.O."! Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy! The special ingredient in its abundant lather penetrates the pores, keeps us safe. Lifebuoy's clean scent rinses away.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

LIFEBOUY
HEALTH SOAP

and how his people would have taken him to their hearts as never before. And inevitably a reaction would have set in against the Government which might have proved embarrassing.

In assessing Edward's conduct, we should remember that it would have been in his power, any time after the divorce decree had been made absolute, to take Mrs. Simpson to a registry office, marry her, drive her to Downing Street and say to Mr. Baldwin, "This is your new Queen." Such a *fait accompli* would have been most difficult to handle. It is one thing to get rid of a foot-loose Mrs. Simpson. Quite another to depose a Queen.

Instead, when Baldwin privately pointed out that the orgy of American newspaper sensationalism was making the situation intolerable, the King told him of his intention to marry. Still unofficially, Baldwin said the lady was not likely to prove acceptable as Queen. It was then that the King blundered hopelessly. He asked for a Bill of Exclusion which would permit the marriage on a morganatic basis. Baldwin then consulted the Cabinet for the first time, and asked for the advice of the Dominion Governments. Of course the situation was impossible. The Government would have had to go to Parliament and say, "We now offer for consideration and debate a Bill to declare Mrs. Simpson of the United States of America not a fit person to be Queen of England but quite good enough to be the wife of the King of England." The mere enunciation of such a policy showed its impracticability.

By that time the nation was rocking with excitement. Mrs. Simpson was smuggled out of the country to France. The popular British newspapers published pages of pictures and news about her as if out of a hat. Mr. Baldwin was in constant touch with the King; while Churchill, backed by Beaverbrook and Rothermere, manoeuvred into position to form a Government if Baldwin was forced to resign.

His Advisers "Intellectual Second-Raters"

IN SUCH a situation, the King had no real friend whose advice he could seek. His intimate circle unhappily consisted of intellectual second-raters—people who put social ambition before moral values. For thirty years he had been idolized, and now he was witnessing the *Times* and Lord Camrose's *Daily Telegraph* declaring he was the servant of the State and must obey the will of the State.

Late one night he called a journalist friend of mine and asked him to secure a proof of the *Times* editorial and read it to him. It was a bitter, almost cruel attack on him, while Mrs. Simpson was treated with barely disguised contempt. When the journalist finished there was a pause. "It's pretty hard, isn't it?" said the King.

His world was collapsing at his feet. He stormed with anger. Every instinct in him was to fight; to go down fighting. But to his eternal credit, he determined to do nothing to injure the constitutional cause.

Rothermere was inflaming the public with posters bearing such headings as "Justice or Exile?" Beaverbrook was playing up the right to love. People were cheering untenanted Buckingham Palace. Colonel Wedgwood, M.P., was trying to get other M.P.'s to sign a memorial to recognize no other King. Queen Mary's position was dreadful. To all enquiries she simply said, "He is King".

The Duke of York was consulted about ascending the throne. His attitude was the same as his mother's. Never was a family forced to fight out a human issue in such a glare of world publicity. The newspapers refrained from any attack on Mrs. Simpson, but feeling was moving swiftly against her everywhere. People, rightly or wrongly, believed her English divorce was faked; that her husband never had deserted her but that the reverse was true; that she was freeing herself from an incubus in order to carry out her ambition to be Queen; that she had cheapened the whole Monarchy by bewitching the King and then making him a butt for the foreign press.

Well-founded rumors began to circulate that skilful German diplomats had found Mrs. Simpson and her circle a useful medium for propaganda.

"A Woman in Love With Herself"

MY OWN feelings are somewhat restrained by an acquaintanceship with the Simpsons going back a very long time. She is not the type of woman that has ever excited me unduly, as her vivacity outpaces her intellectual development, and her eagerness to keep things from dragging is apt to have the reverse effect. But I am convinced she did not want to divorce her husband. To be a king's favorite was to be ranked with many great ladies throughout history, and to be included in the Court Circular was satisfying to the craving for respectability. She would have liked the dream to go on forever. But her husband could no longer endure the slings and arrows of outrageous insult. He is a decent, good-looking, devoted fellow, and he had been relegated for many months to the most impossible position a man can fill. He could not have divorced his wife in England as the King is above the law, but he could have tried in America and was being urged to do so.

It was then that his wife decided it would be better if she



Above: Canterbury. Below: Mrs. Simpson.

did the divorcing. The week before the hearing, however, husband and wife met in Paris and nearly called it off. There were tears and protestations on both sides, but she was in the grip of events she could no longer control save by a decision of renunciation requiring a greater character than she possessed. Had she really loved either King or husband, she might have saved herself. But a woman in love with herself and drunk with spurious social success does not understand the meaning of the word sacrifice.

With some knowledge of what might happen, I was horrified when the London press decided not to publish the Simpson divorce. I went personally to Lord Beaverbrook and other friends in control of newspapers, and tried to point out that in their desire to be fair to the King they were being monstrously unfair. How could he judge public feeling with a self-muzzled press? My efforts were just as unavailing as they were eight months ago when I pleaded with one of the editors of *Time* not to destroy the King, who might some day be called upon to save Europe.

Four things brought Edward down: His unexpected weakness of character under the domination of a vital woman. Lack of character among the King's friends. The vulgarity of the American press. The silence of the British press.

So we waited for the final decision. Mrs. Simpson publicly offered to withdraw, and talked by the hour to the King on the telephone. But nothing could save him. He determined to go to the end.

"I Am Not Fit to be King"

EVEN NOW I find the words I have just written almost impossible to believe. To throw away the love of the Empire and the belief of a great people for the soiled affections of a social climber; to choose the living death of an exiled king; to wander from country to country like an imported curiosity; to be virtually cut off forever from his own native England; to have with him every day a woman who would be a constant reminder of his tragic choice!

Yet I know his abdication was not merely an act of infatuation. At the last moment he compared himself to his father in whose footsteps he had sworn to walk, and realized in a blinding flash that he had cheapened the Monarchy and brought it into the realm of controversy. He saw the true picture of himself as a king who had shirked his daily duties because of his desire for private happiness.

Perhaps he saw himself in too harsh a light, but he said: "I am not fit to be King. My brother is much better than I." He said the words dry-eyed and with calm voice. But



Wedgwood (top); Churchill (lower).

late that night on the telephone he confided to one of his friends that his heart was broken, and uttered one of the oldest cries of humanity: "FOOL! FOOL! FOOL!"

Baldwin came to the House next day and announced the abdication. He did not make a political speech. He seemed to call us about the fireside like members of one family and tell us of the tragedy of the eldest son; the son from whom we had expected so much. And he asked us all to help the other brother who had been called to the Throne so gravely injured in prestige.

Churchill hurried to Belvedere to help Edward prepare his broadcast, but there was one fatal sentence in it. The King said that if at any time in the future he could serve England he would do so. It sounded like a man who had deserted from the front line saying he would give a hand in the next war.

Such, in brief, is the tragedy of that great prince and unhappy king, Edward of England.

He was so well worth saving. In his eagerness of spirit and warmth of heart, he had so much to give the world. His sympathy for the poor was not false, nor his love of old comrades of the War.

History holds no tragedy more wasteful—more pitiful.

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY

Vol. 10

No. 2

FICTION

Marriage Made on Earth (new serial) Velia Ercole	7
Tummy Ache (short story) Agnes Johnston	12
A Two-Letter Word Meaning No (short story) Gertrude Hitz	14
Trial by Marriage (conclusion) Clarissa Fairchild Cushman	16
Escape from Bondage (short story) Margaret Lee Runbeck	18

GENERAL ARTICLES

Teach Them Success.....Dr. Donald J. Dickie	4
The King's Wife.....Joan Woolcombe	8
Travelwise Luggage.....Mary McNulty Fix	46
Doin's in Harrisfield.....Anna Elizabeth Wilson	55

BEAUTY CULTURE

How Smart You Look!.....Greer Gordon	33
Fashion Shorts.....Kay Murphy	34
The Skin Game.....Annabelle Lee	35
New Life for an Old Wardrobe (patterns).....	39
Firelight Favorites (patterns).....	40
Frocks That Give Service With a Smile (patterns).....	41
Under Age Suggestions (children's patterns).....	63

SPECIAL FEATURES

Discards and Part Scores (bridge) Amy Stevenson	37
To Work in Beauty (Handicrafts) Marie LeClerc	56
The Family Counsellor.....	57
Peggy Ann and Her Puppy, Peter (children's cut-out).....	60
Baby Clinic.....Dr. John McCullough	61

HOUSEKEEPING

Here's the Prize Kitchen!.....	22
Play Games at Your Party.....Ken Gray	64
Cook in a Casserole.....Helen G. Campbell	67
Meals of the Month.....M. Frances Hucks	68
Modernizing an Old House.....	72
Kitchen Contest Winners.....	77

Left-over ham "steps out" in

*Kind to your Budget
and easy to make*

Enticing wheels of flaky crust and piquantly seasoned ham—topped with a golden cheese sauce and served with buttered spinach. There's a suggestion for dinner tonight that will stir the interest of your family! Ham Rolls are kind to your budget, too—and a splendid way to use up left-over ham. Be sure to clip this recipe—you'll use it again and again.

HAM ROLLS WITH CHEESE SAUCE

2 cups flour	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk, or half milk and half water
4 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder	1 cup ground cooked ham
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons soft butter
4 tablespoons shortening	$\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons prepared mustard

Add butter and mustard to ground ham and mix well. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt; add shortening and mix in well with fork. Add liquid to make soft dough. Turn out on floured board and roll lightly until outside looks smooth. Roll out $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick in sheet 12 inches long and 10 inches wide; spread with ham mixture. Roll up lengthwise like jelly roll and cut into slices $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick. Flatten each slice down to 1 inch thick and place on greased pan; bake in hot oven at 475° F. about 14 minutes. Makes 8.

CHEESE SAUCE

2 tablespoons butter	1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons flour	2 cups milk
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese	

Melt butter, add flour and salt; stir until well blended. Add milk slowly, stirring constantly until thick and smooth. Bring to a boil and boil two minutes. Add cheese and stir until cheese has melted.

HAM ROLLS with CHEESE SAUCE



Be sure to use Magic Baking Powder, if you want flaky texture and delicious flavor



MADE IN CANADA

They'll win you acclaim as an artful cook—these novel and tasty Ham Rolls. Yet you can make them easily and quickly.

There's just one important point to remember. To get a fine-flavored crust that melts in your mouth, your baking powder must be Magic. The recipe was planned for it.

With Magic Baking Powder, you can be sure of perfect leavening power. It's always dependable. That's why Canada's outstanding cookery

experts use and recommend Magic. They know they can count on superior baking results with Magic . . . fine, even texture, delicate flavor and easy digestibility.

And best of all—Magic is not expensive. Enough for the average baking costs less than 1¢! When the best costs so little, why take chances with doubtful brands?

The supplies you need for Ham Rolls with Cheese Sauce are being featured at your grocer's.

FREE! MAGIC COOK BOOK—Savory meat dishes, delicious new cakes, cookies, puddings, pies! Over 300 recipes. Valuable cooking helps. Just mail the coupon.

GILLET PRODUCTS, Fraser Avenue
Toronto 2, Ontario, Dept. C-2

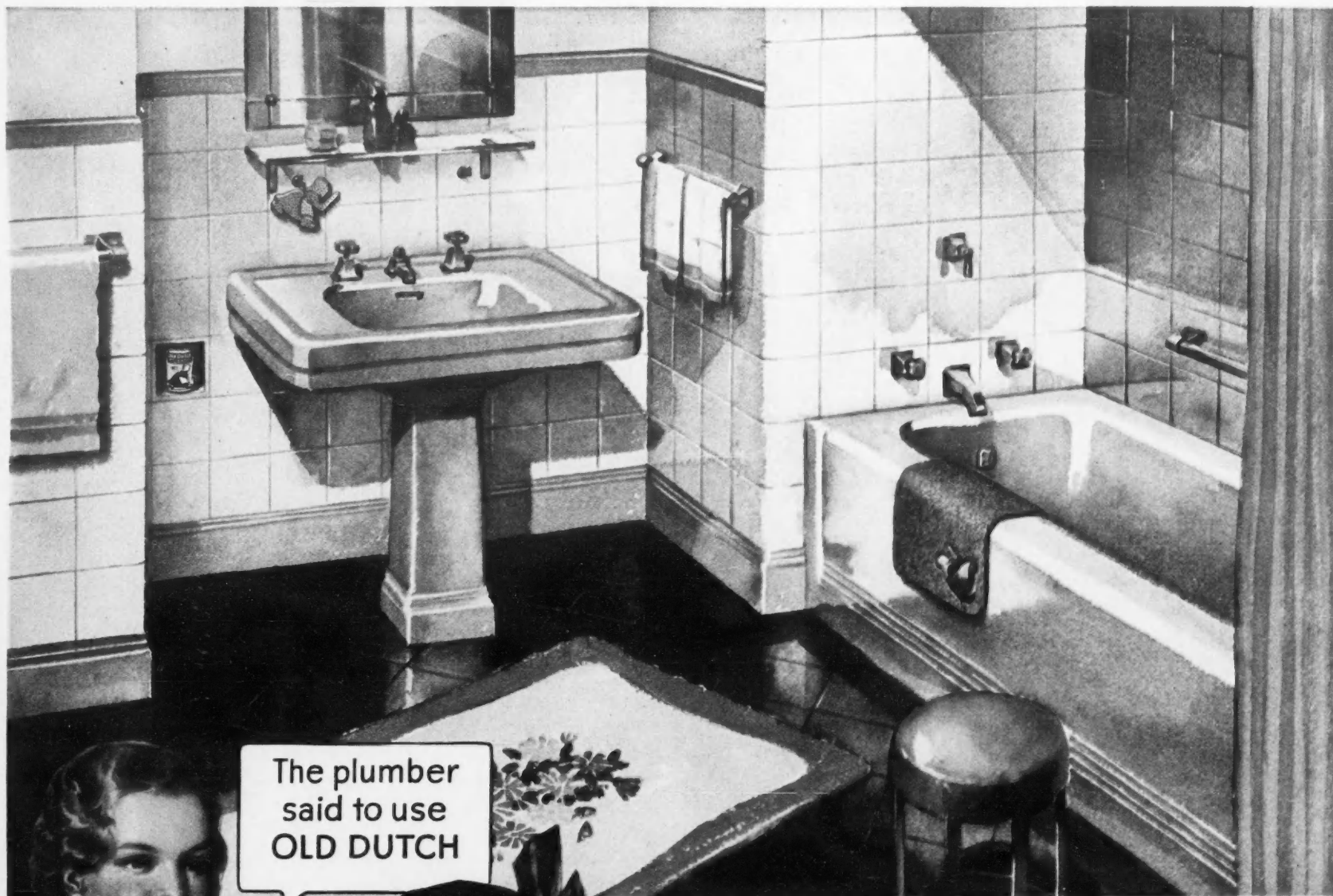
Please send me—free—the famous Magic Cook Book.

Name _____

Address _____

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CONTAINS NO ALUM—This statement on every tin is your guarantee that Magic Baking Powder is free from alum or any harmful ingredient.



Yes. I know it protects porcelain and enamel, and doesn't clog drains



Tested and Approved by
Chatelaine Institute
MAINTAINED BY
Chatelaine Magazine

Today and Every Day Keep Your Bathroom Beautiful with Old Dutch

Old Dutch doesn't scratch
It's made with

SEISMOTITE
REG'D. IN CANADA

Did you ever notice that when your hands have been roughened they pick up dirt and stains much more quickly? This is exactly what happens when you roughen up the smooth surfaces of bathtubs, wash-bowls and sinks with ordinary harsh cleansers. The rough surfaces pick up dirt. Stains cling. You have to rub and rub . . . two and three times as hard to get them clean.

You can save porcelain and enamel surfaces — save yourself hours of

hard scrubbing — save your hands too by using safe Old Dutch. It's free from harsh, scratchy grit because it's made with Seismotite. The flat, flaky particles remove dirt with a clean sweep and leave the surface smooth and unscratched.

Don't put up another day with cleansers that scratch and roughen surfaces. Use Old Dutch and only Old Dutch for all your household cleaning. It goes further, costs less to use and doesn't scratch.



MADE IN CANADA

Send today for this handsome Silver Jelly Server, \$1.00 value for only **15¢** and 1 Old Dutch label

For jellies, marmalades, etc., is this beautiful jelly server in Wm. A. Rogers A1 Plus Quality Silverware, made by Oneida, Ltd. In the smart "Croydon" pattern as are all the 13 different pieces of table silver offered you by Old Dutch. Wonderful values! Note coupon!



OLD DUTCH CLEANSER, Dept. 60E, 64 Macaulay Ave., Toronto, Ont.
I am enclosing _____ windmill panels from Old Dutch labels (or complete labels) and _____ c for which please send me

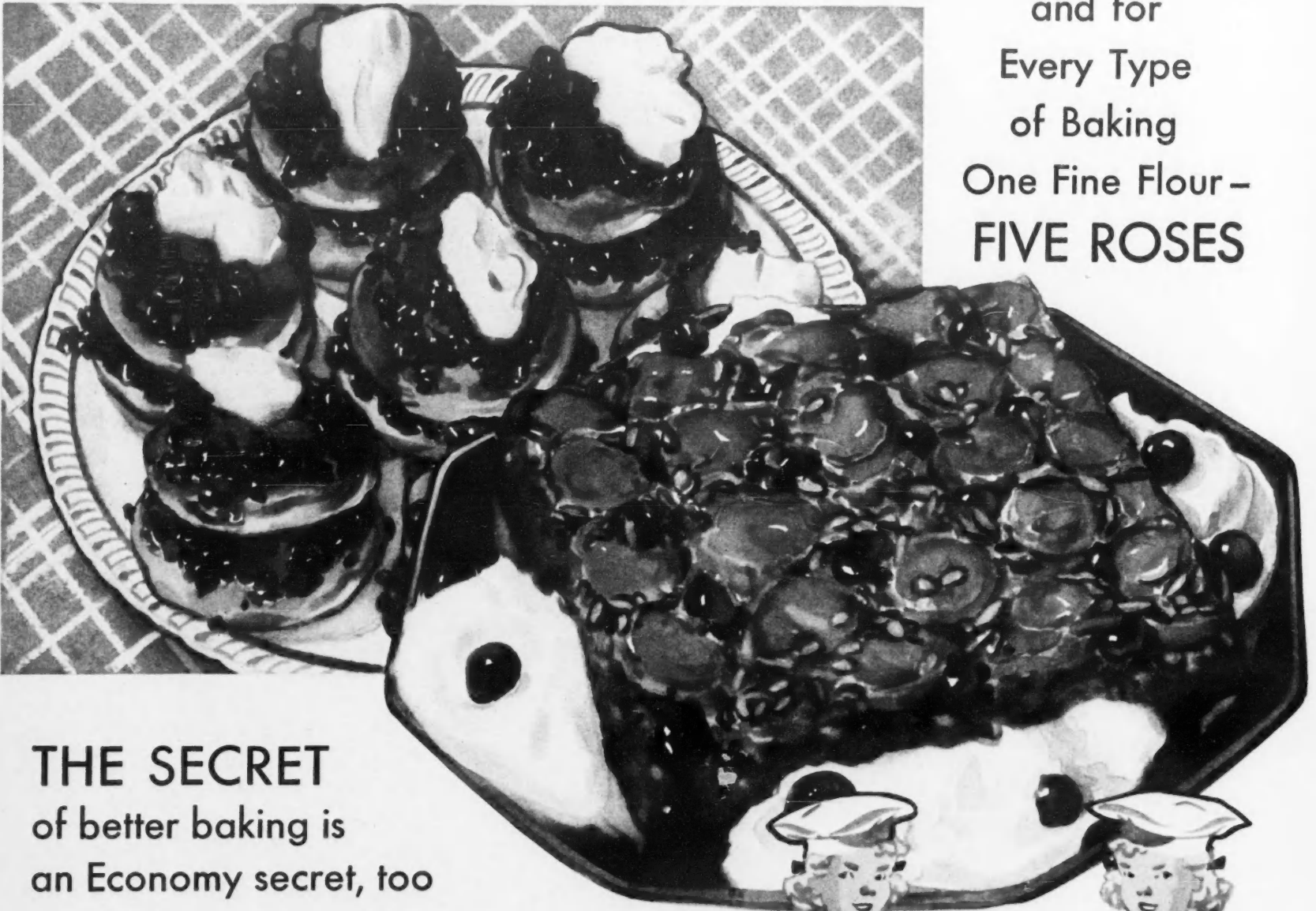
- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> 6 Teaspoons | <input type="checkbox"/> 3 Oval Soup Spoons | <input type="checkbox"/> 8 Tablespoons |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3 Butter Spreaders | <input type="checkbox"/> 3 Iced Drink Spoons | <input type="checkbox"/> 1 Cold Meat Fork |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3 Salad Forks | <input type="checkbox"/> 3 Oyster Forks | <input type="checkbox"/> 1 Gravy Ladle |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1 Dinner Knife and Fork | <input type="checkbox"/> 1 Butter Knife and 1 Sugar Spoon | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Round, Pierced Server (This item for 25c and 2 Old Dutch labels) | <input type="checkbox"/> Jelly Server (15c and 1 Old Dutch label) | |

You may order any one of these units or as many as you like. Remember, each unit requires 50c and 3 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels (or complete labels). Offer good only in Canada and the United States and expires December 31, 1937.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Prov. _____

HERE IS *better baking* EVERY TIME!

and for
Every Type
of Baking
One Fine Flour—
FIVE ROSES



THE SECRET
of better baking is
an Economy secret, too

It's a grand satisfaction—to prove in your own baking the finer results which this finer flour gives! But you should know another important reason why generations of Canadian housewives have preferred Five Roses Flour: *It's the most economical!*

In several ways. First, you use less than ordinary cake or pastry flour. Five Roses Flour goes farther and gives finer flavour in each recipe.

Next, Five Roses' uniformity guards against baking failures.

This uniformity is continually checked by "Oven-testing" in Five Roses Kitchens.

And finally, Five Roses is the real "all-purpose" flour. Fine pastry, fluffy cakes, crisp doughnuts, muffins, biscuits, and bread—all achieve their tempting perfection with Five Roses.

Use Five Roses Flour in your next baking! Try it out in the Twin Recipes...or some other favourite recipe from the Five Roses Cook Book offered on this page.

WHAT OVEN-TESTING MEANS
Day after day the consistently uniform quality of Five Roses Flour is "Oven-tested" in our own Kitchens... **your** baking successes determined in advance!

WINTER SHORTCAKES

2 cups sifted Five Roses Flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
6 tablespoons butter or shortening
3/4 cup (about) milk. Soft butter
Cranberry-pineapple filling

Sift flour with baking powder and salt. Cut in measured butter or shortening finely. Gradually mix in milk to form a soft dough. Turn on a slightly-floured board or canvas, knead with fingertips for 10 seconds. Roll 1/8 inch thick, shape with floured large round cutter. Put together in pairs, with soft butter between. Bake on greased pan in hot oven, 425°. Split and butter while hot and put together with cranberry mixture between and over top; whipped cream garnish.

For Cranberry-pineapple Filling: Put 1 pound washed cranberries and seeded pulp and outer rind of 1 large orange through food chopper. Add 2 cups granulated sugar and 1 1/2 cups pineapple dice; let stand in warm place until sugar has dissolved and flavors blended.

CHERICOT CAKE

Apricot-cherry mixture (see below)
2 cups sifted Five Roses Flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon ground ginger
6 tablespoons butter. 1 egg
3/4 cup fine granulated sugar
1/4 cup syrup from canned apricots

For Apricot-cherry Mixture: Melt 3 tablespoons butter in an 8-inch square pan. Add 1/2 cup golden corn syrup or brown sugar. Place drained, canned apricot halves (rounded-side-down) and maraschino cherries in pan. Finely-minced candied ginger (3 tablespoons), lemon juice and slivered toasted almonds may be added.

Measure flour and sift 3 times with baking powder, salt and ginger. Cream butter and gradually blend in sugar. Beat egg light and add, combining well. Mix in dry ingredients alternately with apricot syrup, combining after each addition. Spread over apricots in pan. Bake in moderate oven, 350°. Turn upside-down on a large plate and serve hot, with cream or sauce.



The famous Five Roses Cook Book sells at 40¢. Remit this amount by postal note to Lake of the Woods Milling Company Limited, Dept. C-2, P.O. Box 1419, Montreal, Que.

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